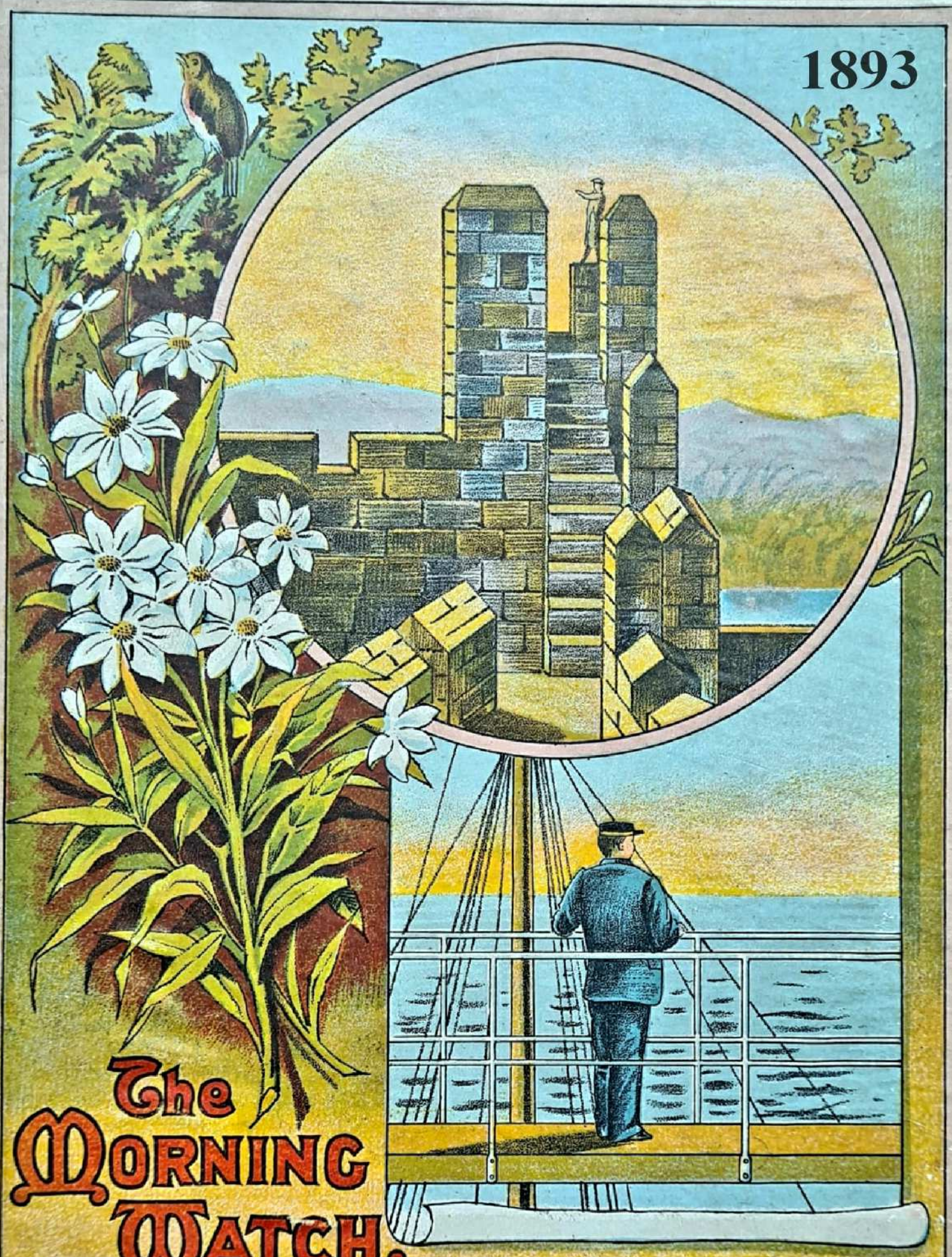

1893

The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

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The Morning Watch, 1893.

GREENOCK:
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CONTENTS.

'Day's at the Morn:' Some Pioneers of Christ's Kingdom.

		Page
1.	How John Eliot found that Prayer and Pains will do anything,	6
2.	How Hans Egede preached from the text, "I have spent my strength for naught,"	19
3.	How Leonard Dober became a Slave for Jesus' sake,	29
4.	How Thomas Von Westen was a Lamp that burned and shone,	39
5.	How Bartholomew Ziegenbald showed himself a Son of the King,	56
6.	How the Heart's Desire of Christian Hocker was twice refused by God,	69
7.	How David Brainerd endured Hardness as a good Soldier,	75
8.	How Dr. John Vanderkemp became a Healer of Souls,	88
9.	How Harriet Atwood counted all things loss for the sake of the Name,	99
10.	How Henry Martyn was one of God's Seraphim,	113
11.	How Captain Allen Gardiner crossed the Bar and saw his Pilot's Face,	129
12.	How Ion Keith-Falconer, being made Perfect in a Short Time, fulfilled a Long Time,	135

Illustrations—

	Page
Anderson, Sir James	73
Arbutus,	128
Baby,	59
Bayard's Armour,	101
Bird Snare,	143
Blossoms,	55
Booby Bird,	133
Brown of Ossawatomie,	109
Cæsar,	97
Crooked Path, The	139
Crow's Nest, The	1
Dawson of the "Caller Ou,"	25
Duncan, "Rabbi,"	49
Fatherless Bairns,	103
Grasshopper,	53
Hawk,	121
Heron,	85
Heron's Nest,	90
Horses Ploughing,	37
Lillies,	64
Livingstone's Hut,	124
Lizard,	46
Mavis,	18
Moth, Emperor	83
Mother and Baby,	9
Nairne, The Lady	61
Nanny Shaw,	118
Nettleship, Mr. R. L.	[illegible]
Olive Branch,	
Poppies,	
Porteous, Old Mrs.	
Rats,	
Reaping Machine,	
Sheep,	[illegible]
Snowdrops,	[illegible]
Toad,	[illegible]
Tobacco Plant,	[illegible]
Winter,	[illegible]

Fac-similes of Autographs—

	Page
Adams, Professor	140
Anderson, Sir James	63
Ascham, Roger	51
Bayard,	102
Blake, Admiral	123
Bonner, Bishop	10
Brahe, Tycho	140
Dawson's Last Message,	29
Duncan, "Rabbi"	49
Frobisher,	123
Gardiner, Bishop	10
Galileo,	140
Garibaldi,	63
Gordon, General	4
Henry VIII., Wives of	22
Herschel, Sir J. F. W.	140
Huygens,	140
Kepler,	140
Leverrier,	140
Mary, "Bloody"	10
Mazzini,	63
Newton, Sir Isaac	140
Pole, Cardinal	10
Rodney,	123

	Page
Acre, Woman at	24
Adams, Prof.	141
Alla Singh the Coward,	48
Anderson, Sir James	81
Ants,	23
Ascher, Roger	51
Astronomers,	141
Back, The	72
Bayard,	101
Bentley, Richard	6
Blake, Admiral	123
Booby Bird,	141
Boyle, Mrs.	138
Brown of Ossawatomie,	112
Caesar,	106
Caxton,	27
Chaucer,	135
Compromise,	84
Controversy,	120
Convenient Season,	127
Crimean War,	127
Cromwell, Death of	113
Crooked Path, The	139
Dante,	87
D'Auvergne,	111
Dawson of the "Caller Ou,"	28
Demosthenes,	51
Duncan, "Rabbi,"	21, 36, 58, 60, 68, 96
Durham, Sir P.	24
Exercise Book, An Ancient	126
Fasken, Lieutenant,	60
Fimerton, Janet	132
Fishermen's Song, Greenock	43
Franklin, Sir John	125
Frenchman's Notebook, A	88
Frobisher,	123
Gordon, General	4
Heron, The Bad	90
Johnson, Dr. Samuel	112
June 1st,	48, 66
Justice and Mercy,	144
Katie Carnduff,	33
Kavanagh, Arthur	105
Late Again!	102
Life, A Desirable	132
Livingstone's Death, Dr.	125
Lizard,	46
Lockwood, Lieutenant	119
Macrea, Mr. Donald	131
M'Crie's Mother, Dr.	68, 105
M'Quade, Sergeant	11
Melville, Andrew	36
Menander,	126
Miracles, When Needed,	12
Moltke's Favourite Texts,	21
Nairne, The Lady	65
Nanny Russell,	52
Nanny Shaw,	119
Nansen,	26
Nelson Quoted,	108
Nettleship, Mr. R. L.	93
Nicholson the Painter,	68
Oram, Colonel	12
Outram, Sir James	63
Parry, Lady	132
Phocion,	108
Ploughing Story,	43
Queer World, A	117
Rainbow, The	14
Rat Story,	5
Scott's Monument, Sir W.	95
Siloam,	21
Strangers, Be Kind to	120
Suez Canal,	87
"Though Thou be Paip,"	77
Tromp, Admiral	105
Tucker of Benares,	60
Wasted Life, A	113
Wine-drinking,	96
Wolseley quoted, Lord	120
Work Put Off,	65
"Zulu,"	66

January, 1893. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

The Crow's Nest.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

B.C.

1491. Tabernacle set up by Moses in the wilderness.
1005. Solomon's Temple built.
722. Northern Tribes of Israel carried away.
607. Time of Jeremiah. Fall of Nineveh and Assyria. Babylon supreme.
599. } Judah carried away by Nebuchad-
588. } nezzar. Temple burnt.
561. Nebuchadnezzar died, aged 84. Belshazzar reigned.
559. Darius the Mede reigned one year. Daniel advanced.
558. Cyrus defeats and captures Darius.
538. Cyrus takes Babylon.
536. Jews return under Sheshbazzar or Zerubbabel, and Jeshua.
529. Cyrus slain in battle. Succeeded by Cambyses, the Ahasuerus of Ezra 4, 6.
521. Cambyses died. Succeeded by the Pretender Smerdis, Artaxerxes of Ezra 4, 7.
521. Smerdis slain by Darius Hystaspes.
520. Haggai and Zechariah prophesied.
516. Temple rebuilt.
490. The Greeks defeated Darius at Marathon.
485. Darius died. Succeeded by Xerxes, who is the Ahasuerus of Esther and Mordecai.
480. Battles of Thermopylae and Salamis.
465. Xerxes murdered. Succeeded by Artaxerxes Long-Hand, who reigned forty years.
458. Artaxerxes sent Ezra to Jerusalem.
444. He sent Nehemiah. Walls of Jerusalem rebuilt.
" Athens in its glory. Age of Pericles, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Socrates, Phidias, Herodotus, Pindar.
400. Malachi prophesied.
331. Alexander the Great.

January 1.—Returning from the Captivity. Ezra 1, 1-11. Text, Deut. 30, 3. Quest. 1. Psalm 73, 1-3.

THE great power in history is not in man's will, but God's word. God had foretold the captivity, and its duration (Jerem. 29, 10; 25, 11); now He brings it to an end. The heart of Cyrus was in His hand; this great conqueror became the servant of His people. He did three things for them. (1) He allowed all who wished, to go home. (2) As those who went were mostly very poor, he used his authority with the rich who remained in Babylon, that they might help these poor ones with money, beasts for travelling, &c. (3) What the Jews valued most, he restored the sacred vessels of the old Temple. The vessels had been safer in Babylon than they would have been in Zion.

January 8.—Rebuilding the Temple.—Ezra 3, 1-13. Text, Ezra 3, 11. Quest. 2. Psalm 73, 4-6.

WHEN God's people act as one man all His service becomes easy. They were eager to bring offerings to God before a temple could be built, and they had everything fitting. The sacrifices on the bare altar were as acceptable as under the old temple. Parents shrink from family worship because they have no gift of prayer. God is grieved by that. He is pleased with the barest, most awkwardly expressed prayer from the heart. They reared the new altar on (the bases) the very ground of the old one. The old men forgot that grace, not gold, was the glory of the temple. "He is good," sums up God's character.

January 15.—Encouraging the People.—Hag. 2, 1-9. Text, Psalms 127, 1. Quest. 3. Psalm 73, 7-9.

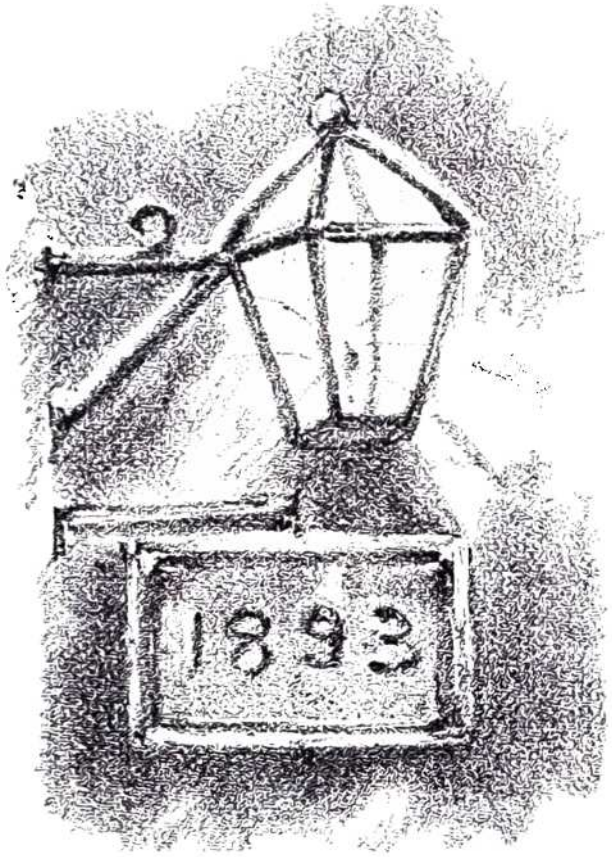
THE Book of Haggai is the record of a four month's ministry.

January 22.—Joshua the High Priest.—Zech. 3, 1-10. Text, Heb. 4, 14. Quest. 4. Psalm 73, 10, 11.

THE devil casts up our sins to God's face; God casts them behind His back.

January 29.—The Spirit of the Lord.—Zech. 4, 1-10. Text, Zech. 4, 6. Quest. 5. Psalm 73, 12, 13.

WHOM He justifies, them He also glorifies. The brand plucked out of the fire becomes a partaker of the Divine nature, a branch fed from God's fulness, and feeding others.



The Crow's Nest.

THE Crow's Nest is a barrel fixed to the mainmast of all ships that go far north into the Polar Seas. The look-out man gets into it by a trap-door in the bottom, which falls down once he gets inside. He goes up there, sometimes to see if there are any whales or seals in the distance; and sometimes, when the ship is stuck in the ice, to look for open water and any lanes that may lead to it; and sometimes, alas! when the ship is in danger, or the men are dying of want, to see if there be any signs of help. Then he sings out what he sees to the men below, and tells them what to do, and they obey him, even against their own judgments. They know that he sees further ahead than they; and that his own life, as well as theirs, depends on his decision. But, of course, whenever there is danger, it is the captain himself who goes into the Crow's Nest.

Remember, dear children, that God not only sees, but plans the end from the beginning, and that if you love Him, His life and yours are bound up in the one Bundle of Life. "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." That is what Christ's mother said about Him, after watching Him for thirty years. It is what the saints in glory, every one, would now say to us. Follow Him, whether He tells you the reason why or not. "Thou art the Guide of my youth."

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

When the articles under this heading were begun in February, 1890, I meant to write only one or two lines about every year of man's life from 1 to 100, and I hoped to go over them in three numbers. I wished you all to be good, and also to be great—and *great* simply means *very good*—and I wished to show you that some people became great when they were very young, like Origen, the early Christian father, who was great even in his cradle!

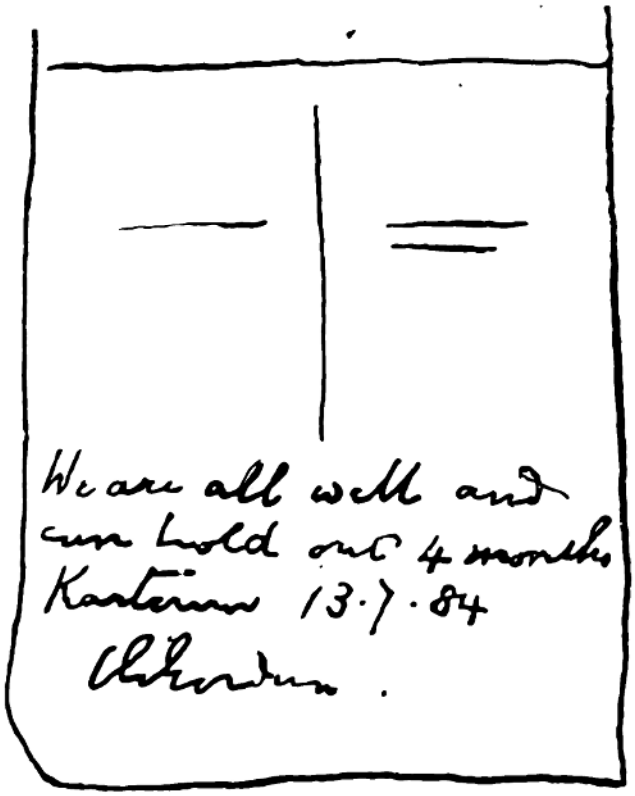
There was a chance also that our little Magazine might be glanced at now and then by older folks, and a record of what others had done at their age might stir them up, too, and spur them on, just as a famous Greek used to say was the

case with him when he thought of the victories that another had won—"the trophies of Miltiades would not suffer me to sleep."

We have only got to the age of fifty-two, but I hope you are not weary of them. Fifty-two seems a long way off to you now, but fifty-two years will fly almost as quickly as fifty-two weeks, and you know how short they are. Some of you will live to see that age, perhaps a greater age, 62—72—or even 82. Perhaps also—but this is an awful thing to say, and oh, pray God, pray God, it may not be—but perhaps you will be bad as well as old. And maybe in that hour, when all other refuge fails you, the Holy Ghost, Who often uses humble means, will bring something to your remembrance that you read when you were boys and girls, and show you that even when your lamps are going out there is still time to buy the oil that is without money and without price, and still time to welcome the Bridegroom with a burning lamp. So these stories and notices of famous men and women are written, some of them to warn you, and some to shame you, and some to cheer you, but all of them, I hope, to make you seek to live for God.

At the age of 52

GENERAL GORDON was killed at Khartoum, Monday, 26th January, 1885. When the Arab soldiers rushed into the palace he went alone to meet them and tried to speak to them; but they would not listen, and the first Arab plunged his spear into his body. He fell forward on his face, was dragged down the stairs, and stabbed with more spears, and then his head was cut off and hung on a tree.



One of the last letters that reached the British from him is here reproduced full size. Most of his letters fell into the enemy's hands either by force or by treachery, and he was compelled to make them as short and of as little bulk as possible. But it shows us how much can be put into little space. "We can hold out 4 months." And he held out more than seven!

Here are some of his sayings: "There is not one thing I value in the world. Its honours—they are false; its knicknacks—they are perishable and useless." "I have my Koh-i-noor with me, that is, the presence of God, and who can take that from me, or make me fear?" "Remember me to Willie Warren; he is one of Jesus' temples." (Warren was a crossing-sweeper at Southampton.) And here is one of his doings. When he was 31 he refused a gift of £3,600 from the Emperor of China for his victories in the Taeping war, besides other honours, because the Emperor put some rebels to death whom Gordon

At the age of 52

had promised to spare. All he would take was a little gold medal, and when he came home and read in the newspapers about the distress amongst the poor in the town of Coventry from want of work, having no money he sent his medal, having first carefully obliterated the inscription on it.

FOR hundreds of years rats and men have discussed the same question, and these two were at it again one morning lately. They lived in a building the ground floor of which was a chemist's shop. People lived in the flats above; so the two rats saw a good deal of life. They had been scampering about all night, and having found a jar of olive oil with a small hole in the top, were refreshing themselves by dipping their tails into it and then licking them.

"I wonder," said the younger, "if men have reason or only instinct. They have *mental* powers of a kind, but have they *rational* ones like us?"

"They seem," said the other, "to act very irrationally at times, any way. Look at the family on the second flat. Did you ever see such waste, and such slovenliness? and they are always late, specially every seventh day."

"Yes, and have you seen how selfish they are at table, each trying to get his favourite side of the loaf and thinking no one notices it, and how they quarrel, and won't speak for days?"

"It's their pride," said the elder, "that seems the most foolish thing to me. I was looking through a chink in the shutters the other day at one of them standing in front of the big looking-glass, putting a yellow chain across his breast three times the length of my tail, and it really sickened me to see the way he smirked at himself. The odd thing is that his watch has been dead ever since you and I knocked if off the table five weeks ago. I'm sure it's dead. For the feelers on its face don't move now, and it never speaks though the other watch calls to it all night. It used to speak so loud when we went near it, and yet two days ago I actually touched it with my nose, and it didn't say a word. I'm quite sure it's dead, but I don't think its master knows that."

"Well, he must be a silly, and yet I saw one of his sons do a wise thing lately. You remember the big marble we rolled under the chest of drawers? The boy tried to reach to it with his arm, but his arm was too short, and what did he side, and put one of his legs u the drawers, and roll the marble to the floor? And I saw his mo and father look at one another, say, 'Did you ever see anythin clever?' Surely that's reason?"

"Reason! It's no more proc reason than our dipping our tail the oil is when we can't get snouts in."

RICHARD BENTLEY (1 1742) was one of the grea scholars England ever duced. One day a g who had sat next him at dinner to Dr. Stillingfleet, to whose Bentley was then tutor, "Your s tutor is a most extraordinary m "Yes," said Dr. Stillingfleet, " had he but the gift of humility, would be the most extraordi man in Europe."

'Day's at the Morn':

Some Pioneers of Christ's Kingd

CHAPTER I.

How JOHN ELIOT *found that Pr and Pains will do anything.*

BOYS are fond of I Indian stories — t are so full of stir adventures and h breadth escapes. I daresay the girls, the older one least, are acquainted with Hiawa

Arrowmaker in the land of the Dacotas." I wish to tell you something about the first missionary to the Red Indians.

I.

It all happened two hundred years ago and more. King Charles was governing, or misgoverning, England; and the Civil War was soon to blaze forth; and in the end the poor foolish King was to die under the headsman's axe, outside Whitehall, on a cold morning in January, 1649. But I want you to think of a November day, seventeen winters before Charles stepped out from his palace window to the scaffold. There is a ship ready to set sail from Southampton harbour, the "Lyon," and she is bound for Boston, away in the New World. There are sixty emigrants going with her, most of them men and women anxious to find a home where they will be free to worship God. Will you look specially at one of these emigrants? He is a young schoolmaster, called John Eliot. He used to teach in the village of Little Baddow in Essex. He meant to be a minister ever since he was a boy, and the wish grew stronger during the time he was teaching; for the headmaster was a godly man, in whose company he learned to love Jesus better than he did before. But there was little hope of getting his wish fulfilled in England then, when Puritan ministers were persecuted so cruelly. So, this bleak November day, when he is 27 years old, John Eliot is turning his face westward across the sea.

II.

I cannot describe the half of what he said and did in his American home. For he lived to be eighty-seven, and he was diligent in business and fervent in spirit to the end. He was not long landed before his wish was carried out. He was made minister of the church at Roxbury, a town the settlers had built on a steep hill, on every side of which in these old days there were thick dark woods. You may be sure that he was a good minister of Jesus Christ, and he became better every year. He said his Master taught him more and more the meaning of three words, "Bear, Forbear, Forgive." Wherever he went, quarrelling and anger melted away. But one day, when he had been a good while in his Massachusetts manse, the thought came flashing in on him that he was forgetting a part of his parish altogether. It was God who sent that disturbing and troublesome thought. John Eliot used sometimes to see passing through Roxbury street little bands of Indians out of the great forest—Pequots, or Mohicans, or Iroquois. Curious looking men they were, with their brown faces and the feathers in their hair. Such fierce wild hearts they had, as the Pilgrim Fathers found out often to their cost. And they knew nothing about God; they believed that somewhere or other there was a Great Spirit—that was all.

'Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Creator of the nations.'

But they were far more afraid of their priests, the terrible Medicine

Men, who had power to heal and power to kill them just as they chose. Now, the thought that troubled John Eliot was, 'I have never told the Red Indians about the love of Jesus.'

III.

He set himself at once to make up for lost time. It was not easy work. He had to learn the language, and that took years, as you will understand if I write out one word for you—the word for 'question' in Iroquois. Here it is:

Kremmogkodonattootiteaonganunnonash.

Eliot was 42 before he could speak to the Red-skins; but 'prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything,' as he said at the end of the Indian grammar he published; and at last he unravelled the mysteries of that strange tongue. Then a new life began for him. He went riding through those endless woods in all kinds of weather. Once he wrote, 'I have not been dry, day nor night; but I pull off my boots, wring my stockings, on with them again, and so continue.' He sat for hours with the savage men and women round him. In one breath they would ask him, 'How can Indians come to God?' and in the next breath, 'Why is the sea salt?' But he never bated a jot of heart or hope. At length a convert was given him, Johen Hiacoomes—that was the first Indian to enter the Kingdom of God. Then there were more, and in 1660 the Lord's Supper was observed. Before that, however, Eliot had founded a little Christian town—the town of Natick. He divided the Indians who settled there into hundreds and tens, and got them to choose men who should have charge of these divisions. He bound them all, chiefs and people, by Covenant to serve God. 'It was a blessed day,' he said. And when Governor Endicott came to see the place, he was filled with surprise and thankfulness.

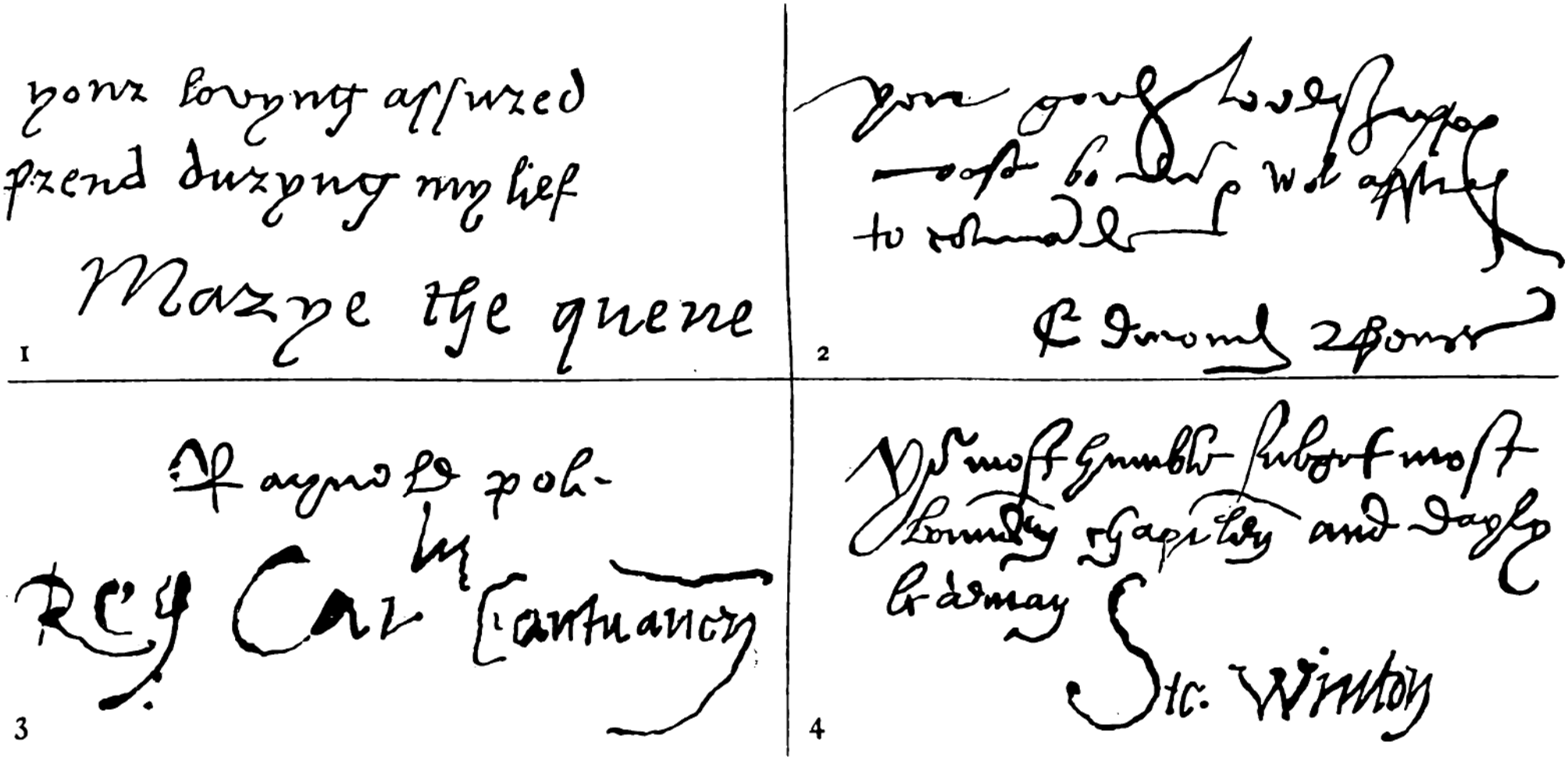
IV.

And so Eliot grew an old man, serving Christ with both hands earnestly, and the Red men for whom Christ died. He had a great sorrow in his closing years—the sorrow of seeing his settlement of Natick broken up by war. But he never lost his gracious temper, or his trust in God, or his love for men. When his hair was white and his strength gone, he wrote to Robert Boyle in England, 'My understanding fails me; my memory leaves me; but, I thank God, my charity holds out.' Does it not remind you of another old man, whose name was John too, who had to be carried into the market-place of Ephesus, so infirm and frail he was, who preached day after day the same short sermon there, 'Little children, love one another'? At last, in 1690, in the sweet spring-time, when the leaves were bursting from the trees round Roxbury, and the birds were singing in the branches, the Master called John Eliot's name. And this was his reply, 'Welcome, joy! come, Lord, come!'

Ever since he has been known as the Apostle of the Red Indians; and he deserves the good degree.

" *Oh, little child, be still and rest ;*
He sweetly sleeps whom Jesus keeps ;
And in the morning wake so blest
His child to be ;

Love ever me, but love Him best
Who first loved thee."



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Autographs of Four Famous Persecutors.

1. "*Your loving assured frend during my lief. Mary the quene.*" Known as Bloody Mary; died 1558, aged 41. In the last 3½ years of her reign 280 Protestants were put to death, mostly by fire. The cruelty of her husband, Philip of Spain, who afterwards sent the Armada against England, made her life so bitter that she often sat for hours on the ground with her knees drawn up to her chin.

2. "*Your good Lordshipp's most bound, and wel assured to comande, Edmond Boner.*" Bishop Bonner was a man of brutal face and character. Died 1569. His most odious deed was the burn-

ing of six martyrs at Brentford one night, quietly, in the darkness.

3. "*Raynold*," i.e. Reginald, "*Pole*." "*Reg. Carlis, Cantuarien*," i.e. Cardinalis Cantuariensis, Cardinal, Archbishop of Canterbury. He was called the hangman of the church. He and Queen Mary both died on the 18th Nov., 1558; the second signature is from a letter he wrote to her on the 14th, when he felt death approaching.

4. Bishop Stephen Gardiner. "*Yor. most humble subget, most bounden chapelen, and dayly bedeman, Ste. Winton.*" That means, Stephen, Bishop of Winchester, *Stephanus Wintoniensis*. Bedeman is one who prays for another, counting his prayers by beads. Gardiner wished Queen Elizabeth to be beheaded. It is said that on the day that Ridley and Latimer were put to death, he refused to begin dinner till he heard they were on fire. "So he and a hungry old lord who was his guest bided on and on till four o' the clock, till his man came in post and told him the fire had took hold. 'Now,' says the bishop, 'we'll go to dinner.'" He died four weeks after, Nov. 12, 1555. The letter, the end of which is copied here, was written to Henry VIII.

AT the affair of the Coa during the Peninsular War, Sergeant Robert M'Quade, of the 43rd Regiment, a North of Ireland man, saw two Frenchmen level their muskets on rests against a high gap in a bank, awaiting the British. Sir George Brown, then a lad of sixteen, attempted to ascend at the fatal point; but M'Quade, himself only twenty-four years of age, pulled him back, saying, with a calm, decided tone, "You are too young, sir, to be killed," and then offering his own person to the fire, fell dead, pierced with both balls.

Sir George Brown lived to take part as second in command to Lord Raglan, in the Crimean War fifty years afterwards.

Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. In what ways is Christ's Name like ointment poured forth? 2. Occasions on which God or Christ spoke, and said only one word. 3. Persons who shirked questions. 4. Promises for the blind. JUNIORS.—1. Persons whom Christ took by the hand. 2. Persons in Mark and Acts who trembled. 3. Persons in whose lives Camels played an important part.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the November number have been received from—

JUNIORS and SENIORS.—Alexander Adams, Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, Jeanie Crawford, John Crawford, Tina Crawford, A. Culton, Alexander Fulton, James S. Fulton, Bertie Hardie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Jeanie H. Lang, Alexander Macaween, Donald Macaween, Janet G. Macaween, John Macaween, Mary Martin, Minnie Martin, Edith M. Murray, William Paterson, Jane Taylor.

The names of those who did the December lessons will be published in February.

1	S	GOD IS LOVE.—*1 John 1, 8.*
2	M	Lovest thou Me?—*John 21, 17.*
3	Tu	Follow Thou Me.—*Verse 22.* Hindoo soldiers dread the sea; they call it "the black water." A Madras regiment was asked on parade to volunteer for service in Manila. "Will Colonel Oram go with us?" they asked. "Yes." "Will he stay with us?" "Yes." "Then we'll go; we'll go to Europe, if he asks us."
4	W	It is a good land which the Lord giveth unto us.—*Deut. 1, 25.*
5	Th	Afflictions abide me.—*Acts 20, 23.*
6	F	I will not leave you comfortless.—*John 14, 18.*
7	S	Come ye blessed of My Father.—*Matt. 25, 34.*

8	S	Talk ye of all His wondrous works.—*1 Chron. 16, 9.*
9	M	He is my father's God.—*Ex. 15, 2.*
10	Tu	I am the Lord, I change not.—*Mal. 3, 6.*
11	W	Wherefore didst thou doubt?—*Mat. 14, 31.*
12	Th	He spake, and it was done.—*Ps. 33, 9.* Zieten, a Prussian General, having spoken hopefully at a critical moment, King Frederick asked sarcastically if a new ally had joined them. "No, Sire, none but God can help us." "But," said the King, "He no longer works miracles." "Be it so; then we no longer need miracles."
13	F	Thy God reigneth.—*Is. 52, 7.*
14	S	Thy God shall be my God.—*Ruth 1, 16.*

15	S	My cup runneth over.—*Ps. 23, 5.*
16	M	Exceeding abundantly, above all that we ask or think.—*Eph. 3, 20.*
17	Tu	I will pour you out a blessing,
18	W	That there shall not be room enough to receive it.—*Mal. 3, 10.*
19	Th	I overflow with joy in all our affliction.—*2 Cor. 7, 4 (R. V.)*
20	F	Peter wept bitterly.—*Mat. 26, 75.*
21	S	Abounding in the work of the Lord.—*1 Cor. 15, 58.*

22	S	The mind of the Lord.—*Rom. 11, 34.*
23	M	The eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ.—*Eph. 3, 11.*
24	Tu	The secret of the Lord.—*Ps. 25, 14.* On the fly-leaf of his copy of Blunt's *Undesigned Scriptural Coincidences*, Dr. Burgon wrote, "*Unsuspected*, but designed from all eternity."
25	W	A God that revealeth secrets.—*Dan. 2, 28.*
26	Th	Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.—*1 Sam. 3, 9.*
27	F	Now we see in a mirror, darkly;
28	S	But then face to face.—*1 Cor. 13, 12.*

29	S	He shall deliver thee in six troubles.—*Job 5, 19.*
30	M	Rejoice with trembling.—*Ps. 2, 11.*
31	Tu	Rejoice alway.—*1 Thess. 5, 17 (R. V.)* Therefore, piping sad and low, Piping loud and clear, I will sing as it will go, Every day in the year.—*A Threefold Cord*—*George MacDonald.*

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February, 1893. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

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International Sabbath School Lessons.

February 5—Dedicating the Temple—Ezra 6, 14-22. Text, Psalms 122, 1. Quest. 6. Psalm 73, 14, 15.

THIS second temple was a poor building compared with the first, but it was built, not by a vain-glorious king, but by the people themselves; they had made sacrifices for it, and God gave them joy in it. He helped them by sending prophets to encourage them, and by touching the hearts of heathen kings to support them. Henceforth the Jews were not to be a nation so much as a church; their hopes and ambitions were all to be religious. Notice in these verses the references to the Book of Moses, to sin-offerings, to the Passover, to rites of purification. No building in the world was ever so much loved; the delight of the people in worshipping in it, and even in gazing upon it, is seen in many of the Psalms. These Psalms were collected to be a book of praise for this Temple.

February 12—Nehemiah's Prayer—Neh. 1, 1-11. Text, Psalms 30, 10. Quest. 7. Psalm 73, 16-18.

I KNEW a good man who said that if he got to heaven there were two men he would like specially to see, Nehemiah and Nathanael. Nehemiah is one of the most perfect characters in the Bible. High-born, young, handsome, merry, clever, he gave up the chance of being prime minister to Artaxerxes for the sake of God. Nehemiah excels in ejaculatory prayer; he felt so near God that sometimes he does not even name Him in prayer; but his success in this arose from the fact that he could wrestle with God for days. The prayer in this chapter was not answered fully for four months: yet they were not lost months.

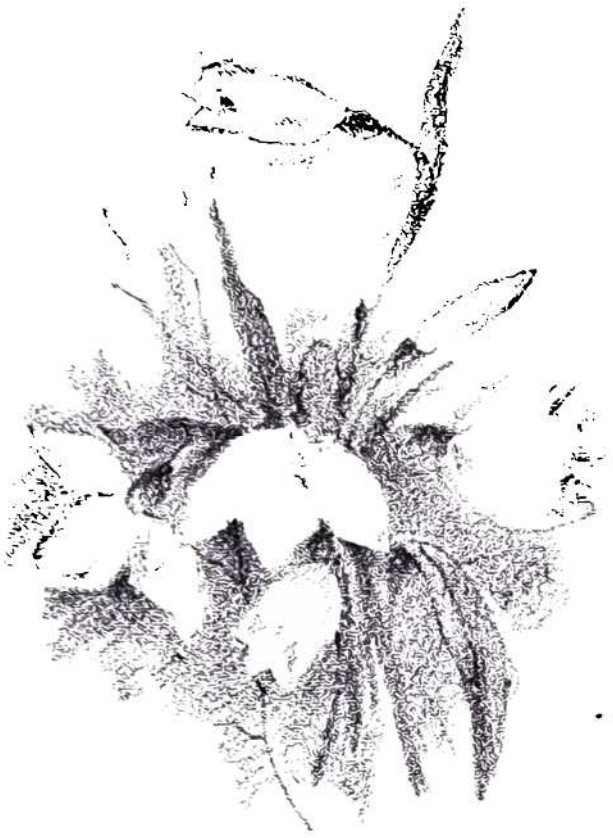
February 19—Rebuilding the Wall—Neh. 4, 9-21. Text, Neh. 4, 9. Quest. 8. Psalm 73, 19, 20.

JERUSALEM without walls was not only weak, but dishonoured, before its foes. The Temple had been rebuilt for 72 years, the people had had time to adorn their own houses, but to build the walls was too hard a task! Yet when Nehemiah comes with his faith and common sense, the whole thing is done in 52 days: ch. 6-15. There were enemies outside, traitors inside, some too proud, others too faint-hearted to work, but chapters 3 and 4 show us how it was done. 1. They had a mind to work, goldsmiths, shepherds; no fear of spoiling their hands. 2. They worked to the same plan. 3. The very women worked, cooking meals, carrying mortar, &c. 4. They never said they had done enough, or their share, but did "another part." One man did opposite his chamber. So far, well. But that's not the kind of man that saves the world. Charity doesn't end at home. 5. All were hearty, but some specially so. 6. They kept their weapons "ready, aye ready." Habergeons were coats of mail. 7. They never asked what o'clock it was, "if it wasn't near time for stopping." 8. They let their enemies do all the talking. 9. Above all, they took the shield of faith.

February 26—Reading the Law—Neh. 8, 1-12. Text, Psalms 119, 18. Quest. 9. Psalm 73, 21-23.

THESE Jews had none of the New Testament, yet with what patience, reverence, and admiration, and, above and beyond all, with what joy they listened, as well they and we might, to the story of God's holiness and love. Will they not rise up and condemn us?

March 5—Keeping the Sabbath—Neh. 13, 15-22. Text, Ex. 20, 8. Quest. 10. Psalm 73, 24, 25.



O HEART, look down and up
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
Like snowdrops, pure.
—Tennyson.

The Rainbow.

I do set my bow in the cloud.—Gen. 9. 13.

HAVE you ever noticed the beautiful colours which a water-bottle gives out, when bright sunshine is streaming into it? Take an ordinary round water bottle, like *Fig.* 1, and fill it with water. Choose a time when the sun is unclouded, and shining with full brilliancy. Hold the bottle up in your right hand, and turn your left side towards the sun. Now look at the bottle, *with your eyes almost closed.* If you do not see any colours at first, you will probably succeed by moving your hand a little, so as to catch the light at different angles. The place to look for the colours is at each side of the bottle, but especially at the side farthest from the sun; for there they are most brilliant, and with a little perseverance you will soon discover them. You will observe that the slightest movement of your hand causes the tints to alter, so that you sometimes see red, and sometimes yellow, green or blue.

Fig. 1.

How are these colours produced? Well, Sir Isaac Newton, and others, have shown us that light, which appears of uniform brightness, is really made up of a great many colours. When Newton examined a sunbeam by means of a piece of glass, shaped like a wedge, called a prism, he was able to spread it out into a broad band, and to separate all the various colours of which it is composed, namely, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. These are sometimes called *prismatic* colours, because they can be seen by means of a prism.

Now when you hold the water bottle in the particular position which I have described, it acts in the same way as a prism. The

beams of light passing into it are split up, as it were, and the various coloured rays are spread out like a fan. You will understand this best by looking at Fig. 2. The sunbeam is represented as entering the bottle at E, and crossing over to F, where it is reflected or thrown back towards G. At the same time it is broken up, and the various coloured rays are separated, as you see in the figure.

But it is not absolutely necessary that the bottle should be held in precisely the manner which I described at the commencement. Having learned how to see the colours, you may place the bottle down and move backwards, always keeping your eye in the proper line. When you have got some distance away, if you move from side to side a little, you will then be able to distinguish the different tints, and they will appear even more beautiful and distinct than when you held the bottle in your hand.

If you were to take a round flask with a narrow neck, instead of an ordinary bottle, and hold it above your head, as in figures 3 and 4, taking care that there was no bubble of air at the top, you would still be able to see the colours, provided you caught the light at the proper angle. Indeed, you might move the flask right round in a circle, like the dotted circle in Fig. 3, and you would continue to see the same colours all the time.

But what has all this got to do with the rainbow? Well, in Fig. 5 imagine the lines sloping from right to left to represent sunbeams, and that a spectator is standing at o, with his back towards the sun, while a shower of rain is falling in front of him. Each drop of rain which happens to catch the light at the proper angle will send out a coloured ray, in the same manner as the bottle or flask does. (You may prove this by examining a big drop suspended from a twig in bright

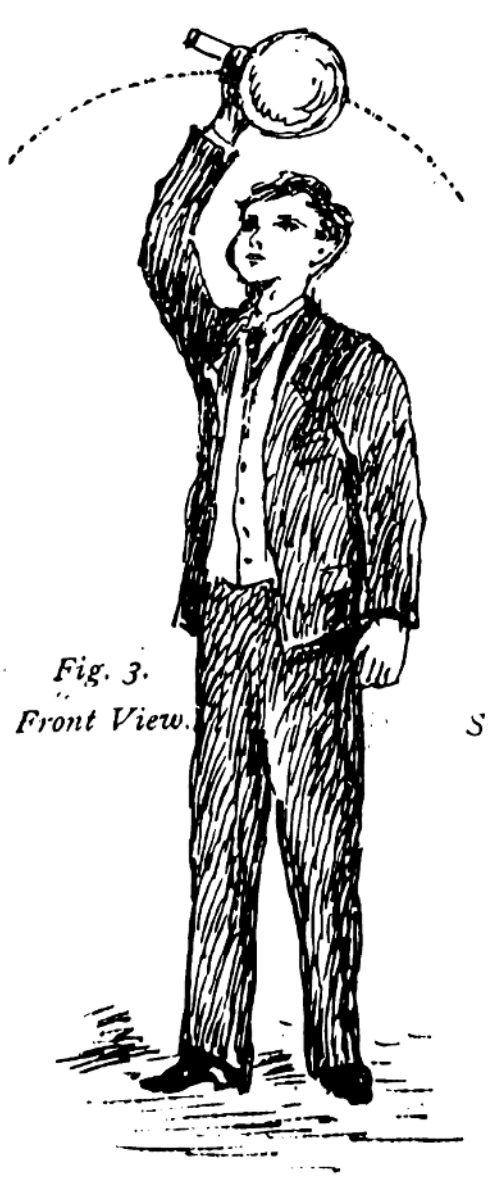


Fig. 3.
Front View.

Fig. 4.
Side View.

sunshine, or by noticing the colours displayed by dew, when the morning sun is shining upon it.) In Fig. 5, then, suppose A to represent a drop which gives out a certain colour, violet, for example. All the other drops in the same circle, such as B, will likewise give out violet. (You will understand this from Fig. 3, where you saw how the man could move his arm all round, and still continue to see the same colour.) But since all these drops shew a violet tint, they will appear to the spectator to form a violet arch. In the same way, if C and D represent two drops, situated at the proper angles for shewing green and red respectively, all the other drops in the same circles as these will also shew green and red, and will form green and red arches outside of the violet. Similarly all the other prismatic colours will be seen in regular succession, and thus there will be produced the beautiful series of colours which you see in the rainbow. If you observe a rainbow carefully you will notice that the colours are arranged in the following order, beginning at the inside of the bow, and counting outwards—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. You may remember them, if you like, by means of the word vibgyor,—an imaginary word, which is made up of the first letters of each of the successive colours.

One thing which everyone must have noticed with regard to the rainbow is that you cannot distinctly tell how far off it is from you. The reason is that the colours depend upon the angles, and not upon the distance, of the drops of rain from the spectator. Hence, as you approach the bow it seems to go away further, and as you retreat, it seems to follow. You can never really get any nearer it, nor discover the bags of gold, which, in my young days, were supposed to lie concealed at the foot of the arch.

In conclusion, does it not strike you as wonderful, when you have learned the explanation of the rainbow, that all these beautiful colours are concealed in ordinary sunlight, and that a mere shower of rain should unfold them into such a splendid spectacle?

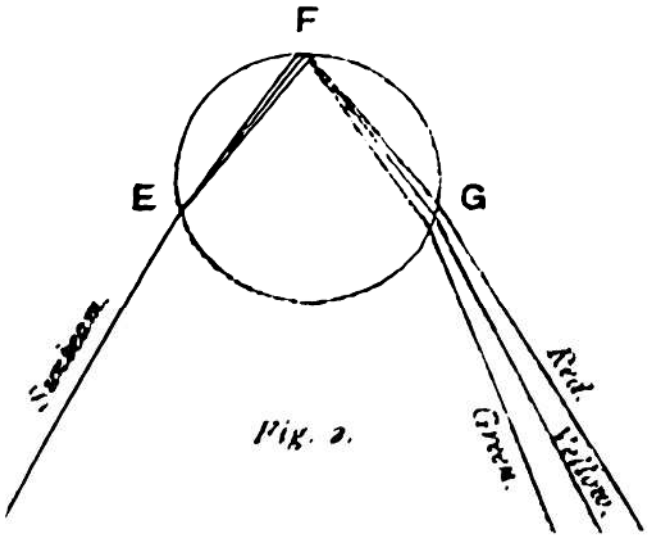


Fig. 3.

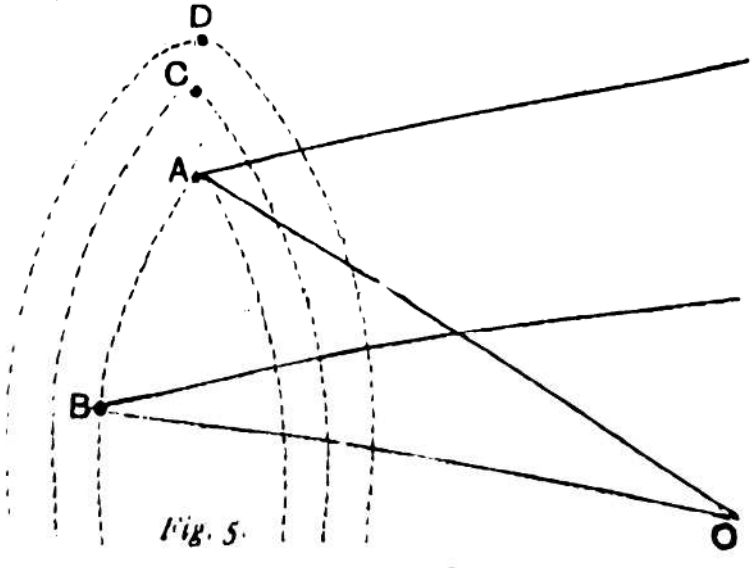
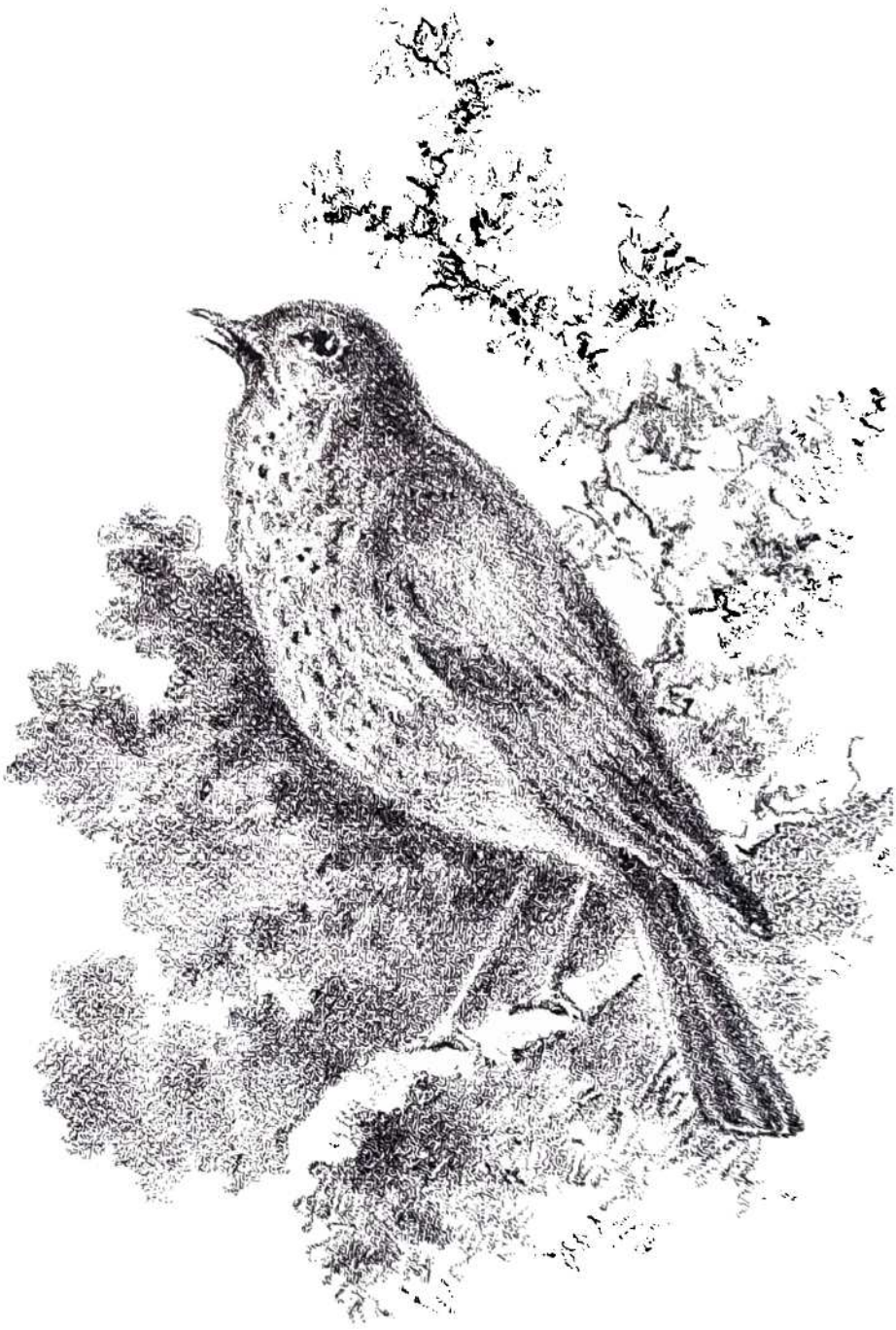


Fig. 5.

Extract from a Letter.

S.S. "CITY OF MANCHESTER,"
Off Gozo, *24th Nov.*



"IN my last, posted at Gibraltar, I told you about the two army officers' wives on board, returning to India, who had been quarrelling ever since we left London. Things came to a head on Sabbath.

"After leaving Gibraltar we got a 'dusting,' the wind blowing half a gale from the African coast. Quite a number of birds—robins, &c. — had been blown out to sea, and were very glad to rest in the rigging. One of them, a pretty mavis, was so dead-beat that it allowed itself to be handled. One of us gave it a drink of water, and then it tucked up its leg under its wing and fell sound asleep where it stood. It only left us an hour ago.

"Well, as we were sitting down to dinner on Sabbath, the two ladies, who have not been pleased with the seats Captain Daw gave them, each tried to take the same chair, and, Sabbath though it was, poor Captain was at a loss what t do, when the mavis, hearing th noise, flew towards them, an settling on the chair, whistled s loudly that the ladies couldn't hea themselves; each, however, sti held on to the chair. 'Now, now said the Captain, 'there's no roo for either of you there, the cha

deck.' Sure enough, ever since, at all our meals, the chair has stood empty, but opposite it on the table is regularly placed a card with a sketch of the mavis made by a young lady on board. Neither of the warriors' wives has left her cabin since. The mavis, as I told you, flew away this afternoon, but not until, as Captain Daw said, 'it had more than paid its passage.'"

'Day's at the Morn':

Some Pioneers of Christ's Kingdom.

CHAPTER II.

How HANS EGEDE *preached from the text, "I have spent my strength for naught."*

THIS is the story of the first Protestant Missionary to Greenland. He was a man against whom the very stars in their courses seemed to be fighting, and yet God gave him work to do which the angels might covet.

I.

Hans Egede was just the age of Mr. Barrie's Little Minister—just 21 years old—when he was set over a congregation of his own. But the village of Vaagen, where his home was, is a hundred times bleaker and lonelier than Thrums. Find the Lofoden Islands on your map of Norway and you will know where it is. Ice and snow, high mountains and rocky cliffs, long deep fiords and big tumbling waves—these were the sights the young Lutheran pastor looked out on from his windows. But he loved the place, and the simple fisher folk, and the little church where the people gathered on the Sabbath days. And Babbie was here too, with a heart as warm as the Egyptian's, though she was a great deal more decorous in her behaviour. I want you to remember the name of the woman whom Hans Egede won for his bride. Gertrude Rask she was called, and she was every bit as brave as her husband. I think the Apostle John would have styled her an Elect Lady, though she was not "too bright or good for human nature's daily food." So for three or four years the minister of Vaagen was very happy in his home and his work. But then a change came over him. He grew restless. He seemed anxious to get away. The old contented heart and the old bright and cheery face were gone. "What is wrong with our minister?" the fishermen asked one another out in their boats, and their wives and children put the same question as they sat in their cottages round the fire.

II.

This was what was wrong. Hans Egede had been reading a book of adventures. It told the tale of Eric the Red-haired—the fierce Viking who was banished from Iceland centuries before, and who sailed away and away till he came to a country men knew nothing about, the far-off country of Greenland. He settled there, and his companions built houses, and a colony of Ice-

landers and Norwegians and Danes established themselves. But that was long ago. It was in 1406 that the last news came from them; and now, when Hans Egede read about it in his Vaagen parsonage, it was the year 1708. The forsaken colony haunted him from that moment. He began to have dreams at nights like the dream Paul had in Troas. Men of Greenland stood beside his bed crying to him, "Come over and help us," and his heart was sore when he thought of them. He told his wife, but for many months she said No; she could not face the grief of bidding good-bye to Vaagen. At last, however, she saw it was God's will, and then she threw her arms round her husband's neck and repeated the sweet old Bible words, "Where thou goest I will go, and where thou dwellest I will dwell, and there will I be buried." But Hans Egede's difficulties were only beginning. He wrote letters to the Bishops; he went to see the merchants who had vessels of their own; he had an interview with the King of Denmark himself. For four summers and winters he wandered about the streets of Bergen, the busy Norwegian seaport. He gazed longingly from the shore after the departing ships. He learned how to work at the blacksmith's forge, for he did not know what he might need to do in the strange land to which he meant to go. He waited, and hoped, and prayed.

III.

At length three boats were provided for him; the King's consent was given; the Missionary was promised a salary of £45 a year; and he and his wife and their little son Paul set sail from Bergen in May, 1721—thirteen years after he had read the story of Eric the Red-haired for the first time. Disappointment after disappointment fell on him. One of the boats was lost in the ice. Greenland was discovered to be a country, not of valleys and woods, where "the rivers were thick with fish and the grass dropped butter," but barren and dead. The Norwegian colonists were there no longer; the last of them was dead long since. The people were Eskimos, not more than five feet high, unable to take in the simplest truth, the slaves of habits that were terribly repulsive. The Angekoks, their priests and wizards, tried to kill the Missionary. And sometimes there was no food to be had. And at other times the water put on the fire to boil froze before the heat could get the upper hand. And, one awful year, the scourge of the smallpox was brought by some Danish sailors and devastated the whole countryside. Yet Hans Egede toiled on in the love of God and the patience of Christ. But his bitterest sorrow was to come. In December, 1735, his great-hearted wife, who had shared in all his labours, was called home to God. Then the brave man gave way; he thought that the Lord had ceased to be gracious to him; sometimes he did not dare even to go to church. Next August he left Greenland, taking with him the coffin that held the remains of her who had been to him, far more truly than Virgil was to Horace,

Animae dimidium meae. Just before he went, he preached his last sermon, from that sad, sad text—"I have spent my strength for naught and in vain."

IV.

Was it so? Oh no. What we do for God can never be lost—never at all.

"'Tis weary watching day by day,
But still the tide heaves onward."

On the west shore of Greenland stands just now the little town of Egede's Minde, or Egede's Memory, with its harbour, and the Governor's house, and the stores where the skins of the seals are kept, and the Eskimo huts. It is a Christian village, Indeed, all Greenland is Christian; the last heathen died at Proven forty years ago. And Hans Egede began the good work; he did not spend his strength for naught. The Eskimos speak of him to-day with reverence and thankfulness. They say, "He was more than our father."

"By Interpretation—Sent."

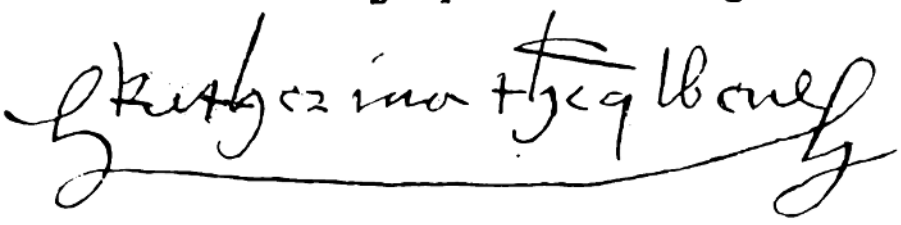
ONE of the most valuable inscriptions as yet discovered in the exploration of the ruins of Jerusalem was found by accident. In the summer of 1880, a Jewish boy while playing with some other lads in the Pool of Siloam, slipped and fell into the water. On rising to the surface, he noticed under the water what looked like letters on the rock which formed one of the walls of the channel. He told his teacher, a German, what he had seen. The rock was at once examined, and after the water had been lowered, a copy of the inscription was taken.

THE wife of Count Moltke, the great German warrior, was a Miss Burt, an Englishwoman. After her death, in 1868, till his own, in 1891, he used her copy of the Bible. It lay constantly either on his writing-desk or on his dressing-table. On the first leaf he wrote his four favourite texts:

1. My strength is made perfect in weakness.—*2 Cor. 12, 9.*
2. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.—*John 12, 32.*
3. Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him.—*Acts 10, 34, 35.*
4. Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven. —*Matt. 7, 21.*

"WE are not thirsty yet," said Rabbi Duncan to a friend one day, speaking of prayer for the Holy Spirit. "How do you know?" "Because it is written, 'I will pour water upon him that is thirsty.'"

Autographs of Henry 8th's Wives.



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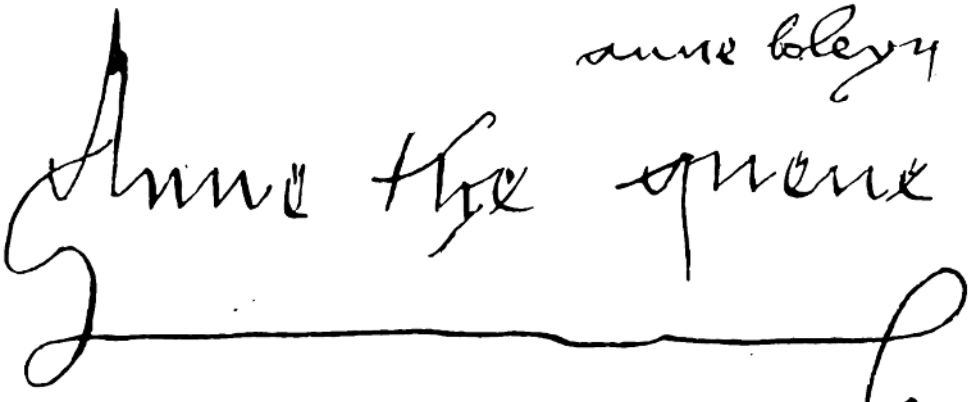

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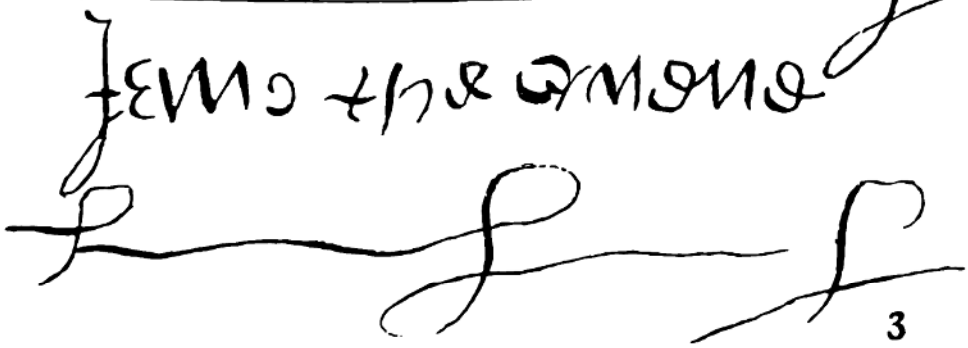

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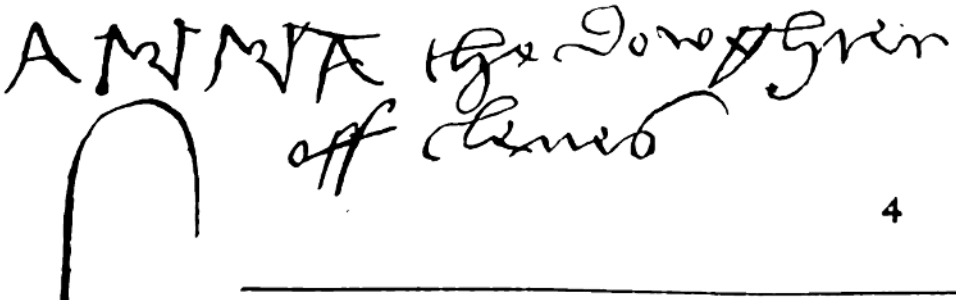

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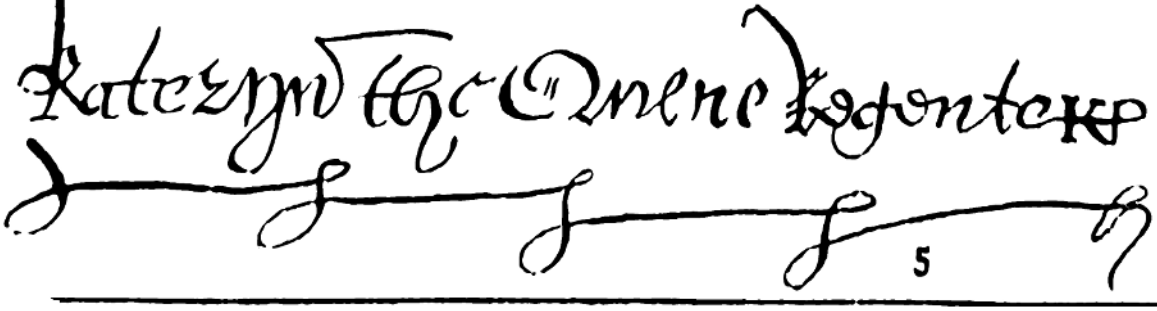


5

1. *Katherina the qwene*, Catherine of Arragon, daughter of the Ferdinand and Isabella who ruled Spain in the days of Columbus. When 24, she married Henry, who was 18. He put her away when she was 48. Three years after, she died broken-hearted. Bloody Mary was her daughter.

2. The day Catherine died, *Anne Boleyn*, who had been one of her maids-of-honour, and had now been Henry's wife for three years, dressed herself and her maids in yellow. Five months afterwards, she was beheaded, an executioner being brought from Ca-

lais for the purpose. It was her father who once refused to kiss the Pope's toe, and "it was his dog that, to make matters worse, bit it!" She was the mother of Queen Elizabeth.

3. Within twenty-four hours of her execution, Henry, dressed all in white, married *Jane Seymour*, one of her maids-of-honour. She died seventeen months after, leaving a son who became the good King Edward VI.

4. Two years afterwards, in 1640, Henry married *Anne the dowghter off Cleves*, that is, of the Duke of Cleves, a town in Prussia. Her sister was the wife of the famous Elector of Saxony, Luther's friend. Henry had only seen her portrait when he married her. When he saw herself, "he was marvellously astonished, and was woe that she had ever come to England." He put her away, for her plain features, in six months. She died in 1557, aged 42.

Nineteen days after Anne was put away, Henry married Katharine Howard. Twenty months after, he beheaded her. She was of noble English blood, but badly brought up. She was unable to write.

5. *Kateryn the Quene Regente K.P.*, that is, Katharine Parr, was Henry's sixth and last wife. She had been left a widow twice before, and when the king died in 1547, she married a fourth time. She died next year, aged 36. She was a very little woman, but a great scholar.

Henry was a cruel, bad man, without fear of God. Yet out of his shameful sin God brought forth good. For it was Henry's quarrels with the Pope, who provoked him by his craft and doubleness, that helped to make England Protestant.

THE communites of Ants, says Sir John Lubbock, are sometimes very large, numbering even up to 500,000 individuals. No one has ever yet seen a quarrel between any two ants belonging to the same community!

Bible Questions.

SENIORS AND JUNIORS (Juniors to do any three).—1. Numbers mentioned in the Revelation. 2. Things in the same book which God says He will give. 3. Kinds of raiment mentioned in it. 4. Some mottoes for a ship's compass. 5. Kinds of clouds spoken of in the Bible.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the December number have been received from—

SENIORS.—Alexander Adams, Alexander Fulton, Jeanie H. Lang, Alexander Macsween, Mary Marin.

JUNIORS.—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, Jeanie Crawford, John Crawford, Tina Crawford, James S. Fulton, Jessie Y. Howie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Amelia H. Lang, Donald Macsween, Janet G. Macsween, John Macsween, Edith M. Murray, Mary G. M'Neil, Marjory Strathern.

The names of those who did the January lessons will be published in March.

1 W Life, death, all are yours.—*1 Cor. 3, 22.*
2 TH I am His.—*Song of Sol., 2, 16.*
3 F Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death.—*Phil. 1, 20.*
"Like the woman at Acre when the Turk shot her as she was helping to build the mound against the city. 'I ha' served the king living,' says she, 'and let me serve him dead,' says she; 'let me go to make the mound: bury me in the mound,' says the woman."—*Tennyson's Foresters.*
4 S Joseph gave commandment concerning his bones.—*Heb. 11, 22.*

5 S Walk worthily of God,
6 M Who calleth you into His Own Kingdom and glory.—*1 Thess. 2, 12 (R.V.)*
7 TU Follow Me.—*Mat. 9, 9.*
8 W Ye Angels, that do His commandments.—*Ps. 103, 20.*
9 TH The living creatures have no rest day and night.—*Rev. 4, 8 (R. V.)*
10 F Lord, he hath ten pounds.—*Luke 19, 25.*
11 S Why sleep ye?—*Luke 22, 46.* "The artist who says, 'It will do,' is on the downward path."—*R. L. Stevenson: Across the Plains.*

12 S Ye have not, because ye ask not.—*James 4, 2.*
13 M Ask.—*Luke 11, 19.* When Sir Philip Durham took charge of the W. Indies station in 1814 during the French war, the merchants complained to him that they lost opportunities of sending ships to sea in the time of the previous Admiral owing to his never keeping appointments, and they asked Sir Philip to name any hour in the day when they might see him if they wished. "My hour," he answered, "is from daylight to dark, and as often during the night as you think proper to call upon me."
14 TU He that keepeth thee will not slumber.—*Ps. 121, 3.*
15 W Neither is His ear heavy.—*Is. 59, 1.*
16 TH Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace
17 F That we may obtain mercy,
18 S And find grace to help in time of need.—*Heb. 4, 16.*

19 S He gave gifts unto men.—*Eph. 4, 8.*
20 M To each according to his several ability;
21 TU Unto one five talents, to another two, to another one.—*Mat. 25, 14.*
22 W And the greatest of these is love.—*1 Cor. 13, 13 (R. V.)*

Poor to think,
Yet rich enough to sympathise with thought;
Incompetent to sing, as blackbirds can,
Yet competent to love, like HIM.
—*Mrs. Browning—Aurora Leigh.*

23 TH Yea, I have a goodly heritage.—*Ps. 16, 6.*
24 F She hath done what she could.—*Mark 14, 8.*
25 S I know thy poverty, but thou art rich.—*Rev. 2, 9.*

26 S The Lord remembereth that we are dust.—*Ps. 103, 14.*
27 M He was hungry.—*Mark 11, 12.*
28 TU Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him.—*Mat. 6, 8.* When our soldiers were starving in the Crimea, and were told that Parliament had given them a vote of thanks, they said they would take "less praise and more boots."

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

March, 1893. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

George Dawson of the "Caller Ou."

From a Photograph by A. T. Osbourne, 102 Hessle Road, Hull.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

March 5—Keeping the Sabbath—Nehem. 13, 15-22. Text, Ex. 20, 8. Quest. 10. Psalm 73, 24, 25.

MEN have always been freer in their treatment of the fourth commandment than of the rest; but in the law it has the same place as the others. When it is broken, it is mostly, as in the days of Amos (8, 5), Jeremiah (17, 21 f.), and Nehemiah (here), out of pure greed: men want to make money seven days instead of six. But man cannot live on money alone, or on what money buys; and Nehemiah was the best friend of the Jews, as well as the most faithful servant of God, when he stopped all Sabbath trading by force, and secured the day for rest and worship. If it is a burden to you, it is because you have not found out God's use for it.

March 12—Esther before the King—Esther 4, 10-17, and 5, 1-3. Text, Prov. 31, 9. Quest. 11. Psalm 74, 16, 17.

TIME, B.C. 479, after Ahasuerus, or Xerxes, returned defeated from his Grecian expedition (Thermopylae, Salamis). It was the biggest host in history; he was the handsomest man in it, but was vain and cruel. When a storm destroyed his bridge over the Hellespont, he beheaded the engineers and gave the sea 300 lashes!

Some have needlessly wondered why the word 'God' is not in Esther. It is not printed across the sky either, yet "the heavens declare the glory of God." When friends talk or write, they don't need to say every few moments, "My name is so-and-so." Esther is a page of the book of Providence, and shows *what is happening every day in every person's life.*

One is sorry for Vashti:

"O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summon'd out
She kept her state, and left the drunken king
To brawl at Shushan underneath the palms."

—*Tennyson's Princess.*

Dr. Stalker, in *The Four Men*, says that Esther 4, 14 teaches: "1. God's cause can do without our help. 2. We can't do without God's cause. 3. Christ's cause offers the noblest employment for our gifts. This thought changed Esther from a light-headed, light-hearted girl, the puppet of a despot, into a heroine, one of those figures from whom noble deeds draw their inspiration."

March 19—The Vanity of Graven Images—Isaiah 44, 9-20. Text, Isaiah 45, 5. Quest. 12. Psalm 75, 4-6.

HEATHEN gods are made by men who need planes and compasses and red pencils, and tire at their work, and use the shavings that are over for the fire. Our God, the God of Esther, is Almighty, Omnipresent, Everlasting. And it is the poor sinner's Redemption that has called some of His attributes into being, and all of them into their fullest exercise. "I have glorified myself in Israel:" verse 23.

March 26—Review of the Lessons—Text, Psalm 119, 105. Quest. 13. Psalm 75, 7, 8.

DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN, the great Norwegian traveller who sets out this spring on his expedition to the North Pole, read a paper lately to an enthusiastic meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London. His ship, specially built for the purpose, is called the "Fram," that is "Forward." Her sides are from 28 to 32 inches thick, consisting of layers of pitch-pine, oak, and greenheart. The greenheart, we are proud to say, was supplied by a Greenock firm. Her stem consists of 50 inches of solid oak. Her crew will be twelve picked men, for whom sixty or seventy tons of provisions will be taken, enough to last them for the five or six years during which they expect to be drifting in the Polar Ice. "And," said Dr. Nansen, "*alcoholic drinks will of course not be taken.*"

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 5.)

At the age of	
52	VIRGIL died B.C. 19. He was one of the greatest of Roman poets. In 1881 the people of Mantua, or Mantova as it is now called, celebrated the 19th centenary of his death, and at their request our late Poet-Laureate Tennyson wrote a poem in his honour. The last verse of it runs thus :— I salute thee, Mantovano, I that loved thee since my day began, Wielder of the stateliest measure Ever moulded by the lips of man.
52	MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, the greatest of all English poetesses, died in 1861. It was she who at the age of eight could read Homer in Greek, and might be seen holding it in one hand and nursing her doll with the other. She was married in 1846 to the poet Robert Browning, who died three years ago.
52	SHAKESPEARE died, on his birthday. And on that very day, 23rd April, 1616, as Carlyle has noticed, Oliver Cromwell became a student at Cambridge, one of the greatest chapters of English history beginning as another closed.
52	NAPOLEON, Emperor of the French, a man of blood, for whom Europe was too little, died a prisoner at St. Helena, a lonely rock in the South Atlantic, 1,000 miles from the coast of Africa, 5th May, 1821.
52	WILLIAM CAXTON, in 1474, published the "Recuyell of the Histories of Troy," the first book printed in the English language, a book which he had translated from the French as "a preventive against idleness." He printed altogether about 80 separate books, of more than 18,000 large pages, with only three assistants. Copies of these are very scarce now. A copy of the "Recuyell" was sold in London to a Chicago merchant, eight years ago, for £1,820. Another of his books fetched at the same sale £1,950. He died in 1491, working to the last day of his life. His motto was FIAT LUX, Let there be light.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee."

George Dawson of the "Caller Ou."

ON Monday, 30th November, 1891, the barque "Caller Ou," Captain Souter, left Hull for Port Elizabeth, South Africa, with a cargo of coal, and a crew of 16. The vessel was last seen in Grimsby Roads on 8th December. As the pilot who took her out to sea never returned, it was feared she had been lost. Two months afterwards, 10th February, 1892, word came that a bucket marked "Caller Ou" had been washed ashore at the back of the island of Texel, in Holland. After this there could be no doubt of her fate, and on the 21st April she was posted at Lloyd's as missing—that is, officially stated to be lost.

On Monday, 9th January last, a Yorkshire coastguardsman found a piece of wood on the beach about 3 feet 6 inches long and 5 broad, smooth on the one side and rough on the other. On the rough side, written in large hand, and barely readable, were these words :—

"*Whoever picks this up shall know the Callerou was run down by an unknown steamer.*"

And on the other side :—

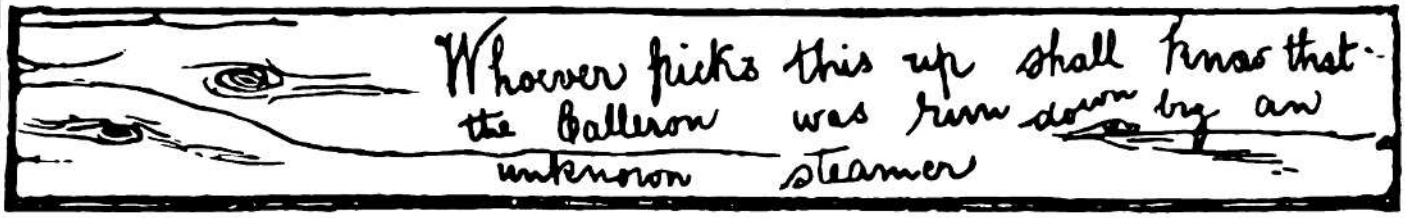
"*May the lord comfort my mother. Callerou run down by an unknown steamer (Dawson.) No more time (sinking.")*

A copy of the message was at once sent to Hull, and it was found that one of the crew was an apprentice named George William Dawson. It was his first voyage, and when the ship was lost he was only fourteen years and eight months old. His mother instantly set out to Kilnsea where the piece of wood was still in the keeping of the coastguard, and brought it home. Both she and her husband, as well as the boy's companions and Major Scaping, who had been his teacher at the Trinity House Navigation School, knew the handwriting.

Is it not a wonderful story of the love of God? Through all that winter, and the spring that followed, and through the summer and autumn days and nights, and through a second winter, for thirteen months —the same length of time as that in which He guided Noah's Ark—God watched that little bit of wood and brought it at last almost to his mother's door. And what better message could she have wished? What better thoughts could she have desired to be in the mind of her drowning boy? Is He not indeed the Hearer—that is, the Answerer of prayer? "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

It shows us also that God is the Recorder of prayer; that is, He remembers a prayer not only until He answers it, but also after He has answered it. No prayer that ever was offered can pass even in eternity out of His memory. The prayers of saints are golden vials full of odours. In Christ's name they were offered up, and, therefore, they are part of His glory and as eternal as Himself.

And the story shows us further



that it is God Who teaches us to pray, and, therefore, he who prays is strong, for God is with him. His Spirit made that boy a hero. Look at his handwriting in the very jaws of death—look at it closely—and you will see that the Spirit of prayer is not only the Spirit of might and the Spirit of love, but also the Spirit of peace, peace that passeth understanding.

But if the words and the writing on the one side bring us to the throne of grace, I think those on the other side, "Whoever picks this up shall know that the Callerou was run down by an unknown steamer," bring us to the throne of judgment. Men's deeds as well as boys' prayers are all written in God's book. We only "know in part" the story of the Caller Ou; the rest of it will be made known hereafter.

I have to thank Edgar S. Lewis, Esq., Editor of the "Hull Daily Mail," in which it first appeared, for the reduced facsimile of the writing; Mr. Osbourne for permission to copy the photograph; and specially Major Tebedee Scaping for papers, information, &c.—all most kindly given.—Ed. *M. W.*

'Day's at the Morn':

Some Pioneers of Christ's Kingdom.

Chapter III.

How Leonard Dober *became a Slave for Jesus' sake.*

DO you remember the Apostle Paul's favourite name for himself? It was this—

Παῦλος δοῦλος Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ

'Paul, a bondservant of Jesus Christ.' He thought of himself as the property of Jesus. Morning and night, when he was making tents and when he was preaching the Good News, thrust into the inner prison or shipwrecked in the storm, living and dying, he felt: 'I am not my own; I belong to the dear Lord who purchased me with His blood.' Is it not a good name? And will you not take it for your title of honour?—'Mary, Katie, John, Willie, the bondservant of Jesus Christ.'

I am going to tell you about a young man who was prepared to be a real bondservant for Jesus' sake—

a poor slave working in the sugar plantations, and getting no thanks and no wage for his work.

I.

At Copenhagen, in the year 1731, there was great excitement. The young King, Christian VI., was being crowned, and the city was keeping holiday. There were crowds of strangers from a distance; and, among them, Count Zinzendorf, the good Moravian nobleman, who had come from his village of Herrnhut, 'the Watch of the Lord,' away in Saxony. Count Zinzendorf made a new friend in Copenhagen. He was a black man, a negro called Anthony, belonging to the island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies. He was in attendance on a wealthy Danish gentleman. Once he had been a slave, and he had many a sad story to tell the Count about his dark brothers and sisters, and the wrongs they suffered, and the sorrows they felt. Often, he said, before Jesus became his Star and his Sun, he had knelt alone on the seashore at St. Thomas, praying with tears to the God he did not know to send him the light of life. And now, since morning had dawned on him, he was in heaviness for his kinsfolk, who were sitting in the shadow of death. Pity filled the kind nobleman's heart as he listened. 'Come with me to Herrnhut,' he asked Anthony, 'and we shall see whether somebody will not go and be a missionary to the slaves.'

II.

So Zinzendorf and Anthony explained to the little congregation at Herrnhut the message God had sent from over the sea. 'I know the slaves are longing for the Gospel,' the black man said, 'and yet the road will be very rough, and full of thorns. Perhaps, if you go, you will need to be slaves yourselves. For my own country people are working in the plantations the whole day; and how can you get near them unless you work at their side in the canebrakes and fields?' Would anybody sacrifice his freedom to carry salvation to the negroes?—that was the question to be decided. A young lad, Leonard Dober, who was a potter in the village, heard the question. He could not sleep that night for thinking about it. The sufferings and the sins of the negroes lay like a burden on him. In the morning he opened his Bible, and his eye fell on the words in Deuteronomy, 'It is not a vain thing for you, because it is your life.' Then his mind was made up, for the Lord had spoken to him. 'I determined,' he wrote, 'if only one brother would go with me, I would give myself to be a slave, and would say to the slaves as much of the Saviour as I knew.' But nothing was done rashly; he had to wait a while till it was known whether his good resolution would stand the test of time. At the end of a year he was as anxious as ever. One day lots were cast, according to Moravian custom, to discover what God's mind was. Slips of paper were put into a vessel, and the candidate drew out the sentence that sealed his destiny. And these were the words that came to him, 'Let the lad go, for the Lord is with him.'

III.

David Nitschmann, one of the elders of the congregation, was sent along with him, to help him at the outset. With just nine shillings each the two men walked on foot the long road of 600 miles, to Copenhagen. Fresh difficulties met them there. Everybody laughed at them. Even good people had all sorts of objections to raise. But at last they were taken on board a Dutch ship; their perseverance conquered. They were nine weeks in crossing the Atlantic—it was a slow and stormy voyage. When they got to St. Thomas, Nitchsmann stayed for a few months, and then went back to Europe, as he had promised his friends that he would do. Leonard Dober was left alone, and yet not alone, for his Father was with him. For a short time he was a servant in Governor Gardelin's house. But he found that his comfortable situation left him too little leisure for his Missionary work, and he asked that he might be dismissed. He went and lived on one of the plantations, that he might have plenty of opportunities of talking to the slaves about Jesus — Jesus, Who loves bondmen as well as freemen, and black as well as white. He knew of four converts whom his Master won through him — Anthony's brother and sister, and two other negroes. He might have said what James Gilmour of Mongolia said, when, after travelling 1,860 miles one year as a preacher of the Gospel, he could point to only two men who had openly confessed Christ: 'In one sense it is a small result; in another sense there is much to be grateful for.' Does not our Saviour think one soul unspeakably precious? And would he not be glad of those four souls Leonard Dober brought Him to be jewels in His crown? The young potter of Herrnhut was not allowed to remain long in St. Thomas. After he had been three or four years out, those at home took him from the work he loved so well to be chief Elder of the congregation. But he will always be remembered as the first labourer for Jesus in the West Indies.

And you will not forget the man who wanted to be a slave himself that he might make others free—free with Christ's glorious liberty.

The Toad.

IT was the first toad that little Eleanor Edmiston had ever seen. "O what a funny looking frog!" she cried.

"It's a toad, my dear," said her grandfather; and then he told her how she might know one from the other. He told her, too, about the strange tongues they had—fastened to the front of their mouths and loose at the back, the very opposite of ours, so that they can dart them out a great distance and catch flies and insects. He told her also that the frog had teeth and the toad had none; and spoke about the beauty of their eyes, the toad's especially, eyes so beautiful that the poets used to say the toad wore "a precious jewel in his head."

The toad of course was pleased to be so kindly spoken of; it was a new experience. Meeting a frog next day it began to tell all that had happened. "Do you know, a little girl took me for a frog yesterday, but—"

"Indeed!" said the frog, in its most withering tone; "she must have been a *very* little girl, and I should say, not a particularly bright one." For the frog was very proud, being, I understand, a lineal descendant of the one that burst long ago in trying to swell itself out to the size of an ox in the meadow.

"You should have let me finish my sentence," said the toad.

"O I know what you were going to say; I can pretty well tell the end of a sentence when I hear the beginning of it. We frogs are not slow. But all I say is this, that no person of any intelligence would take you for me, I am thankful to say. Here are two men coming; I warrant you they won't make that mistake."

They were two fishers going to try for pike, and as they came near the frog gave a few leaps to attract their attention.

"Ah, there's a beauty!" said one of the men, "get the—"

"Didn't I tell you?" said the frog to the toad, with an impudent toss of its head.

"Get the hook ready," continued the man, "and we'll fix him on. I've caught him"

And as the toad crawled sorrowfully into its hole, it thought within itself, "Poor Froggy, I don't think you foresaw the end of *that* sentence!"

Katie Carnduff.

SHE was tall, and pretty, and rich, and full of fun, and so kind and modest that it was quite easy for other girls to praise her. Her coming was a great event in the village. It made us all friendly.

Even people who sat in adjoining pews in church began to ask for each other's colds and looked concerned to hear that one's cough had been very bad last Tuesday week; and then, as soon as they could with decency after such painful news, would say, "And what do you think of Miss Carnduff?" One woman actually spoke to another who sat two seats in front of her, and said afterwards she had often thought of speaking to her these fourteen years. A stranger who was in our church two Sabbaths at that time said we reminded him of the early Christians who loved one another.

There is no denying that we tried to find out all we could about Miss Carnduff, just as astronomers try to find out what they can about a star, and I suppose that is one of the things stars were made for. It was Mrs. Banks who found out that her great-grandfather had been minister in Aberdeen, and it was owing to the fame of this discovery that Mr. Banks was made an elder, to our sorrow for many years. His quarrelsomeness was never harder to bear than when he reminded us, as he often did, that he had been solemnly called to the office of an elder and must do his duty no matter what it cost.

But it is Mrs. Ingleton I wish to speak about. She was a good woman, with one great weakness. She never took the straight road to get at things, but always went round about, and though it generally took her two weeks' hard work to find out what might have been had for the asking in three minutes, she had the idea that hers was a singularly clever way of doing things. I am sorry to say she had learnt this from her mother.

It so happened that both she and Miss Carnduff had friends in Devonshire, and the two were not ill pleased to meet. Mrs. Ingleton was anxious to know her new friend's age and set about it in her usual way. It would be wearisome, however, to tell you all she did—the letters she wrote; the nights she lay a-thinking; the sermons she heard not a word of, her mind being so far away; the strangers she called on under pretext of getting servants' characters; she even ruined a dress, a good dress, by climbing a churchyard wall to get a date on a tombstone—but at length, having really shortened her life as well as misspent a good bit of it, she found out that Miss Carnduff had lived three years in Edinburgh, and five in Aberdeen, and other two in Edinburgh, and four in Switzerland, and one in Germany, and four in Ilfracombe. She knew further that she had been some time in St. Andrews, but "how long" baffled her. Of two persons she had known in St. Andrews, one had unfortunately died two months before, and the other she had quarrelled with. She was now planning a reconciliation.

Now we should never forget that we are not the only clever people in the world; and the fun of all this was that Miss Carnduff soon saw the drift of these enquiries, and set herself to spoil her little game, but yet to do it so kindly as as to make Mrs. Ingleton a better woman in time to come. Her opportunity came when Mrs. Ingleton gave a tea-party. She

had just heard that afternoon that Miss Carnduff had been three years in St. Andrews. She had now all her dates complete, but meant to think, after her guests were gone, how best to use the information she had gathered at such vast expenditure. For she regarded the finding out of this secret as perhaps the ablest triumph of a life not devoid of such triumphs, and was so thankful, and felt so good over the head of it, that she gave ten shillings to a collector who called instead of her usual five.

Old Mrs. Buist and Miss Carnduff had a long talk at the party. Then Miss Carnduff played and sang,

"Far's the gate ye hae tae gang,
Dark's the nicht and eerie."

When she was done, Mrs. Buist said, "That was my father's favourite song. It is sixty-six years to-morrow, the 25th March, since he died; I was only two-and-twenty then, and I'm eighty-eight now."

"And I'll be twenty-two to-morrow, isn't that strange?" said Miss Carnduff.

I don't know how it was, but everybody in the room heard it, and Mrs. Ingleton seemed to turn ten years older, though no one, I think, noticed her look but myself. I was sitting in a corner, giving her son. Harry, a delightful little fellow, sums to do on a new slate he was very proud of. Presently Miss Carnduff came over. "May I give you a sum, Harry?" she said. "Add 3, and 5, and 2, and 4, and 1, and 4, and 3." It took him a minute or two to do it, but after he said "22," a curious look came over his face, and before we knew it, he had run over to his mother and said, "Oh, mother, Miss Carnduff has given me the very same sum you were doing in the afternoon!"

I don't think anyone but our two selves paid much attention to what Harry said, but we have all noticed since that Mrs. Ingleton is a great deal nicer every way than she used to be, and indeed I think we all are, and it is due to Katie Carnduff.

Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. What honours did God bestow on Moses after He told him he was not to enter the Promised Land? 2. What arguments does Jacob use in his prayer, Gen. 32, 9-12?

JUNIORS.—1. Count how many things God is described as doing in Nehemiah, chapter 9. 2. Prove from the Psalms (1.) that God is holy, and (2.) that He is merciful.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the January number have been received from—

SENIORS.—Alexander Fulton, Jeanie H. Lang, M. Martin, Duncan M'Neil (2, 3, and 4), Marjory Strathern.

JUNIORS.—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, George S. Fulton, James S. Fulton, Bertie Hardie, John Howie, Robert Howie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Matthew Lang, Minnie Martin, Edith M. Murray, Donald Macsween, Janet G. Macsween, John Macsween, Jessie M'Kinnon, Jeanie H. M'Neil, William A. Paterson, Jane L. Taylor.

The names of those who did the February lessons will be published in April.

1	W	I made a Covenant with your fathers.—*Jer. 34, 14.* The National Covenant of Scotland subscribed to-day, 1638, Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh.
2	TH	Happy is the people, that is in such a case.—*Ps. 144, 15.*
3	F	Ye have forsaken Me, and served other gods.—*Judg. 10, 13.*
4	S	Return, thou backsliding Israel.—*Jer. 3, 12.*
5	S	Walk about Zion, and go round about her.—*Ps. 48, 12.*
6	M	Mark ye well her bulwarks.—*Ver. 13.* When the Turks, attacking Malta in 1565, sent a messenger to propose a capitulation, the Grand Master of the Knights showed him the depth of the ditch that encircled the forts, and said, "Let your men come and take that," and so dismissed him.
7	TU	The breadth, and length, and depth, and height.—*Eph. 3, 18.*
8	W	Hast thou not made an hedge about him?—*Job 1, 10.*
9	TH	Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing.—*Ps. 59, 17.*
10	F	My sheep shall never perish.—*John 10, 28.*
11	S	And no one shall snatch them out of my hand.—*(R. V.)*
12	S	The Judge.—*Heb. 12, 23.*
13	M	He is nigh, even at the doors.—*Mat. 24, 33 (R. V.)*
14	TU	Before Him shall be gathered all nations.
15	W	He shall separate them, one from another.—*Mat. 25, 33.*
16	TH	Bind the tares in bundles.—*Mat. 13, 30.*
17	F	Bound in the bundle of life.—*1 Sam. 25, 29.* A month before he died, Rabbi Duncan said, "I am afraid I may go to the bad place." "O my dear friend," said Dr. Charles Brown, "you are not fit for it, and we shall not go to hell unless we be fit for it any more than to heaven; we shall be bound in our own bundle."
18	S	Behold, the Lamb of God.—*John 1, 29.*
19	S	O sing unto the Lord a new song.—*Ps. 96, 1.*
20	M	He hath done great things.—*Ps. 126, 2.*
21	TU	We have seen strange things to-day.—*Luke 5, 26.*
22	W	O how great is thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up.—*Ps. 31, 19.*
23	TH	Be patient.—*James 5, 7.* *Patior, potior,* (the Peyton motto), I endure, I obtain.
24	F	Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.—*James 4, 14.*
25	S	I know Whom I have believed.—*2 Tim. 1, 2.*
26	S	What shall be the manner of the child, and what shall be his work?—*Judges 13, 12 (R. V.)* When Andrew Melville, the Reformer, was a puny boy, John Douglas, Rector of St. Andrews University, took him between his knees, questioned him about his studies, and being delighted with his answers, said, "My silly fatherless and motherless boy, it's ill to witt (know) what God may make of thee yet."
27	M	The Spirit of the Lord began to move him.—*Ch. 13, 25.*
28	TU	He wist not that the Lord was departed from him.—*Ver. 20.*
29	W	And Samson said, O Lord God, strengthen me this once.—*Ch. 16, 28.*
30	TH	This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him.—*Ps. 34, 6.*
31	F	The time would fail me to tell of Samson.—*Heb. 11, 32.*

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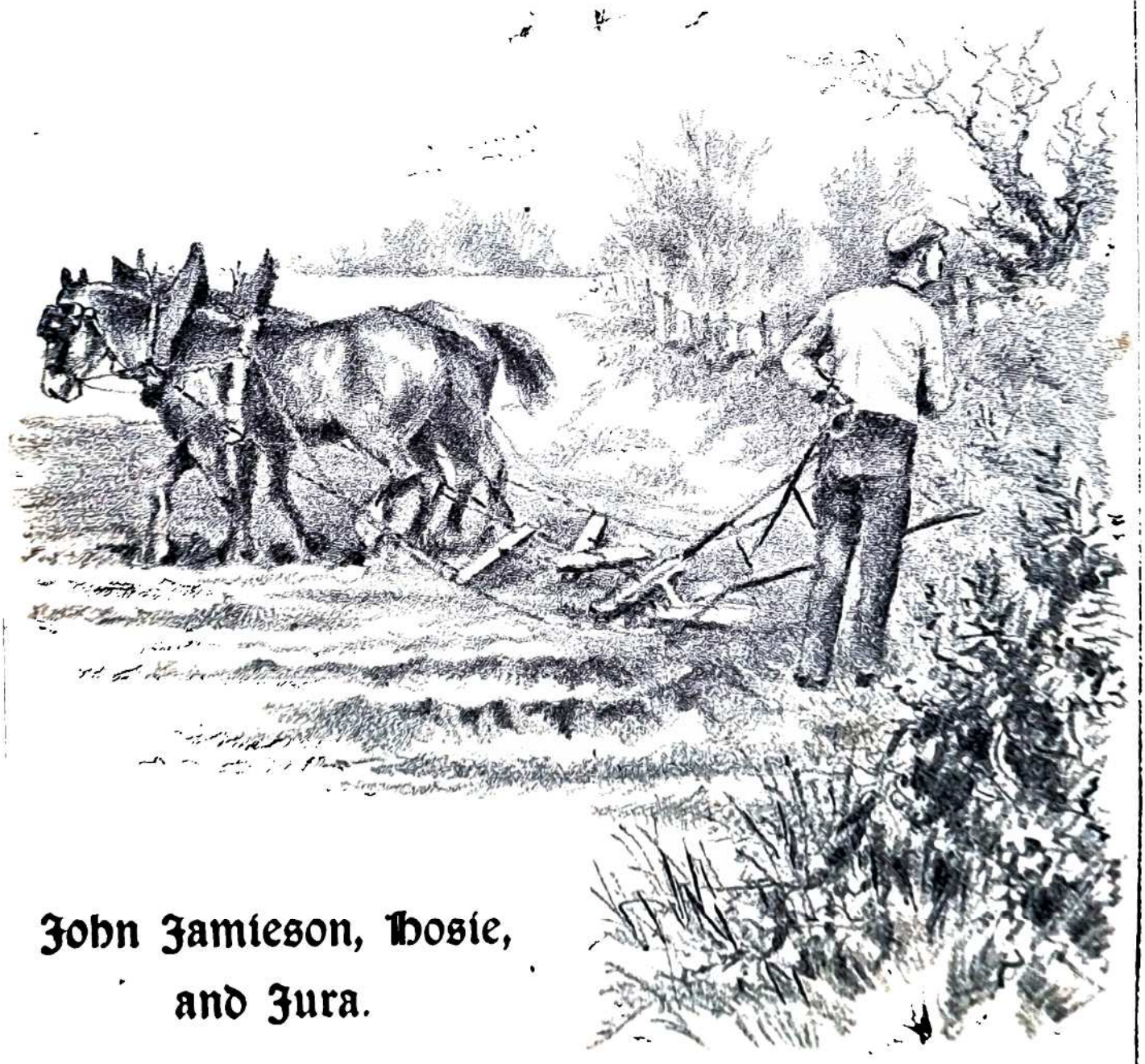
April, 1893. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.



John Jamieson, Bosie, and Jura.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

April 2—The Afflictions of Job—Job 2, 1-10. Text, Job 1, 21. Quest. 14. Psalm 77, 1, 2.

THESE verses reveal the character of Satan, the adversary. He does not believe that men are good because they love God, but because it pays; he is cynical, and says that the best man in the world, if he is only tried sorely enough with bodily pain, will renounce God to His face. God believes better things than this about His creatures, and allows the adversary to do his worst, as an experiment, with Job. Thus Job is called, unwittingly, to play the part of God's champion, and to silence and shame the devil. So far he is successful: he sins not with his lips, utters no impious words. Everybody under trial is really in Job's position. He feels desperately alone, but heaven and hell are looking on, to see whether he will glorify God by meekness and patience, or give the devil the victory by ungodly speeches. Even when he goes his greatest lengths, the devil is chained, and can only do what God lets him.

April 9—Afflictions Sanctified—Job 5, 17-27. Text, Heb. 12, 6. Quest. 15. Psalm 77, 3, 4.

FEW people take correction well, and even when it is God that does it they often wonder. The Bible tells us that the man is happy who is chastened, and that no chastisement is joyous. It usually takes time to see God's mercies, for "sometimes they hurt us a little in the falling." Eliphaz goes over all these troubles to show there is no danger from which God cannot deliver us. The hardest trouble of all is the one we are in just now. He could deliver us out of the other six, but not this one. Yes, out of this seventh one also. The God of revelation and the God of nature are one. Therefore the stones of the field are in league with the godly man, the stars in their courses fight for him. (Read Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty.") In R.V., v. 24 reads—"Thou shalt visit thy fold, and shalt miss nothing." You are not at the mercy of your enemies when your back is turned. He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

April 16—Job's Appeal to God—Job 23, 1-10. Text, John 13, 7. Quest. 16. Psalm 77, 5, 6.

JOB'S complaint is that the friends do not understand his cry. They consider it rebellious. They have theories by which they explain Job's sufferings; theories against which he protests. Because he resents the meaning they put on his trials they say he is rebelling against God. Men act like Job's friends still. Every trouble that comes is permitted by God and is therefore, in some sense, sent by God. We know what He wants to bring out of it for us, but we cannot say when it was sent as a "judgment," or for what sin, always. Job is made foolishly defiant by his anger with his friends, but he knows that God would deal differently with him. Job's failure to find God anywhere is striking against his conviction that He is near him everywhere.

April 23—Job's Confession and Restoration—Job 13, 1-10. Text, Jas. 5, 11. Quest. 17. Psalm 77, 7-9.

THE book ends gloriously. God is love, and that love is seen not only in His loving us, but in His making us love Him; it is then that we are sons of God. Notice that Job praises God unreservedly before even one of his trials is removed. The measure of our humility is the measure of our holiness. Satan is an accuser, Job, like Christ, an intercessor. We are sure of an answer when we pray for others. Job's flocks were exactly doubled, but not his children, because as Matthew Henry says, the children that were dead, unlike the flocks, were still his; he had a family in heaven and on earth. The result of the book is that God has triumphed, yet Satan will not own it, but even to this hour tells the old lies, seeking to move God against us and us against God.

April 30—Wisdom's Warning—Prov. 1, 20-33. Text, Heb. 12, 25. Quest. 18. Psalm 77, 10, 11.

CHRIST'S descriptions of the Day of Wrath, Matt. 25, and Luke 16, show that the cry which He will not hear is not the cry of the humble contrite soul, but the cry of a proud angry sinner who will not say, "I have sinned."

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 27.)

At the age of 53

The REV. JOHN WELSH, one of the heroes of the Scottish Reformation, died in London, 1622. He was born in Dunscore, Dumfriesshire, and was minister first at Selkirk, then at Kirkcudbright, and latterly at Ayr. He was one of the nineteen brave ministers who insisted on holding an Assembly when King James refused to give them permission. For this he was first imprisoned in Blackness Castle and then banished. It was while he was a prisoner in Blackness that the godly Lady Melville of Culross wrote to him, bidding him bless God that he was "only in the darkness of Blackness and not in the blackness of Darkness." He left Scotland on the 7th November, 1606, never to see it again. Many of his friends accompanied him to the ship at Leith and joined with him, ere they parted, in singing the 23rd Psalm. He spent the next sixteen years in France, and returned to England only to die. There are a great many delightful stories about him in the "Scots Worthies," which I hope you will read. His wife was a daughter of the great John Knox, and a remarkable woman. She came once to present a petition to King James. He asked her who her father was. When she told him, he exclaimed, "Knox and Welsh! the devil never made such a match as that." "It's right like, sir," she said, "for we never speered his advice." The King promised at last to let her husband return to Scotland if he would submit to the bishops. Mrs. Welsh lifted her apron, and holding it towards the King, replied, "Please your Majesty, I'd rather kep his head there." Jane Welsh Carlyle, the wife of Thomas Carlyle, was lineally descended from this John Welsh.

'Day's at the Morn':

Some Pioneers of Christ's Kingdom.

CHAPTER IV.

How THOMAS VON WESTEN *was a Lamp that burned and shone.*

Thomas von Westen died 186 years ago. It seems a long time away; but he is not forgotten yet. From the lips of almost every boy and girl in Finnland you may hear the story of 'the Parson who loved the Finns.'

I.

Such a desolate country Finnland or Lapland is. It lies in the cold Northern districts of Sweden and Norway. For eight months in the year the seas are frozen round its shores. The sun, when it shows itself at all, has nothing but a sickly light to throw over the snow and ice. Great forests of pines cover the ground, except here and there where they have been cleared away to make room for a little settlement. For miles there are no houses, no roads, no voices; the reindeer and the wolves might claim the place for their

own. And yet I suppose the children are happy in Finnland, and that their merry laugh rings across the frozen fiords and lochs; where is the country in the world where the children are not happy? We must remember, too, that it is not always winter. There is a short summer-time, when the grass is green, and the flowers creep right up to the foot of the glaciers. The sun never sets then, and the trout leap in the burns, and there are orchards where the apples ripen with wonderful quickness, and in the fields the reapers go singing among the corn. 'Oh, to be in England, now that April's there!' Mr. Browning said when he was abroad; and you and I might almost wish to be in Finnland when the summer comes. But take it from January to December, it is a weird and solemn and rough and inhospitable country.

II.

At the beginning of last century the people were just as barren and unfruitful as the place. Such a strange-looking people—very dark in their features, sometimes not more than four feet high, not in the least like their big fair-haired Scandinavian neighbours. They must have come long ago from some other part of the world altogether. At the time I am speaking about, though they called themselves Christians, they were really heathen. They worshipped sun and moon and stars, the thunder and the wind, the rocks and the rivers. When a baby was born it was baptized, but the baptism was washed away in hot water as soon as possible. The child got a Christian name from the minister, but there was a heathen name given it too by its own friends. You see how little religion the Finns had. And the sad thing was that the Norwegians and Swedes despised them, and called them dogs, and never thought of showing them how good and pleasant it is to know Jesus in truth. There was not only a dark sky hanging over Finnland—there was midnight in the hearts of the men and women and children.

III.

But, when their gloom was densest, God sent them 'the Parson who loved the Finns.' I wish I could tell you more about Thomas von Westen—he was such a good soldier of Christ. He was born at Drontheim in 1682. There were ten brothers and sisters, and the family was very poor. Thomas had set his heart on being a preacher, though his father would rather have had him a doctor, because a doctor brings in more money than a minister. But the boy had his way, which in his case was God's way too. It was a hard struggle. When he was a student, he lodged with a companion, and they had only one threadbare black coat between them. So one of them would go to the Professor's lecture, and would come home and repeat the lecture to his friend; and then, the next morning, it was the other's turn. Before long, however, young von Westen had made himself a name—so distinguished a name that Peter the Great asked him to teach Hebrew in Moscow. But he stayed at home, till his heart's desire was granted, and he was ordained a

minister. Such uphill work he had. All over Norway in those days the Church was dead. His people were very angry with him at first; they begged the King to take away a preacher who spoke to them so plainly about sin and salvation; when he came to their houses they shut the door in his face. But it was all changed soon. His parish became like the City Safed set on the hill-top—a pattern of light and godliness. And, ever since, Thomas von Westen and the six good men who helped him have been known as the Seven Stars of Norway.

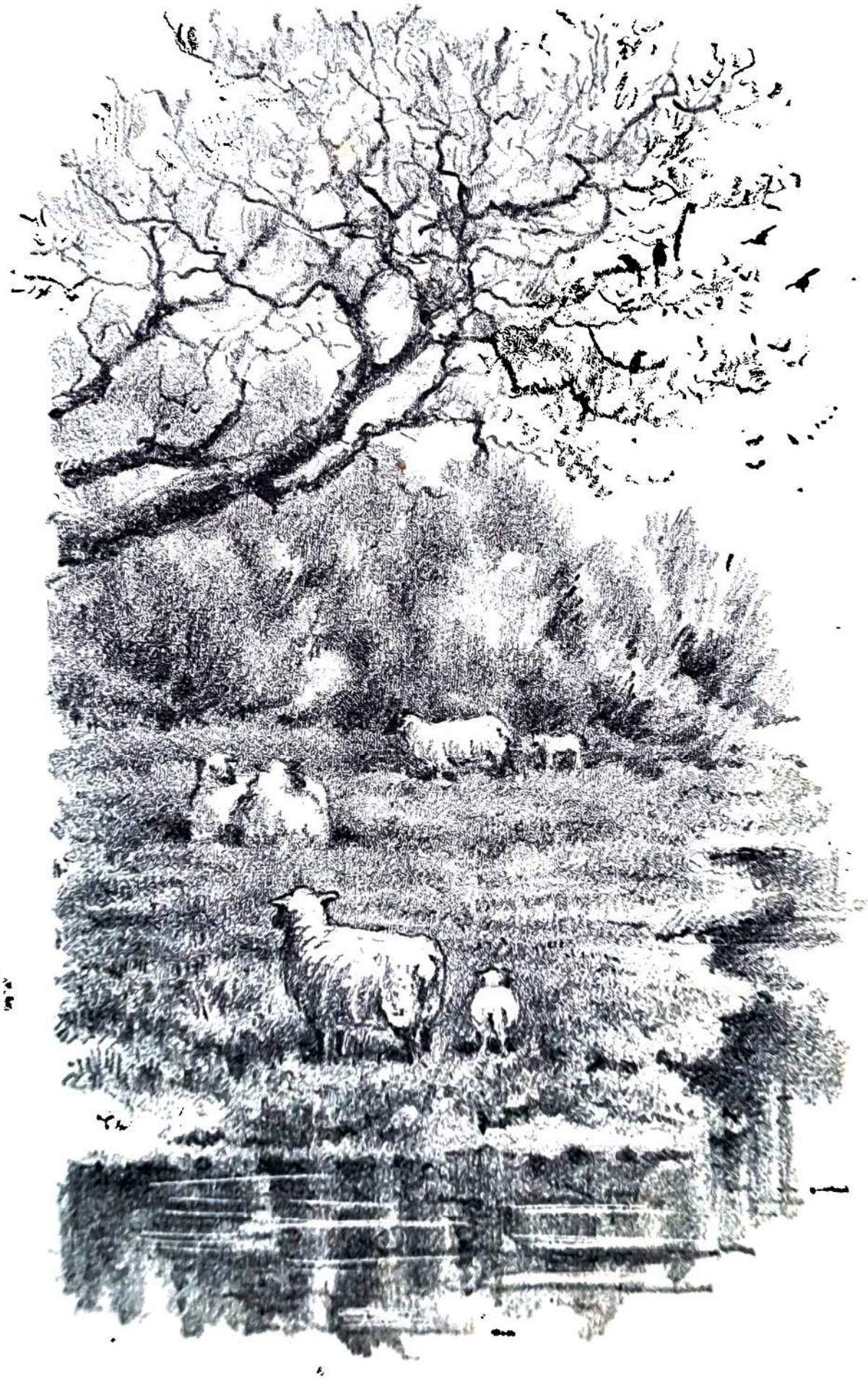
IV.

So he was prepared for his labours among the Finns. In March 1716 he was asked if he would go and preach to them. It meant leaving home, and living among a poor and wretched people, and meeting a thousand discouragements and a thousand difficulties. But he answered, 'I will be ready to start next Monday.' When I think of what he did for the Finns, I compare him to Paul. He made three Missionary journeys through their country. He stayed with them through one of the worst of their awful winters. He brought their girls and boys to Drontheim, and educated them, so that they could tell their friends in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. He never lost hope. 'The devil follows us about like a mad dog,' he wrote in one of his letters, 'but the power of Christ will shake him.' And he had helpers like himself. There was Bistock, who sometimes went three days without tasting food. There was Elias Heltberg, who used to roll himself up in a reindeer's skin and sleep out in the snow. There was Jens Kildal, who married a Finnish girl that he might win the people's trust, and about whom Westen said, 'Kildal is strong as a young lion against Satan. If I had only four Kildals, all would go well.' It took a long while to conquer the hard hearts in Lapland, but many of them were broken at length. Old people would travel hundreds of miles to see Thomas von Westen, 'the good man who never did the Finns an injury.' God crowned this true servant of His with His favour.

V.

But, at home in Norway, there were not many who understood him. He had to defend his mission against bitter assailants. He spent every penny he had on his work. He died so poor that he did not leave enough to bury him. Nobody said a kind or thankful word over his grave. He was only 45 when, in April 1727, his body was laid in the chamber called Peace whose windows open toward the sunrising, to sleep till the break of day. And then God took Thomas von Westen's good name into His safe keeping, and in His own time brought it out to the light, so that now from the North Cape to Christiania he is remembered with tenderness and pride.

REMEMBER that of people who see you, the great majority see you for perhaps half-an-hour in their lives, and they judge you by what they see in that half-hour. — *The Headmaster of Harrow.*



THE Greenock fishermen 330 years ago, when putting out to sea, used to steer their ships sunwise and say the following prayer in Gaelic :—

Steersman :

Let us bless our ship.

The answer by all the crew :

God the Father bless her.

Steersman :

Let us bless our ship.

Answer :

Jesus Christ bless her.

Steersman :

Let us bless our ship.

Answer :

The Holy Ghost bless her.

Steersman :

What do you fear since God the Father is with you ?

Answer :

We do not fear anything.

Steersman :

What do you fear since God the Son is with you ?

Answer :

We do not fear anything.

Steersman :

What do you fear since God the Holy Ghost is with you ?

Answer :

We do not fear anything.

Steersman :

God the Father Almighty, for the love of Jesus Christ His son, by the comfort of the Holy Ghost, the One God. Who miraculously brought the children of Israel through the Red Sea, and brought Jonas to land out of the belly of the whale, and the Apostle Paul and his ship to safety from the troubled raging sea, and from the violence of a tempestuous storm, deliver, sanctify, bless, and conduct us, peaceably, calmly, and comfortably, through the sea to our harbour, according to His divine will, which we beg ; saying, Our Father which art in Heaven, &c., Amen.—*Andrew Brown's History of Glasgow.*

The Ploughing Match.

JOHN Jamieson and Andrew Todd were the best ploughmen in our county, and both so good that Todd, who was second best, would have been easily first anywhere else. We had a ploughmen's cup, which had to be won three times running before it could become the winner's property. Jamieson had won it the two last years, and Todd the two before. Jamieson was our precentor. After raising the tune he always sang the tenor part—I think I hear him yet—and our singing was famous far and near. Todd had once been very foolish, but had not touched drink for nearly two years now.

The annual ploughing match in the January I am thinking of was looked forward to with unusual interest. The prizes were to be given entirely for the best ploughed lots, the men to use their own ploughs and horses, and no borrowing to be allowed. The first prize was £6 and the silver medal and, of course, the cup—to which a new comer into the county had added 12 lbs. of tea, for the wife, mother, or sweetheart of the successful ploughman. The second prize was

£5—to which the member of Parliament for the county had added a guinea box of groceries, containing along with other things two bottles of whisky. Sir William Speirs was a weak, though kind-hearted man. Having no great grip of principle he was easily captured by a phrase. His favourite word was "statesmanlike," and he was never more surely wrong than when he would say, "We must take a broad, statesmanlike view of things," but it mightily impressed some of his constituents.

One who has been a drunkard has often, for a time, a terrible longing for his old sin.

> In a hollow land,
> From which old fires have broken, men may fear
> Fresh fire and ruin.

When Todd heard of the contents of the box the two armies within him joined battle. His poor wife saw the struggle beginning, and fell to praying more earnestly than ever. She told her fears to Jamieson, who had been her own and her husband's best friend, and he, meeting Sir William on the road one day, asked him respectfully not to give whisky as a prize.

"Well, Jamieson, you know one has to look at things from a statesmanlike point of view, and—"

"I don't know, sir," was the answer, "what meaning you attach to the word statesmanlike, but I don't see any statesmanship in tempting poor men to get drunk."

"Oh!" said he laughing, "I don't see much harm in a ploughman's getting a little bit happy now and then."

"May God forgive you, sir, but you don't know what you are saying," was the precentor's answer, uttered with a vehemence and holy earnestness that made the baronet say to his wife that night, "I didn't think there was a man in the county that would have dared to speak that way to me."

Jamieson was to be married in May, and the girl who was to be his wife had planned where the cup should stand if her husband won it. When the match day came, the prizes were on view in a large tent. Bread and cheese and milk were given to all comers, and on our minister's suggestion the milk was served in the silver jug.

More than one boy that day determined, if ever he became rich, to have a silver mug, gilt inside, for drinking his milk out of. Todd found himself looking at the guinea box before he was aware of it, and looking at it once or twice after he had said he wouldn't. Jamieson noticed him, and made up his mind at once—he would try for the second prize and let the cup go! He had but a minute or so to speak to his future wife, but he told her his design. It was a disappointment to her in many ways, but after a moment's thought she said, "I approve of all you do."

There were forty ploughs at work that day, and each plough had to do two rigs. Jamieson and Todd, oddly enough, were placed next each other, and could not avoid seeing each other's work. Jamieson soon saw that his rival's ploughing was good, but that it would be almost perfect

if his plough were altered ever so little. He told this to the minister, who was known as a good judge of ploughing, and asked him to get Todd to make the change. Todd did so, and from that moment his work was simply exquisite. The furrows sat plumb, with a clean seam between them, and of course no grass looking up, and as straight as if Euclid himself had made them, while the "outs and ins" were unsurpassable for tidiness. A crowd watched the two men all day. It was evidently to be a neck-and-neck race between them, but most agreed that Jamieson would have it by a very little, and indeed he had never ploughed better.

The men had twenty minutes' interval to rest their horses and themselves.

"Your husband's to be first," said Jamieson to Mrs. Todd.

"Oh, no, no," she said, "he'll not be first, and I've been praying all day he may be third."

"And that's just what he won't be," said the precentor, smiling.

They were all to finish by half-past three. Everything would depend, it was seen, on the last few furrows, and Jamieson was ploughing splendidly.

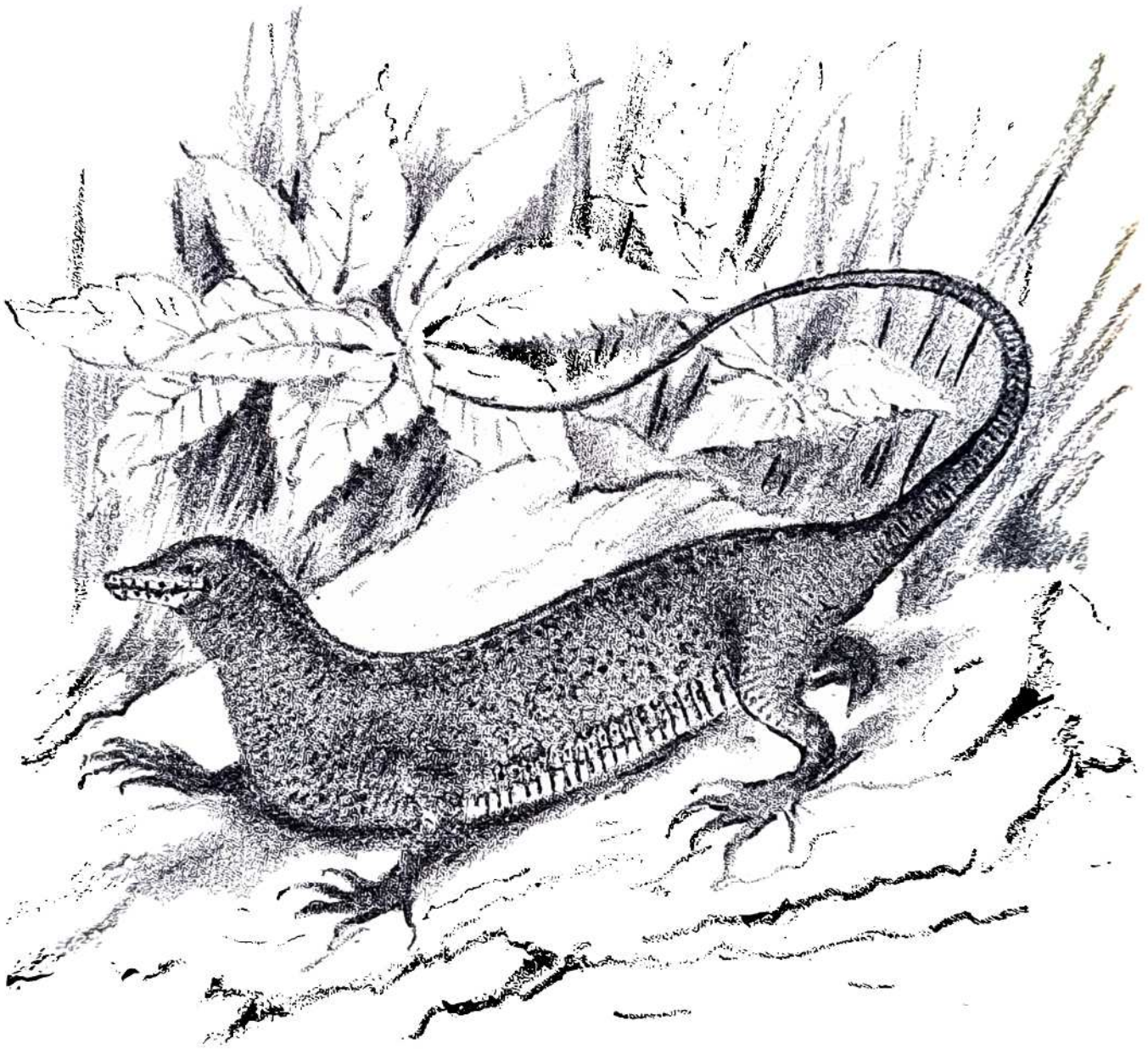
There were but six "bouts" to go, and the cup was as good as his. How it happened, no one exactly noticed; yet something went wrong with that furrow and the next. Jura, the horse that walked on the land, saw it, though Hosie, the one that went in the furrow, didn't. I was sorry for Jura, and when she turned she gave her master a look as if to say, "Surely you won't disgrace us now after such a grand day's work as this?" But the last two furrows were as bad, and the judges, though sore against their wills, awarded Todd first prize!

The look on the faces of the crowd when the decision was announced is spoken of to this day. "I disremember ever seeing anything like it," an old man said to me quite recently. Poor Mrs. Todd could do nothing but cry; a great temptation had been taken from her husband in a moment—a temptation that was never to return.

The minister and Sir William had a chat over the match that night. "Your precentor seemed annoyed at losing the prize; but he took the box with the whisky all the same."

"Yes," said the minister, "and he smashed the bottles whenever he got home. I was there and saw him do it." And then he told the whole story as he had got it from John Jamieson under promise of secrecy, and after much questioning.

The precentor's wedding took place in the last week of May, and the cup, after all, was not missed. For when Mrs. Jamieson sat down at the head of the table to pour out tea for the guests, as is the custom in our part of the country at a wedding-feast, when the "cosy" was removed, she found a solid silver tea-pot with this inscription on it: "To Mr. John Jamieson on the occasion of his marriage, and appointment as grieve on the estates, from Sir William Speirs, Bart., and Lady Speirs, of Linn and Barrochy."



I love my Master, I will not go out free.—Ex. 21, 5. Phil. 2, 7. Ps. 40, 6.

ABOUT 1600, the Rev. Devereux Spratt was captured off Youghal by pirates, as he was crossing from Cork to Bristol, and taken to Algiers. He was ransomed soon after, but was so distressed at the miserable condition of the slaves in the galleys there that he yielded to their entreaties and stayed with them.

The Lizard.

IN his diary, dated Jerusalem, 1883, General Gordon writes that, many years before, he had thoughtlessly flicked at a lizard with his whip and cut off its tail, and adds, "It haunts me even now." Eastern lizards are very pretty, and "flash like jewels in the dust." You see them everywhere on the dry roads, and at night they run along the walls and ceilings of the houses.

I especially remember lying awake one night in a little native inn at Tjiandjoer, in Java, and watching them scurrying about overhead. And the Book of Proverbs—ch. 30, 28, Revised Version—tells us that "she is in kings' palaces."

But the lizard in the drawing is a British one that ran out and in amongst the heather and the dry dykes. It was very eager to make friends with people, and when the Ferguson children came there to spend the summer, it watched them playing, and felt happy to be near them. But one day some one ignorantly told them that the lizard's bite was poisonous, and when next they saw it coming out to play with them they stoned it home. It was sore hurt, and hurt in its feelings even more than in its body.

Its mother and it had a long talk that night. How do I know? I know it, because Paul tells us that "the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God;" and Agur says that the lizard is one of the four things that are "little upon the earth, and yet are exceeding wise." And if the ass, which men take to be exceeding stupid, wonders why we ill-treat it, as the Book of Numbers shows us, will not the lizard, which is exceeding wise, do so too?

SIR RICHARD OWEN, who died a few weeks ago, one of the greatest scientific men of this century, had so won the friendship of the birds in his garden at Richmond Park that they would come to his call at any hour of the day—pigeons, blackbirds, thrushes, finches, tits—and perch on his shoulders and head, and feed out of his hands and lips.

Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. Quote two or or three verses in criticism of Macaulay's saying—"The proper answer to abuse is contempt." 2. Passages in which we read of brothers or sisters seeing each other for the last time. 3. Mention the chief events of Jacob's life. How old was he at the date of each?

JUNIORS.—1. Mention some things Peter did during the last 24 hours of our Saviour's life. 2. Some occasions in the Gospels and Acts in which money was wrongly used, and rightly used.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the February number have been received from—

SENIORS.—Alexander Fulton, Jeanie H. Lang, A. Macsween, Mary H. Martin, James M'Crea, Mary C. M'Neil, Kate D. Ralston.

JUNIORS.—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, Jeanie Crawford, John Crawford, Tina Crawford, George S. Fulton, James S. Fulton, Robert Hardie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Bessie Kirkwood, Maggie H. Kirkwood, Mary H. Kirkwood, Robert Lang, Donald Macsween, Janet G. Macsween, John Macsween, Lizzie M'Creedy, Wm. S. M'Creedy, Jeanie H. M'Neil, Edith M. Murray, William A. Paterson, Jane L. Taylor.

The names of those who did the March lessons will be published in May.

1	S	Quit you like men.—*1 Cor. 16, 13.* These four words are only one word in Greek—*ἀνδρίζεσθε, andrizesthe.*
2	S	The Forerunner Jesus.—*Heb. 6, 20.*
3	M	If so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified with Him.—*Rom. 8, 17.*
4	Tu	What man is there that is fearful and faint-hearted?—*Deut. 20, 8.*
5	W	Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.—*James 1, 12.*
6	Th	For when he hath been approved,—*(R. V.)*
7	F	He shall receive the crown of life,
8	S	Which the Lord promised to them that love Him.—During the siege of the Residency of Lucknow one of Captain Birch's Sikhs, Alla Singh, a man of great bodily strength but small heart, hid himself when his comrades were making a sortie, and on their return dropped down from a wall amongst them, hoping to escape notice, but he was discovered and lost his promotion through his cowardice.—*The Hon. Lady Inglis' Diary.*
9	S	What hast thou that thou didst not receive?—*1 Cor. 6, 7.*
10	M	He that received the five talents.—*Matt. 25, 16.*
11	Tu	He that received the promises.—*Heb. 11, 17.*
12	W	We have received mercy.—*2 Cor. 4, 1.*
13	Th	We have received grace.—*Rom. 1, 5.*
14	F	Ye have received Christ.—*Col. 2, 6.*
15	S	Present your bodies a living sacrifice.—*Rom. 12, 1.*
16	S	The heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee.—*1 Kings 8, 27.*
17	M	The earth is full of Thy riches.—*Ps. 104, 4.*
18	Tu	Praise the Lord, ye dragons;
19	W	Stormy wind, fulfilling his word;
20	Th	Mountains and all hills;
21	F	Creeping things and flying fowl; (a full-grown swift, the fastest of all flying things, barely weighs an ounce).
22	S	Old men and children.—*Ps. 148.*
23	S	Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.—*Heb. 12, 1.*
24	M	Christ, the faithful witness, the firstborn of the dead.—*Rev. 1, 5.*
25	Tu	An innumerable company of Angels.
26	W	The spirits of just men made perfect.—*Heb. 12, 23.*
27	Th	This shall be written for the generation to come.—*Ps. 102, 18.*
28	F	(Paul, Silas singing). The prisoners were listening to them.—*Acts 16, 25 (R. V.)*
29	S	I remember the days of old.—*Ps. 143, 5.* On June 1, 1813, the British man-of-war *Shannon* defeated and took the United States *Chesapeake.* Before the fight, Captain Broke of the *Shannon* told his men that it would never do to be beaten on a 1st of June, the day on which Lord Howe had thrashed the French so soundly.
30	S	The love of Christ constraineth us.—*2 Cor. 5, 14.* Wycliffe's version is: The charite of Christ driveth us. Hume the sceptic said of John Brown of Haddington, "That old man speaks as if the Son of God were at his elbow."

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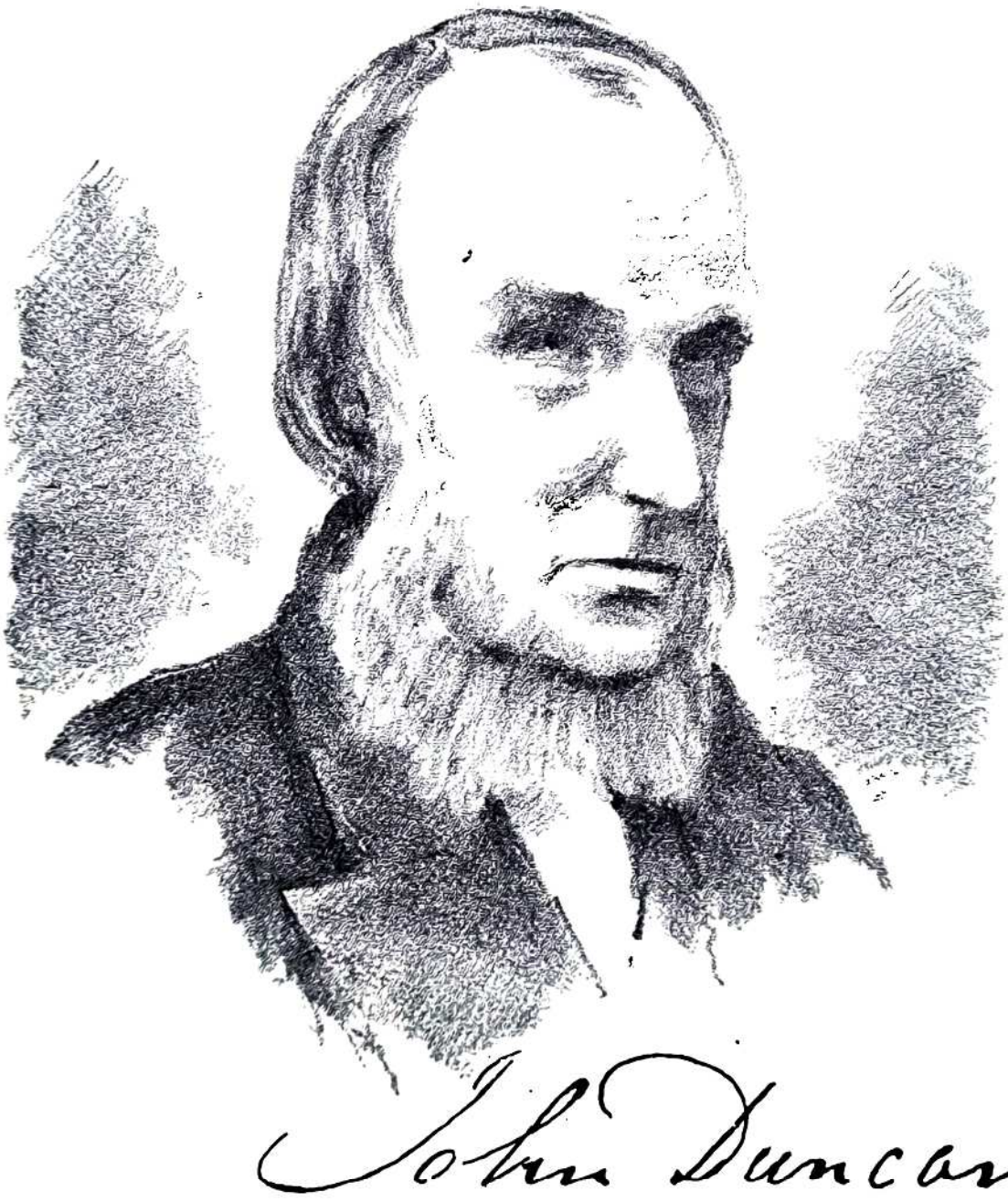
May, 1893. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.



"Rabbi" Duncan.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

May 7—The Value of Wisdom—Prov. 3, 11, 24. Text, Prov. 3, 5. Quest. 19. Psalm 77, 12, 13.

WISDOM in the Bible is a virtue, not a talent; anybody may have it, and not only the clever. The opposite of the wise man is the fool; and the fool in the Bible is mostly 'the scorner,' that is, the proud profane man who never minds about God. But the fear of God is the very beginning of wisdom, and what is more, of happiness too. There is nothing in this world worth having without it, and though wisdom is sometimes a severe teacher (v. 11, 12), her lesson is always worth learning. It is remarkable that Israel is never mentioned in Proverbs: the voice of Wisdom is, Unto you, *O men*, I call. Especially she calls to the young: see the first verse in chaps. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

May 14—Fruits of Wisdom—Prov. 12, 1-15. Text, Prov. 11, 30. Quest. 20. Ps. 77, 14, 15.

May 21—Intemperance—Prov. 23, 29-35. Text, Prov. 20, 1. Quest. 21. Psalm 77, 16, 17.

"WHO hath 'Oh!' who hath 'Alas!'" is the Hebrew of verse 29. The drunkard is 1. A miserable being with a heavy heart that seeks relief not in prayer but in pitiful mutterings to himself. 2. A quarrelsome one. A habitual drunkard, however good-natured to begin with, becomes before long, 99 times out of 100, ill-tempered, at least in his own house. 3. His face is seamed with dishonourable scars. And oh! the wild look in the eyes that were made to be windows of heaven. 4. A fool, though, when he smacks his lips and looks through his glass, he calls himself a connoisseur. 5. His brain is tormented with visions of awful horror that are the likest thing on earth to hell. The drunkard is often afraid to sleep. 6. He has an accusing conscience, and a stinging memory. 7. He is at times "incapable," that is, unfit for any duty however necessary, or any opportunity however glorious, but quite ready to do anything the devil asks of him. 8. He becomes dead to shame, dead to reproach, dead to the most touching pleadings of human love. "They have beaten me and I felt it not." 9. His case becomes, unless grace prevent, hopeless. "I will seek it yet again." A defiant will, diseased nerves, a heart of stone. "The life of a drunkard may be written in two chapters. 1. He could have left off if he would. 2. He would have left off if he could." Yet for such Christ died, and He can do all things.

Boys and girls, I beg of you for the love of God to become teetotallers. To sign the pledge is no dishonour. It is an oath well-pleasing to God. 1. It shows that we have fully made up our minds; it commits us. 2. It strengthens us. God Himself gave His Oath to Christ in eternity, and has given it to His people in all ages, because He loved Christ and us, and can't find words too strong to declare His love. Ps. 110, 4; Heb. 6, 13.

May 28—The Excellent Woman—Prov. 31, 10-31. Text, Prov. 31, 30. Quest. 22. Ps. 77, 19,20.

GIRLS should learn the whole passage by heart. A godly woman is the best thing in the world. She is absolutely truthful; even-tempered; obliging; a skilful cook; a good planner of household work; clever with her hands; never idle; not taken at a loss by visitors, or change of weather; not needing to run out to buy things at the last moment; kind to the poor; dressing herself and household wisely, tastefully; a buyer of durable things; not mean or greedy in her bargaining; her servants love her and stay long with her; her voice is "ever soft, gentle, and low;" she is full of humour; never spiteful; a sayer of "good things" and kind things; methodical but not the slave of method; she makes it easy for her husband to take his share of public work; he is happy every time he thinks of her, and that is always; her children bless her; she is loved and praised while living, and when dead, men still speak of her and "thank God at every remembrance of her."

June 4—Reverence and Fidelity—Eccles. 5, 1-12. Text, Rom. 12, 11. Quest. 23. Ps. 78, 5, 6.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 39.)

At the age of 53

Roger Ascham died, 1568. He was a great scholar, devoting himself specially to the study of Greek, then only recently introduced at the Universities. "God did so bless him as to make him the scholar of the best master, and also the schoolmaster of the best scholar, that ever were in his time." His master was Sir John Cheke, and his pupil was Queen Elizabeth. The Queen was a great linguist, speaking Latin fluently, and French and Italian as if they were her mother-tongue. She studied Greek too, and Ascham himself mentions that when she was Queen, she and he were one day after dinner reading "the noble oration of Demosthenes against Aeschines." When he died the Queen exclaimed, "I would rather have thrown £10,000 into the sea than have lost my Ascham."

He was reckoned a beautiful penman in those days. Remember that good writing should first of all be clear, as easily read as print. It is a great sin against God to write indistinctly, for it wastes the time and provokes the temper of him who has to read it. 2. It should be pretty to look at. Yet, 3. Without tawdry or needless flourishes. And 4. It should not be an exact copy of any other person's writing, that is, it should be characteristic of the writer.

53

Demosthenes delivered his speech "On the Crown," which the world has united in regarding, in the words of Mr. Jebb, the greatest living Greek scholar, "as the most finished, the most splendid, and the most pathetic work of ancient eloquence." It was delivered in answer to a speech made by the Aeschines above referred to, who had attacked one Ctesiphon for proposing that the Athenians should give Demosthenes a golden crown for his services to the state. Demosthenes gained an overwhelming victory. Aeschines, driven into exile, opened a school of eloquence at Rhodes, and, it is said, opened his lectures by reading to his audience his own speech against Demosthenes. It was received with great applause. Then he read the speech Demosthenes had made. The applause that followed it was unbounded. "Ah," cried Aeschines, "what would you have said if you had heard Demosthenes thunder out the words himself?"

I hope some of you, girls as well as boys, will read this immortal speech for yourselves some day.

Demosthenes became the greatest orator that ever lived only by taking pains, for his first speeches were failures. He had some sort

At the age of 53

of defect in his speech as a boy, and to overcome it, as well as to accustom himself to the tumult of an excited assembly, he tried his lungs against the waves in stormy weather, and practised speaking as he ran up hill. He shut himself up, too, in a cell to study, and there, having first shaved one side of his head to keep himself from being tempted to go abroad, wrote out the history of Thucydides eight times. (Macaulay calls the 7th Book of Thucydides "the *ne plus ultra* of human art.")

Demosthenes was born a few years after the Book of Malachi was written, and died in exile the year after Alexander the Great died, B.C. 322, aged 62. After he left his native land, it is said he never looked towards her shores without shedding tears.

Nanny Russell.

The grasshopper shall be a burden.—Eccles. xii. 5.

OLD Nanny Russell was resting on the step of a stile on her way home after a hard day's work. She had gathered two pitcherfuls of brambles; she could have gathered twenty in the same time seventy years before. She was very tired, and, besides, had been a good deal put about. A young nobleman who had rented the shootings that year, whose ancestors for several generations had drawn a pension of some hundreds a year as hereditary keepers of the royal hawks, had called her a lazy old pauper, and had ordered her off the hillsides she had climbed for more than fourscore years. She looked at him straight in the face for a moment, with her honest blue eyes, and then, saying, "I didn't think, Sir, I was doing wrong," took up her pitchers and walked slowly homewards.

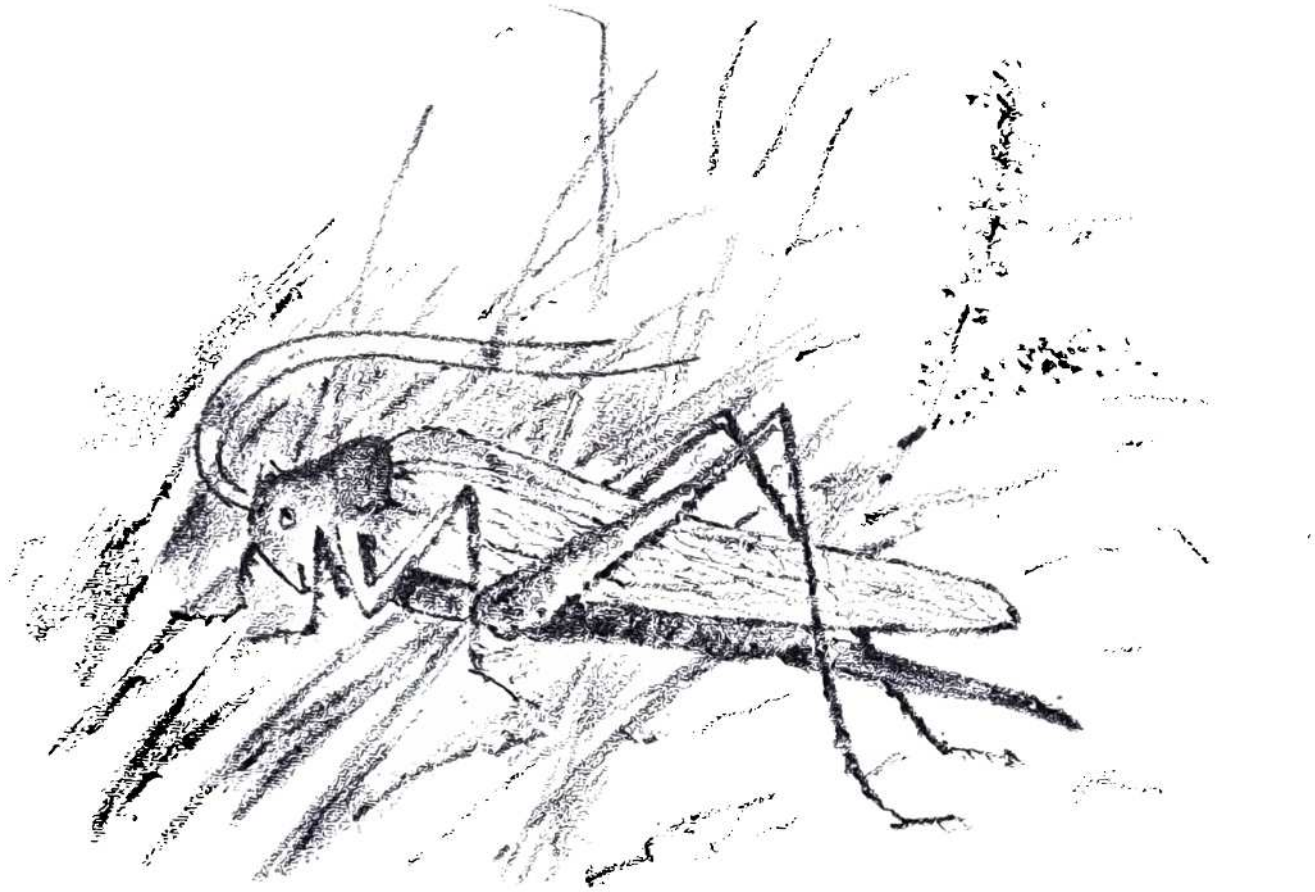
"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the head keeper a minute afterwards, "that was old Nanny Russell. She's very poor, but she never had a penny in her life she didn't work for, and there's no lady in the county half as much respected." Next morning Nanny got a pair of rabbits with 'Lord ——'s apologies and compliments.'

Little Betsy Fraser, who had been three times to town that day already for a sick woman who had a bad husband, came up to Nanny as she was resting.

"You are looking tired, Granny," she said, "but there's a pair of us," she added, laughing.

"Hoots, Betsy lassie, you are tired maybe, but you're young. And you are in a hurry, so don't let me keep you. Just let me lean on you till I get over the stile. For it's true true what Solomon says in Ecclesiastes, when people are my age they are afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden."

So little Betsy helped her over and insisted on carrying the pitchers. They walked home together, and Nanny's smile as they parted was like the blessing of the Eternal. It was her last walk on the hills, and her last bramble-gathering. A few weeks later she went to that good



land where the trees bear twelve manner of fruits, and yield their fruit every month.

I meant to speak about grasshoppers, and the wonderful jumps they make, and their singing, which is in fact just the noise of their legs rubbing against their wings. They are very little, yet what volumes the Angels of God could write about every one of them. But I think I'll leave the grasshoppers and tell you another story about Nanny.

She was only once in Glasgow whither she had convoyed a poor woman to one of those wonderful Infirmaries where the doctors do miracles of kindness and miracles of healing every day. Nanny stayed over the Sabbath and went of course to church; it was a very grand building, the steeple itself had cost as much as would have printed the Bible in two heathen languages. Poor Nanny went into an empty seat far forward as she thought; she had never walked such a distance in a church before. After she sat down she noticed that she had scarcely walked half the length of it, and the seat was fitted like one of the beautiful carriages she had seen on the railway.

As the minister entered the pulpit, a young man with his sisters and father and mother walked down the passage and came to the seat where Nanny sat. They were the great people of the church; every time the mother and daughters rustled down that passage people

"Turned heads wistfully,
Sighed at the load of lace that came to pray."

The young man halted, made a signal to the church-officer, and told him to order "that old woman" out.

The officer refused, and the young man had the ungracious task to do himself. The officer meantime stood by, and when old Nanny came out, led her as though she had been the greatest lady in the land to his own seat near the pulpit stair. Most of the worshippers were now watching the family, who had taken possession of their seat and were kneeling with their heads bent forward, though what they were doing I am utterly at a loss to know. But when the lady had raised her head, it struck a good many for the first time that her face was about as unbeautiful as a face could be. They forgot they had been looking a moment before at old Nanny's, and hers was like an Angel's.

The text was Luke 14, 23, 'Compel them to come in.' It was a great day for Nanny. It was the same text from which the communicants had been addressed when she, a girl of scarcely thirteen, had first sat down at the table of the Lord. "Such a good sermon, too, I heard on Sabbath," she told Betsy Fraser's mother when she got home, "and I had such a nice seat near the pulpit and heard every word." That was all she said; Nanny never told any stories about anybody but good ones; she kept all the bad ones to herself.

She was about the only person, however, that day who listened to the sermon. Most people were wondering what the rich folks would say about their seat. A similar thing had happened the last time the young man had been in church, six months before, and he had threatened that if the same thing happened again he would go to the Episcopal Church where the people were at least gentlemen.

There was a full meeting of the deacons ten days after, and the old church officer got his warning. He said but one sentence, which I give, though it was characterised at the time as "gross impertinence, and as having nothing whatever to do with the case." It was this: "Christ says, 'Compel them to come in,' and when they do come in, you say, 'Compel them to go out,' and whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye."

Mr. Ruskin's Advice to Young Girls.

KEEP absolute calm of temper, under all chances; receiving everything that is provoking or disagreeable to you as coming directly from Christ's hand: and the more it is likely to provoke you, thank Him for it the more; as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And remember it does not in the least matter what happens to you—whether a clumsy school-fellow tears your dress, or a shrewd one laughs at you, or the teacher doesn't understand you. The one thing needful is that none of these things should vex you. For your mind, at this time of your youth, is crystallising like sugar-candy; and the least jar to it flaws the crystal, and that permanently.

'Day's at the Morn':

Some Pioneers of Christ's Kingdom.

Chapter V.

How Bartholomew Ziegenbalg *showed himself a Son of the King.*

Bartholomew Ziegenbalg—it is not a very pretty name. But there have been men and women with unlovely names, who have carried music in their hearts, and whose lives have been a psalm and hymn and spiritual song. Bartholomew Ziegenbalg was one of these. Let us look at some pictures in his history.

I.

Under the first picture we may write, The Cottage at Pullsnitz.

Pullsnitz in Saxony was the town where the hero of my story was born on a June day in 1683—born in a small wooden house in a humble street. The boy had two sad memories connected with the house. When he was just six years old, his father lay ill in one of the rooms, sick unto death. But fire broke out near at hand, and it looked as if the cottage were to be burned down. Kind hands lifted the dying man, and carried him to the Market Square of Pullsnitz—carried him, strange to say, in his own coffin, which he had got ready beforehand for his burying. And that night, out in the Market under the stars, he passed away to be with God and to enter the heaven that lies beyond the stars. Bartholomew never forgot it all his life. And a year or two later he lost his mother. 'My children,' she said to the sorrowful girls and boys weeping about her bed, 'I have laid up a great treasure for you.' 'Dearest mother,' said Gretchen, the eldest girl, 'where can you have gathered treasure?'—for she knew how poor they were And the answer came, 'Seek it in the Bible; you will find it there; I have marked every leaf with my tears.' I think it was his mother's tear-stained Bible which made Bartholomew Ziegenbalg a Missionary of the Cross of Christ.

II.

Our second picture may be called, Dr. Francke's College at Halle.

One day there was much stir among the students in the College. A messenger had come all the way from Copenhagen, from the King of Denmark, asking for two young men willing to go to foreign lands to preach the Gospel. And good Dr. Francke has fixed on Heinrich Plütschau and Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, now twenty years old, his best scholar and his dear son in the faith. You can imagine the two setting out from Halle for their long walk to Copenhagen. They did not know yet to what part of the heathen world they were to be sent, the frozen North or the burning South. But the love of Jesus and the love of needy men—these two loves were throbbing in them; and they were prepared for any future.

III.

You can call the next picture, The Prison-house at Tranquebar.

Tranquebar, away on the Coromandel coast of India, south of the city of Madras—that was the destination which King Frederick and his chaplain, Dr. Lütkens, had

chosen for the Missionaries. The ship they sailed in was eight months on the voyage; and Ziegenbalg spent the time learning Portuguese, which was spoken then by many of the Europeans in Southern India. When he and his companion landed, they had not a single friend; nobody seemed to want them. But God stood by them and made the rough places plain. I wish I could tell you how Ziegenbalg went to school with the little Tamil children, and drew the letters of the alphabet in the sand of the floor, till he could speak the language like a native; and how he translated the New Testament, and wrote more than thirty books for them, and how the boys and girls of Tranquebar loved him, and crowded round him whenever they saw his white robe and high turban and red slippers on the street. But he had cruel enemies. Once, when he was asleep, a Brahmin tried to stab him. And the Danish Governor hated him—Governor Hassius, who should have known better. It was he who put him in the Prison, in a narrow and stifling dungeon. He would not let him have paper or pens or books. He kept him shut up four months. But one of the guards took pity on him, and gave him a pencil and some paper. And then he could say what John Bunyan said, "This prison very sweet to me Hath been since I came here." He wrote two books in his cell about the joy of following Jesus. The stone walls and the iron bars were not a cage.

IV.

Our next picture will be, The Danish Camp at Stralsund.

King Frederick is besieging Stralsund, and is doing his best to defeat Charles XII. of Sweden. It is a summer evening in 1714. And here is a stranger who asks an audience of the King. He sits for hours in the royal tent, talking earnestly. Who can he be? the soldiers wonder. They are disappointed when he comes out and they discover that he is only a preacher—they took him for a foreign prince or a famous general. But he stands up and speaks to them. What dignity he has! How handsome his bronzed face looks, and how his eyes flash fire, and such tenderness and such power there are in his words! They are not surprised now at the King's interest, and all the mystery is solved when they are told that this is Mr. Ziegenbalg from Tranquebar–Mr. Ziegenbalg of whom Denmark and Germany are both proud. He has stolen the hearts of the wild soldiers just as he stole the hearts of the Tamil children.

V.

We come to the last picture, The Desired Haven.

Ziegenbalg went back to India, alone this time. You may be sure his people were glad to see him again. And there was a new Governor, one who obeyed Christ himself and wished his subjects to obey Him. Soon the native church had four hundred members in it, and it was growing every day. But just then God bade His servant come up higher; He sent the messenger for him with 'the arrow whose point was sharpened by love.' He was only thirty-six—that unresting soul

of his had consumed the frail body before its time. On his last Sabbath he gathered his congregation round his bed, and preached to them from the text, 'Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.' Then a day or two later, he went away to behold God's Face.

Christ had an Apostle called Bartholomew. And the legend is that he was the son of a king named Tolmai, and that he wore a purple robe in token of his royal birth. He gave up honour and comfort to serve Jesus, who had not where to lay His head; and so he proved himself a true son of the King of kings. It was the same with Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, the first Missionary to India. He was the King's son, and he is crowned now in his Father's house with the crown of glory which fadeth not away.

Dr. John Duncan.

YOU should lose no chance, when you grow up, and have a little money to spend on books, of buying any of the four or five that have been written about Dr. Duncan. He was a great scholar, a great theologian, a great saint, a great man every way. I am not going to say much about his life, I only wish you to know who he was, and to advise you to read everything that you see his name attached to. He was called "Rabbi" because he reminded people of the great Jewish teachers who lived long ago.

He was born at Aberdeen, 1796, the son of a poor shoemaker. He lost the sight of one of his eyes, and worse still, he lost his mother, while still a child. He became minister of Milton Church, Glasgow, in 1836; missionary to the Jews in Hungary, in 1841; and Free Church professor of Hebrew in Edinburgh, in 1843.

Speaking once at the Communion Table on the words, "I will show thee the Bride, the Lamb's wife," he said: "Next to the sight of the Lamb, that is the sight I would like to see. I would like to see the Lamb; I would like to see the Father of the Lamb; I would like to see the Spirit of the Lamb; but next to that I would like to see the Bride, the Lamb's wife. I would like to see her; I would like to *be* her."

He was overheard addressing a beggar woman in Moray Place, Edinburgh, one day—no doubt after giving her something, for beggars all knew him—in these words: "Now you'll promise me that you'll seek. And mind, seeking will not save you; but it is your duty, and if you seek you'll find, and finding will save you."

He died on Saturday, 26th February, 1870, aged 74, having what he himself once called "Simeon's dismissal—Christ in my arms."

Strange to say, there was another John Duncan, also a Free Churchman, born 15 miles from the Rabbi's birthplace, whose life, overlapping his a little at both ends (1794-1881), was strangely like and unlike his. He was a weaver and a botanist. His life was one sore struggle from

beginning to end. But he never ceased seeking knowledge. "I just took a notion to ken ae plant by anither when I was rinnin' about the brae. I never saw a plant but I lookit for the marrows o't [that is, for others that were like it], and as I had a gweed memory, when I kent a flower ance, I kent it aye." He learned to write after he was thirty. He had no watch, but only a pocket sun-dial which he made himself. His house—known by his neighbours as the philosopher's hall—was a loft under the sloping roof of a stable. His weekly expenditure was but four shillings, and the last suit of clothes he had he had worn for fifty years. He used to take wild flowers to church with him, and spread them on the board before him from pure delight. In his old age, alas! he was compelled for a time to take help from the parish, but even then he gave up the coals that were allowed him to a poor imbecile whose necessity he considered greater than his own.

Who is it makes the soft gold hair turn black,
And sets the tongue, might lie so long at rest,
Trying to talk?

—Browning.

Bible Questions.

SENIORS AND JUNIORS *(Juniors to do any three).*—1. How many Arks are spoken of in the Bible? Tell some things in which they agree and some in which they differ. 2. Differences between our eyes on earth and our eyes in heaven. 3. A list of Joseph's trials. 4. Famous events that happened at noon day. 5. In what respects was the tabernacle in the wilderness a type of heaven? 6. A text for the grave of a godly astronomer.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the March number have been received from—

SENIORS.—A. Fulton, James S. Fulton, Jeanie H. Lang, A. Macsween, Mary Martin.

JUNIORS.—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, Jeanie Crawford, John Crawford, Tina Crawford, George S. Fulton, Bertie Hardie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Bessie Kirkwood, Mary H. Kirkwood, Matthew Lang, M. Martin, Donald Macsween, Janet G. Macsween, John Macsween, Edith Murray, Jeanie H. M'Neil, Dora Seymour, Evelyn Seymour, Marie C. M. Seymour, Nellie Shepherd (1).

The names of those who did the April lessons will be published in June.

1	M	Thou hast rejected Me, saith the Lord.—*Jer. 15, 6 (R. V.).*
2	Tu	How shall I give thee up?—*Hosea 11, 8.*
3	W	Come to the marriage-feast.—*Matt. 22, 4 (R. V.).*
4	Th	As many as ye shall find, bid.—*ver. 9.*
5	F	Thy Maker is thy husband.—*Isaiah 54, 5.*
6	S	He that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat.—*Isaiah 55, 1.* "I will marry this Merchant, and all that He has will be mine."—*Rabbi Duncan.*
7	S	The King eternal.—*1 Tim. 1, 17.*
8	M	The devil showed Him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.—*Luke 4, 5.* This bubble world, Whose colours in a moment break and fly. —*Tennyson's Queen Mary.*
9	Tu	The things thou hast prepared, whose shall they be?—*Luke 12, 20 (R. V.).*
10	W	I have seen the wicked in great power, spreading himself
11	Th	Like a green tree in its native soil.
12	F	But one passed by, and, lo, he was not.—*Psalm 37, 35 (R. V.).*
13	S	Enoch was not; for God took him.—*Gen. 5, 24.*
14	S	The God of patience and consolation.—*Romans 15, 5.*
15	M	He knoweth our frame.—*Psalm 103, 14.*
16	Tu	Encourage the fainthearted.—*1 Thess. 5, 14 (R. V.).* "My game," wrote Mr. Tucker, Commissioner of Benares, to Lord Canning during the Mutiny, "is to keep people in good spirits; so I keep bad news to myself and circulate all the good."
17	W	Thy God reigneth.—*Psalm 52, 7.*
18	Th	Your redemption draweth nigh.—*Luke 21, 28.*
19	F	The devils tremble.—*James 2, 19.*
20	S	For yet a very little while.—*Heb. 10, 37 (R. V.).*
21	S	They sing before the throne.—*Rev. 14, 3 (R. V.).*
22	M	The bottomless pit.—*Rev. 20, 1.* Wycliffe translates it "deepness."
23	Tu	Walk circumspectly.—*Eph. 5, 15.* Hortense, Queen of Holland, saw one of her maids of honour disappear over a precipice, in 1810. She caused a notice to be put up—"You who visit this spot advance cautiously for the sake of those who love you."
24	W	Take ye heed, watch and pray.—*Mark 13, 33.*
25	Th	The Lord upholdeth all that fall.—*Psalm 145, 14.*
26	F	He shall give His angels charge over thee.—*Psalm 91, 11.*
27	S	They shall walk with Me in white.—*Rev. 3, 4.*
28	S	I am the God of thy father.—*Gen. 46, 3.*
29	M	A wise son maketh a glad father.—*Prov. 10, 1.* "When Lieut. Fasken, one of my schoolmates, took the colours and renewed the attack, after several repulses, at the battle of Sobraon, in India, 1846, his General cried out, 'Well done, Fasken! What would your father give to see you!'"—*Thorpe's Still Life of the Middle Temple.*
30	Tu	The father of a fool hath no joy.—*Prov. 17, 21.*
31	W	The faith which dwelt in thy mother.—*2 Tim. 1, 5.*

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The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

The Lady Nairne,

Who wrote "The Land o' the Leal," "The Laird o' Cockpen," &c.

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June 4—Reverence and Fidelity—Eccles. 5, 1-12. Text, Rom. 12, 11. Quest. 23. Ps. 78, 7, 8.

THE Preacher lived in a bad world, and saw all its badness. Everything, he continually repeats, is vanity, that is, emptiness; life is not a thing to take seriously. But being a wise man, he cannot stick to this doleful mood of practical atheism, and the thought of God recalls him to a better and braver mind. In this passage he warns us especially against "vanity" in worship; against offering to God in any shape (prayers, vows, meditations,) a service which is no service at all. If everything is real—a *thing*, and not "*vanity*"—it ought to be our prayers; but in what have we less truth, less purpose, less fixedness of heart?

June 11—The Creator Remembered—Eccl. 12. Text, Eccl. 12, 1. Quest. 24. Ps. 7, 8.

THIS is the most touching description of old age ever written. It was a favourite passage of Tennyson's. Compare with it his own verses in "The Ancient Sage":—

The years that made the stripling wise
  Undo their work again,
And leave him, blind of heart and eyes,
  The last and least of men.
* * * * * *
The tiger spasms tear his chest,
  The palsy wags his head;
The wife, the sons, who love him best,
  Would fain that he were dead.
The statesman's brain that swayed the past,
  Is feebler than his knees;
The passive sailor wrecks at last
  In ever silent seas;
The warrior hath forgot his arms,
  The learned all his lore;
The changing market frets or charms
  The merchant's hope no more;
The prophet's beacon burn'd in vain,
  And now is lost in cloud;
The plowman passes, bent with pain,
  To mix with what he plow'd;
The poet whom his Age would quote
  As heir of endless fame—
He knows not even the book he wrote,
  Not even his own name.

Newton, grown old, could not follow his own great mathematical work, the Principia; and when Copernicus, a few hours before his death, got the first printed copy of his own great astronomical work put into his hands, all that could be said was, "that he seemed to know what it was."

Many young people mean to come to God when they are old. They expect to have some months at least of leisure in which to prepare for another world. They don't know that old age has its own troubles, and that the mind and conscience then become as weak and listless as the body. And what about the souls of others? Is it man's chief end only to get to heaven himself at the last possible moment?

June 18—Messiah's Kingdom—Malachi 3, 1-12. Text, Mal. 3, 17. Quest. 25. Ps. 78, 14-17.

MALACHI was God's last word to the Jews for 350 years. No wonder, therefore, that He speaks so earnestly and so lovingly; and so much about Christ. And all that God said came true. Turn over the leaf, and we have "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ." So, too, the New Testament closes with Christ's words, "I come quickly." Between us and that second and last coming, how thin the veil! Happy, happy are they who are ready, who can say, Amen: come, Lord Jesus.

June 25—Review of the Lessons—Text, Prov. 3, 6. Quest. 26. Ps. 78, 19, 20.

July 2—Paul called to Europe—Acts 16, 6-15. Text, Matt. 28, 19. Quest. 27. Ps. 78, 34, 35.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 52.)

At the age of 54

GARIBALDI, in 1860, by his victories over the troops of the King of Naples, finished the great work of his life, and was able to retire to his little island rock of Caprera after hailing Victor Emmanuel as King of a United Italy. Half a century ago a man blushed to be called an Italian. Italy was broken up into a number of kingdoms, most of them, specially the Pope's one, shamefully misgoverned. That Italy is now one nation, and the Pope, happily, no longer a King, we owe chiefly to three men—"Mazzini, the prophet of Italian Unification, Cavour its statesman, and Garibaldi its knight-errant." You must ask your parents to tell you about his 1,000 heroes, who became so famous that the red shirts they wore set the fashion in women's jackets all over Europe for many a day. In 1866 and in 1870 his last remaining hopes were fulfilled—Venice, and the City of Rome itself, were added to the Kingdom of Italy. He died on the 2nd June, 1882, aged 75. Forty-eight years previously, a young patriot fleeing in disguise from Genoa, he had seen his name for the first time in a newspaper—"Giuseppe Garibaldi has been sentenced to death."

4

SIR JAMES OUTRAM issued his famous order at Cawnpore, in which he waived his superior military rank, and announced his intention of serving under Havelock as a volunteer until the relief of Lucknow had been accomplished. Outram had returned to India a few weeks before after a short but brilliant campaign in Persia, and was at once given the command of the troops advancing to the relief of Lucknow. When he arrived at Cawnpore, he found that Havelock had already fought eight victorious battles with the rebels, and at once determined to let Havelock have the glory of finishing the work he had so well begun. The whole world at that time had its eyes fixed on Lucknow. If Lucknow were relieved it was thought the Mutiny would be ended. Outram therefore gave up not one chance of glory only, but, so far as he could see, all chance. And glory meant not only fame, but titles and honours and a pension, and an enormous amount of prize money. Military men to this day wonder that Outram did it. Havelock died two months after, and was buried near Lucknow. Outram was with him to the last, and it was to him that Havelock spoke the well-known words—"I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." Outram died in 1863. On the marble slab that marks his grave in Westminster Abbey are written the words—"Sir James Outram, the Bayard of India." I shall tell you what that means some other time.

White lilies for our Lily.

Lady Nairne.

SHE wrote not only "The Land o' the Leal," but also "The Rowan Tree," "Caller Herrin'," "The Auld House," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "The Hundred Pipers," and many others besides. She was born in 1766. Her mother died eight years afterwards, facing death as though she were going on a short journey. Her last words to her children were, "See which of you will be the best bairn;" and to her husband, "You see how easily I can part with the bairns, for I know they are in Good Hands."

Lady Nairne's husband — her maiden name was Carolina Oliphant —died in 1830, and her only son and child in 1837; he is buried at Brussels. After his death, she quoted the saying of a famous Frenchman, who, after the death of one in whom all his hopes had been centred, said, "If the turning of a straw could now put me again in possession of what I loved, I would not be the turner of that straw, unless God bade me." She was often heard also to say to herself, "He spared not His Own Son." She remained for some years on the Continent, doing good wherever she went. Her sister and she were ordered to leave Nice for life, by an edict from the Roman Catholic bishop, for having circulated copies of the Bible in Italian. In 1843 she returned to Scotland, and shortly after, as was found out after her death, sold her family plate to help the Free Church. She sent the money to Dr. Chalmers, who was a great friend of hers, bidding him keep her name secret. She was seized with paralysis in December of that year, and lingered on till 1845. One of her favourite books was "The Life of M'Cheyne."

It was only after her death that it was known that she had written "The Land o' the Leal." So unwilling had she been to have her name talked about, that she had never told her husband even, fearing —as well she might!—that no husband could keep such a secret as that. She wrote it when she was thirty-two. It was while driving through a little village on the day of the yearly fair that the desire to write songs for the people first entered her mind. She noticed many of the young folks reading a little book, and having sent her footman to buy a copy, was distressed to find it full of bad songs.

"The Auld House" of the well-know song was the house of Gask, in Perthshire, in which she was born. When her family left it in 1801, owing to its ruinous condition, her grandfather, the Chief of Strowan, asked that the family Bible should be left in the "auld house" to the last, that he might have the honour of carrying it to the new one.

Lady Nairne's portrait represents her as she appeared in her fiftieth year.

WORK put off is work put on with heavy interest.—*The Headmaster of Harrow.*

"The Glorious 1st of June."

THAT is the name the 1st of June gets in the British Navy. For on that day, 1794, Lord Howe, the great Irish Admiral "who never made a friendship but at the cannon's mouth," defeated the French off the Island of Ushant, near Brest. The French fleet consisted of 26 ships of the line, and the British of 25. The battle was decided in twenty minutes, and then began the chase. Seven French ships were captured. Six of these were towed to Spithead, the seventh, the Vengeur, having sunk with more than half her crew on board, shortly after her surrender.

James Bowen was the master of Lord Howe's flagship, the Queen Charlotte, and had the duty of piloting her into the battle. When the Admiral gave the order "Starboard," Bowen ventured to say, "My Lord, you'll be foul of the French ship if you don't take care." "What is that to you, sir?" replied Howe. "Starboard, starboard!" muttered Bowen, so the story goes; "if you don't care, I don't either. I'll take you near enough to singe your black whiskers."

You may remember that when the "Shannon" was going to fight the "Chesapeake" in 1813, Captain Broke reminded his men that it was the 1st of June.

But the 1st of June was a famous day in British history long before Howe won his victory. For on that day, in 1661, James Guthrie the martyr died gloriously in Edinburgh. Immediately before the hangman threw him off the ladder, he lifted the napkin off his face, and cried, "The Covenants, the Covenants, shall yet be Scotland's reviving." His head was cut off and stuck on the Nether Bow Port, and there it remained for seven-and-twenty years till a student, Alexander Hamilton, took it down and reverently buried it. That student, strange to say, became Mr. Guthrie's successor in Stirling.

It was on the 1st of June, too, a Sabbath day, that the Covenanters defeated Claverhouse at Drumclog, 1679. It was on that occasion that, after they were drawn up in line of battle, they sang the 76th Psalm to the tune "Martyrs."

Good Manners.

It is not timber, lead, and stone,
An architect requires alone
To finish a great building;
The palace were but half complete,
Could he by any chance forget
The carving and the gilding.

—*Cowper.*

"Zulu."

ZULU will never get a prize at a show, no matter how many the prizes or how few the competitors. He hasn't the "points" that judges look for, but he is a good dog for all that. He comes into family worship morning and evening, and sits quiet, unlike the cat, all the time, though some of our tunes seem to try his nerves. And on Sabbaths he never asks out, though

on every other day he is always ready for a scamper. But he looks so wistfully after us from the window, as we go to church, that it vexes me to leave him behind. Sometimes I wish he would come into church of his own accord, and I know he would behave so well and look so happy that nobody would think of putting him out—no wise body at any rate. Poor Zulu! I wish it were the millenium; maybe you would get going to church then.

I wish I could have given you the portrait of another fox-terrier I saw two years ago in Glasgow. It was standing in front of its master, a blind man, at the foot of West Nile Street; standing in the wet gutter; with a tin dish fastened to its neck; so dirty, and thin, and

sad; the picture of patient misery. I don't know what it was thinking about; perhaps it was crying to God as the Psalmist says the young ravens do; perhaps it was "thinking about nothing, like many mighty men." But as I was looking at it, a lovely Scotch terrier, a beauty, passing with its mistress along Gordon Street, caught sight of it, and after a moment's hesitation—moved, some would say, by a kindly instinct; moved, I would rather say, by a good angel—rushed up to it and licked its face and in behind its ears, and then rejoined its mistress!

"You know, Captain, a man can't command the wind, but he can always lie the best course possible." —*R. L. Stevenson's Admiral Guinea.*

"Rabbi" Duncan's Sayings.

"For myself, I cannot always come to Christ direct, but I can always come by *sin*. Sin is the handle by which I get Christ. I take a verse in which God has put Christ and sin together. I cannot always put my finger upon Christ and say, 'Christ belongs to me;' but I can put my finger upon sin and say, 'sin belongs to me.' I take that word, for instance, 'The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost.' Yes, lost, lost—I'm lost; I put my finger upon that word and say, 'I'm the lost one; I'm lost.' Well, I find that 'The Son of Man is come to save the lost;' and I cry out, 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'"

He loved the way a poor negro put it: "He die, or me die; He die, me no die. I weep very much; I ask Jesus; He good; He save me."

A lady having asked him if he would have some bread and a glass of wine, he said, "If you please, I'll have bread and a glass of water." "Prison fare," said the lady. "No, garrison fare; 'his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure.'" (Is. 33, 16).

It shall come to pass that at evening time there shall be light.—Zech. 14, 7.

FRANCIS NICHOLSON, the painter, who died in 1844, had a favourite picture with a dark sky, in his room. Two days before his death, he caused himself to be helped up on a table in order that he might retouch the picture, and put in a bright cloud.

WHEN Dr. M'Crie, who wrote "The Life of Knox," first set out from his father's house to become a student at Edinburgh University, being then a lad of sixteen, his mother went with him part of the way. When the time came for them to take leave of each other, she led him into a field near the road, and kneeling down with him behind a wall, solemnly dedicated him to God's service and commended him to His fatherly care.

'Day's at the Morn':

Some Pioneers of Christ's Kingdom.

CHAPTER VI.

How the Heart's Desire of CHRISTIAN HOCKER *was twice refused by God.*

MRS. EWING has a delightful story which, I am sure, some of you know—"The Story of a Short Life." It was about a boy who was *laetus sorte sua*, happy in his lot, though that lot was very different from what he had planned at first. You must find out about him for yourselves—those of you who are not acquainted with him already. What I was thinking of was the book which this boy set himself to make in the long days when God bade him sit still and suffer. He called it the Book of Poor Things; and this was what he said about it: "It's a collection—a collection of Poor Things who've been hurt, like me; or blind like the organ-tunes; or had their heads—no, not their heads, they could'nt go on doing things after that—had their legs or their arms chopped off in battle, and are very good and brave about it, and manage very nearly as well as people who have got nothing the matter with them." There have been many Poor Things of that sort—rich in faith, and heirs of God's Kingdom, and splendid servants of Christ. Indeed I do not know what the world would have done without them.

Christian Hocker was one of these Poor Things. Not that he was blind, or had been wounded in battle. But everything seemed to go against him. Twice over God said No to the longing of his heart. Yet he kept his courage and hope stout and undimmed to the end. And though he died 120 years ago, it does us good to read about him still.

I.

He was a doctor in Germany, a physician beloved like Luke himself. But while he was going quietly about helping and healing the sick, there were high thoughts stirring within him. He had been brought up in the Moravian Church, which has done so much for Jesus in the dark places of the world. When he was a lad at home, and, later on, when he was a student at the University, nothing interested him like hearing about the Missionaries, far away in Greenland and among the Red Indians and in South America. He kept praying that some day God would enroll him in the noble army. But the summers and winters passed on, and the Master's invitation did not fall on his ears. Christian Hocker was not impatient; he had learned how to wait on the Lord; he would not run until he was sent. There was plenty to do meanwhile in the German town; and he knew that wherever God had placed him, there it was best for him to be. So he tried to be a Missionary among his neighbours and friends, as well as a doctor, until the call should come which would summon him to go and make disciples of the heathen.

II.

It did come at last. The Moravians asked for someone willing to tell the story of Jesus to a strange tribe in Persia—the tribe of the Guebres. They were supposed to be descendants of the Wise Men, who visited the cradle of the little child in Bethlehem and brought Him their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. But they had sunk very low in the centuries that had come and gone since their fathers knelt round the manger-bed of the Son of God. They needed His Star to rise on their hearts once more—the bright and morning Star. And, therefore, when a Missionary was wanted for them, Dr. Hocker offered himself. He made a brave effort to reach the wild mountains and glens where they lived, suffering all kinds of perils on the road—perils of waters, perils of robbers, perils in the city, perils in the wilderness. One day, just after he had left Bagdad, the caravan with which he was travelling was attacked by the fierce Kurds. He did his best to escape, but the cruel men were too strong for him. They stabbed him three times with their javelins—on the back, and in the right side, and on the face. They stripped him of his money and clothes, and left him lying almost dead under the blazing sun. When he was able to rise and stagger forward, it was a long time before he found his companions. And that was not a solitary experience; the same thing happened on two later occasions, until he could say, what Paul said, that he bore branded on his body the marks of Jesus. But these were tribulations in which he gloried. What was worse and sadder was that he was never permitted to preach to the Guebres. A bad, bloodthirsty man, Nadir Shah, was ruling Persia at that time. His terror filled the whole countryside. The Missionary discovered that it would be impossible to carry out the purpose which had brought him from his German home. God forbade; and with wonder and sorrow, but with perfect submission too, Christian Hocker drank the cup his Father gave him. After being three years away, he returned to Europe in February, 1750.

III.

By-and-by the new opportunity came. It was to Africa that he was sent now — to Abyssinia, where James Bruce, the Scottish traveller, was about that very time seeing so many wonders. But again the Spirit of Jesus hindered, and the door was closed. First there were long delays in Constantinople and Cairo. Then, when Hocker and his friend George Pilder did leave Suez, their boat was wrecked in the Red Sea. They lived for nineteen days on a small island, where the Greeks and Arabs plundered them of all they had, and where food and fresh water could scarcely be got. It seemed as if they must die of hunger and thirst; but at last they sighted a sail. They were taken on board, but the ship carried them back to Egypt instead of on to their destination. So Christian Hocker waited,

and made supplication with strong crying and tears, and clung about the feet of God and would not let Him go. Sometimes his home was in Germany, and sometimes it was in Cairo. For sixteen years, from 1752 to 1768, he kept on hoping that he would succeed in entering Abyssinia with the Gospel of Christ. He made one attempt after another, but they all failed. A second time God denied him the deepest and dearest wish of his soul.

IV.

At length he came finally back to Europe, "an old disciple" with white hair and tottering steps. And do you think he was soured and angry, so that people could read in his looks that he was a disappointed man? I do not think so. I believe he had a face on which the peace of God was written, and a heart at leisure from every doubt and trouble. There are some Bible heroes who would be often in his mind. There was David, who wanted to build God's house; and, though God refused him his desire, He said, "Thou didst well that it was in thine heart. There was Trophimus, who was left at Miletum sick, and could not help Paul in his work; but perhaps he did more by his prayers from his prison-house. There was John, shut up in Patmos, when he would have liked to have been labouring in the streets and markets of Ephesus; but Patmos, rough and barren rock as it was, was filled for him with the glory of the Lord and with the music of heaven. There was Jesus, the Master Himself, dying like a corn of wheat in loneliness; and out of His death the harvest of the world has sprung and is springing still. Christian Hocker knew that he was in good company.

Because he had the willing mind, shall we not crown him Christ's first Missionary to Persia and to Abyssinia? For as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.

Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. Compare the armies of men with the hosts of God. 2. A list of famous Caves in the Bible. 3. Mention some resemblances between Absalom and Judas. 4. Compare the day on which Sodom was destroyed with the Day of Judgment.

JUNIORS.—1. A list of persons who built altars to God. 2. A list of the rebellions of the Israelites in the wilderness. 3. A list of persons in the Gospels who had good news brought to them.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the April number have been received from—

SENIORS.—A. Fulton, James S. Fulton, Mary H. Martin, Mary G. M'Neil.

JUNIORS.—Janet Barclay, Gardiner Blair, David Blair, George S. Fulton, Robert Hardie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Robert Lang, Minnie Martin, Jeanie H. M'Neil, William A. Paterson.

The names of those who did the May lessons will be published in July.

1	TH	Bold as a lion.—*Prov. 28, 1.* A friend once said to James Guthrie, the martyr, "You know the proverb, 'Jouk (stoop) that the wave may go over you.' Will ye jouk a little, Mr. Guthrie?" "No," was the answer, "there's no jouking in the cause of Christ."
2	F	Founded upon the rock.—*Matt. 7, 25 (R. V.).*
3	S	Rooted and built up in Him.—*Col. 2, 7.*
4	S	Toward the mercy seat were the faces of the cherubims;
5	M	With their faces one to another.—*Ex. 35, 9.*
6	TU	They have turned unto Me the back.—*Jer. 32, 33.* "To me scarce anything is so utterly pathetic as the back. It is the blind side of the being, defenceless, exposed to everything; the ignorant side; the unfeatured side, eyeless, dumb; to be given to the smiter, and to bend beneath the burden; lovely in its patience and the tender forms of its strength.—*Paul Faber, Surgeon.*
7	W	Shame hath covered our faces.—*Jer. 51, 51.* 'Peradventure,' so she thought, 'If I might see his face, and not be seen.' —*Tennyson's 'Guinevere.'*
8	TH	A woman came in the crowd behind, and touched His garment.
9	F	Jesus immediately turned Him about.—*Mark 5, 27.*
10	S	They shall see His face.—*Rev. 22, 4.*
11	S	Put on the whole armour of God.—*Eph. 6, 11.*
12	M	Simon, Simon, Satan asked to have you.—*Luke 22, 31 (R. V.).*
13	TU	We are not ignorant of his devices.—*2 Cor. 2, 11.*
14	W	Peace, peace; when there is no peace.—*Jer. 6, 14.* "It was the case through the siege (of Lucknow) that there were more casualties on a quiet day than when there was heavy firing, as the men used to get careless and forget their danger."—*Lady Inglis' Diary.*
15	TH	The sleep of death.—*Psalm 13, 3.* "The greatest temptation is to have no temptation."—*Rutherford.*
16	F	I will take heed to my ways.—*Psalm 39, 1.*
17	S	The Lord is thy Keeper.—*Psalm 121, 5.*
18	S	Lord, teach us to pray.—*Luke 11, 1.*
19	M	Daniel kneeled upon his knees three times a day.—*Dan. 6, 10.* "Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stocking."—*George Herbert.*
20	TU	Hannah prayed, and wept sore.—*1 Sam. 1, 10.*
21	W	When ye pray, use not vain repetitions.—*Matt. 6, 7.*
22	TH	Take ye no rest, and give Him no rest.—*Isaiah 62, 7 (R. V.).*
23	F	Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me.
24	S	And I knew that Thou hearest Me always.—*John 11, 32.*
25	S	Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.—*John 6, 37.* Lady Nairne's favourite passage.
26	M	Rise, He calleth thee.—*Mark 10, 39.*
27	TU	Zacchæus, make haste.—*Luke 19, 5.*
28	W	Yet there is room.—*Luke 14, 22.*
29	TH	They would not come.
30	F	Tell them, all things are ready: come.—*Matt. 22, 4.*

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The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

James Anderson

Captain, afterwards Sir James, Anderson, of the "Great Eastern."

International Sabbath School Lessons.

July 2.—Paul called to Europe.—Acts, 16, 6-15. Text, Matt. 28, 19. Quest. 27. Ps. 78, 34, 35.

THIS is Paul's second evangelistic tour. It was a momentous one, for it brought the gospel to Europe, which was to be its chief seat for centuries. The divine guidance, shutting the missionaries in to right and left (v. 6, 7, 10 mention the Spirit, the Son, and God the Father as alike guiding them), and keeping them in the straight line for Europe, shows its urgency.

The Gospel in the west had a lowly beginning, like Christ's own life. The place of prayer in v. 13 would be a little Jewish Chapel: Lydia had been born a heathen, but had believed in the true God, and was waiting with the Jews for the Promised Saviour. God rewards all such. Do not miss what the Sabbath spent in the place of prayer may bring. Believe in God's guidance, and in His grace. Remember that an open heart means an open house: if we are Christ's, all we have is His.

July 9.—Paul at Philippi.—Acts 16, 19-34. Text, Acts 16, 31. Quest. 28. Ps. 78, 36, 37.

PAUL and Silas had good reason to sing Psalms though their backs were bleeding. They had followed God, they had delivered a poor girl from cruel masters, the scourging had been easier to bear than they could have imagined, and they loved God more than ever and were full of expectation. The issue of that night's events justified their singing. That jailer has opened the prison doors to many a soul. "The prisoners were listening."—Revised version. Singing at family worship is one of the ways in which God compels the poor especially who are crowded together to "let their light shine."

July 16.—Paul at Athens.—Acts 17, 22-31. Text, John 4, 24. Quest. 29. Ps. 78, 38, 39.

GOD has ways of dealing with the heathen that are unknown to us. He is not far from any body in the world. He asks us to send the gospel to every creature, to do His work and share His glory and show that we are one with Him; but if we will not do it, He will speak to them in His Own way and punish us justly for our cruelty and disobedience.

July 23.—Paul at Corinth.—Acts 18, 1-11. Text, 1 Cor. 1, 18. Quest. 30. Ps. 78, 40, 41.

PAUL came to Corinth, the commercial, as Athens was the intellectual, capital of the country, greatly disheartened. It was a very wicked seaport. Claudius was the fourth Roman Emperor. He was poisoned by his wife Agrippina, the mother of Nero. Augustus was the first; Tiberius, Pilate's master, the second. He was suffocated by one of his generals, A.D. 37, and succeeded by Caligula, who was assassinated in 41. Nero the fifth, 54-68, committed suicide. Verse 3. Every boy, especially if he is to be a minister, should learn a trade.

July 30.—Paul at Ephesus.—Acts 19, 1-12. Text, John 16, 13. Quest. 31. Ps. 80, 1, 2.

PAUL'S first journey had been to Asia Minor; his second had taken him to Greece; his third was to the district which lay between the two, called Asia in verse 10; that is, the Roman province of Asia, not the continent of Asia. Ephesus was its capital. "It was the Liverpool of the Mediterranean. It had a splendid harbour, in which was concentrated the traffic of the sea which was then the highway of nations; and as Liverpool has behind her the great towns of Lancashire, so had Ephesus behind and around her such cities as those mentioned in the Epistles to the Churches in Revelation. It was a city of vast wealth, and given over to every kind of pleasure, the fame of its theatre and race-course being world wide." *Stalker's Life of Paul.* Verse 12 is a proof of John 14. 12.

August 6.—Paul at Miletus.—Acts 20, 22-35. Text, Heb. 13, 7. Quest. 32. Ps. 80, 3, 4

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 63.)

At the age of 55

King Robert the Bruce died at Cardross Castle on the Clyde, 1329, of leprosy caused by the hardships of his earlier life. In his youth he seems to have hesitated about casting in his lot with his countrymen, but the sight of William Wallace's head on a pole on London Bridge made him a patriot as the execution of Donald Cargill made James Renwick a Covenanter.

Bruce's favourite occupation after his kingdom was settled was shipbuilding; and his favourite pet was a young lion. His remains were discovered in the Abbey Church of Dunfermline in 1818 wrapped in thin sheet lead and cloth of gold. They were carefully guarded night and day for almost two years, when they were re-interred in a leaden coffin filled, on the suggestion of the well-known physician, Dr. Gregory, with melted pitch. The skeleton measured almost six feet.

'Day's at the Morn':
Some Pioneers of Christ's Kingdom.

Chapter VII.

How David Brainerd endured Hardness as a good Soldier.

SHALL I tell you a story I heard at a great meeting in Edinburgh the other day? The speaker was Mr. Guinness Rogers. He was describing how he went, with a number of well-known men in London, to present an address of congratulation to Robert Moffat on his 80th birthday—Robert Moffat the glorious African Missionary. They asked the old man if he had any counsel to give them. "Ah, my friends," he said, "when I was in South Africa, I never dreamed that a day like this would come; I never thought of it at all. I just did every day's work as it came to me." It was a splendid answer. It was a noble life to live. That is the sure way to be great and good—to do every day's work as it comes to us.

David Brainerd carried out the rule. But God did not allow him to have eighty years of these useful diligent days. He called him home before he was thirty. The good fight was fought and finished while the soldier was quite young.

I.

Some of you have heard of Yale, the famous University in the United States. One day, in 1740, the college was much excited. A student had just been expelled. He had spoken unkindly about one of his Professors. "He has no more grace," he said, "than the chair I am sitting on." Probably it was true; for the student was David Brainerd who never told a lie. But it was not a tender or loving thing to say; and the authorities decided

that, unless the wrongdoer made a public apology, he must leave the college. He refused, and so he was sent away. David Brainerd was sorry afterwards that he did not apologise. He loved learning. He wanted to be a minister of the Gospel. He longed, too, to be a living epistle of Jesus Christ. And now it seemed as if he had shattered his hopes for ever. What was worse, it seemed as if he had failed to be an imitator of his Master. Sometimes he used to weep bitterly when he thought of what he had done.

II.

But, if he could not be a minister now among the white people, there were the Red Indians not far away —the kinsfolk of the men to whom John Eliot had given such prayer and pains. He resolved that he would be a Missionary to them. Will you think what a brave resolve it was? The place you would have chosen for the young preacher would have been a country village, up among green hills, with bracing winds blowing and bright skies overhead, where perhaps his body might have prospered and been in health even as his soul prospered. For he was slowly dying of consumption; he had the sentence of death written in himself already. But, instead of that pleasant home, he went out like Jesus to be poorer than the foxes and the birds, with no place to lay his head. He rode and waded across the swamps. He toiled over the rocky hills. He forced his way through the luxurious vegetation of the great forests. Often he had to go fifteen miles for bread; and, when he laid past any for the future, it was sour or mouldy before he ate it. Once he stayed with a Scottish family who had just come from the Highlands. They could speak nothing but Gaelic. Their house was a little log hut, and he slept at night on some straw spread on the floor. But generally his home was among the Indian wigwams, on the banks of the Delaware or Susquehanna. Was he not a hero?

III.

And his life was a sermon about what Christ can make the man who trusts Him. He was perhaps the first Scottish Missionary in modern days; for, though he was an American himself, he got his salary from a Society in Scotland. But it was a very small salary, and you would think he never could have had a penny to spare. Was that so? Not at all. When he began his work among the Indians, he sold his books and the other little treasures he had, and gave the money to the college which had expelled him, in order to educate a young man who should be a Missionary too. And afterwards he deprived himself of almost the necessities of life, that he might always have something for Christ's cause and Christ's poor. David Brainerd had the liberal heart which devises liberal things. And he carried such a trustful spirit within him. When he could get no bread to buy, he made cakes out of the Indian meal, and then, he said, "I blessed God for my present circumstances as much as if I had been a king." And he was a king—king

and priest in the blameless family of God.

IV.

For six years he laboured among the Indians. Now and then he had dark times when he thought God had forgotten to be gracious to him. And yet he saw that good was doing. Drunkenness was decreasing; the idolatrous sacrifices were abolished; the dances to devils were given up; the war customs were shaken. At last "the drops from heaven fell"—the soft quickening rains of saving grace. At a village called Crossweeksung, in New Jersey, forty or fifty people were received into the church, and a school was opened for the children. Brainerd's heart overflowed with joy. But it was the brightness of the sunset; he was "stepping westward" very quickly now. In September, 1746, he started on a new journey. He slept at nights in the woods. In the daytime he rode from place to place, though he was so feeble that he was ready to fall from his horse. At length he was compelled to lie down, sick and ill, in an Indian settlement. But weakness could not close his lips or daunt his heart. He preached from his bed; he gave his hearers with his thin and wasted hands the bread and wine which told them of the Lord's body broken for them, and the Lord's blood poured forth. I wonder if any of them thought that David Brainerd was presenting himself a living sacrifice on their behalf — was drinking Christ's cup of love and sorrow, and was being baptized with Christ's baptism of death.

V.

He had a happy ending to his toilsome journey. He died in the house of his friend, President Jonathan Edwards, at Northampton. He had stayed the whole of the winter with him, shut in by God's good hand within this quiet resting-place. What talks these two would have—the great thinker and the great Missionary! How near heaven would be! He was "waiting the coming of the Lord's chariot," David Brainerd said. And in the springtime of 1747 the chariot came, and the Pilgrim entered the gates of the city.

"Then," said Mr. Valiant, "I am going to my Father's. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it." . . . And as he went deeper down, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the Trumpets sounded for him on the other side!

THOUGH thou be Paip or Cardinall,
So heich[1] in thy Pontificall,
Resist thou God that creat all—
Then downe thou sall come, downe.

Though thou be Archbishop or Deane,
Chantour, Chanslar, or Chaplane,
Resist thou God—thy gloir[2] is gane,
And downe thou sall come, downe.

Though thou flow in Philosophie,
Or graduate in Theologie,
Yet—and thou fyle[3] the veritie,
Then downe thou sall come, downe.

Wedderburn's Gude and Godly Ballants, 1578

[1] High [2] Glory [3] Defile, dishonour.

An Olive Branch.

A FULL history of the olive tree would be a history of the human race. It has been one of God's greatest gifts to men. The oil which is pressed from its smooth violet plums is used in Spain and Italy for all purposes for which we use butter and cream and fat. The olive leaf in the dove's mouth was, therefore, the fittest sign that God's wrath was turned away. The leaves are like those of the willow in shape, dull green on the upper surface and silvery pale underneath. The tree reaches a height of over 20 feet, and lives for many centuries. The doors of Solomon's temple and the

Cherubim were made of its wood. A crown of wild olive was the only prize given at the great Olympic games of Greece.

The word Gethsemane means "a press for olive-oil."

Old Mrs. Porteous.

Prov. 25, 21, 22. Rom. 12, 20.

EVERYBODY in the village was sorry when it became known that old Mrs. Porteous had got notice to give up her house at the term. And everybody was angry when it was found out that the people who were to have it in her stead were two strangers who had been in the village the week before. It had been a wet day, and Mrs. Porteous had kindly taken them in and made them a cup of tea. She was very poor, for her husband had been dead twenty years. The Saturday before his death he had gone to the bank with five shillings, and the banker had smiled as he handed him back his book and called him *Mr.* Porteous, for the five shillings had made his account one hundred pounds exactly, and the banker knew how anxious John Porteous and his wife had been to reach that sum. The Wednesday after, they had returned from the prayer-meeting, and were sitting down to family worship when he had a paralytic stroke. He died ten days after. The hundred pounds were never added to, for though Mrs. Porteous worked hard and never wasted a penny, she gave away many a shilling. But in spite of the slow but steady lessening of her savings, and her almost constant ill-health, she managed to pay her way and be independent, and there was no decrease in her generosity. She seemed to have no fear of the future, and why, indeed, should she have had any?

She had two apartments — a kitchen and a room—but the room held little more than her bed. Everything was in perfect order, for she looked on her house as God's house, and tried to make it as worthy of Him as possible. She had been very happy in it, too, and it looked as if none of the sunshine that had ever entered it had gone out again. It seemed always brighter than other people's houses, perhaps because the angels were always there. It had a sweet outlook, too, into a garden, and from the end of the garden there was a glimpse of the sea, five miles off.

Well, as I have said, we were all angry when we heard that the house had been let "over her head." And no one was angrier than the laird's factor himself, who had let it. He had done it in a moment of passion, after receiving a nasty letter from the laird who had been disappointed over some election. But the thing couldn't be undone now, and all that the neighbours could suggest was, either that the house should be set fire to, or the new tenants stoned the first time they should appear in the street. But old Mrs. Porteous did better than that. First of all, she blamed herself for her selfishness. A smaller

house, she said, might have served her, and all those years a whole family might have been happy in it instead of one old woman. Then, secondly, as the flitting day came round, she cleaned her house thoroughly, from floor to ceiling, inside and out—not such an easy thing for her to do—and having got her little store of furniture carried down the street the night before the term day, and taken upstairs into a little room whose only window was a sky-light, returned early

next morning with her cat, Stephen, to whom a flitting was grand fun, swept the floor once more, burned a few bits of paper and straw that were lying about, whitened the hearth and all the fireplace, and put on sticks and coals. This done, she knelt down and prayed, and blessed God for all His goodness to her husband and herself; and, having taken her last walk through the garden, and touched the pear-tree her husband had planted three months after they were married, waited till she heard the whistle of the train by which she knew the strangers were to come, then lighted the fire for them, and knelt down once more and asked God to make them as happy there as "me and mine have been." Then she and Stephen walked down the street together.

That afternoon one of her old neighbours called in, and beginning to cry as she looked up at the little sky-light, said, "Oh dear, oh dear, Mrs. Porteous, you can see naething but heaven in this house!"

I am not quite sure what she meant by that, but, anyway, she was not far wrong.

Sir James Anderson.

WHEN a great soldier is carried to the grave, they put his helmet and his sword and his decorations on the bier, his riderless horse following after; and when an admiral is buried, they put a few fathoms of chain cable from his flagship round his grave. So, when Sir James Anderson was laid to rest seven weeks ago in his native town, Dumfries, it was fit and proper that on the coffin lid there should be laid a piece of Atlantic telegraph cable.

He was apprenticed in his boyhood to a printer. But his heart was in the sea. By working overtime, his brother and he and one or two others saved enough money to buy a battered old boat made of sheet iron. They paid a pound for it, all in coppers. He named it "The Harpy," but his friends called it "Anderson's Canister." When he was 16, his parents yielded to his desire and allowed him to become a sailor. From the first night he was at sea, as he stood looking at the men aloft reefing the topsails, he said to himself that he would be a captain. And a captain he became—one of the great captains of our age.

Before he left home, his mother made him promise to kneel down night and morning and say his prayers, no matter whether the sailors should laugh at him or not. His first voyage was to India, and his promise was easy to keep on the way out, for the sailors were all decent men. But on the way home there were some new men in the crew, and his courage was sorely tried, but he knelt as usual. One of the strange sailors, seeing this, went forward to him and boxed his ears, saying, "None of that here!" Another, however, took the lad's part, and challenged the first to come up on deck and he would thrash him. So there was a fight, and after it, the one who sided with him said, "Now, Jamie, say your

prayers, and if he touches you again I'll give him another dressing"

Next night, James, thinking it a pity to cause a disturbance needlessly, resolved to say his prayers quietly in his hammock. But the instant he had climbed up into it, his friend took him by the neck and dragged him out and said, "Kneel down this moment! Do you think I'm going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal!"

But he worked as well as prayed, and soon became an expert in all questions both of seamanship and navigation. Years of experience in command soon followed, such experience as only they who go down to sea in ships can have; and then in one hour came the work and honour for which he had during his youth and early manhood been unconsciously preparing.

There are now fourteen telegraph cables crossing the Atlantic, and by any one of them one word can be sent from Europe to America in one minute for one shilling. We owe that in great measure to Captain Anderson. A cable had been laid in 1858, but after a few messages had been sent by it, it ceased to speak. The last word it said was "Forward"—the same word which Nansen has given as a name to the ship on which, as these words are printing, he sets out on his perilous, but — may God grant! — glorious voyage to the Furthest North.

It was 1865 before another attempt was made. The whole cable this time was put on board one ship—the Great Eastern — and Captain Anderson, at that time commander of the Cunard s.s. China, was specially chosen to take charge of her. He was in his forty-first year.* The result was disheartening in the extreme. Time after time flaws were discovered in the cable, and miles and miles of it had to be hauled in again. The cable was made up of seven copper wires, which were surrounded with layers of tar and resin and gutta-percha and jute, the whole being sheathed with ten iron wires each wrapped in tarred yarn. The whole cable was 1⅛ inch thick. One of the flaws, one is grieved to say, had been made intentionally by some man on board. When 1,062 miles of it had been laid, the cable snapped in two, and with one bound flew into the sea, which was at that point three miles deep. After vainly trying to recover it, the Great Eastern had to turn back.

By next year, however, owing chiefly to Captain Anderson's persuasion, another cable had been made, and on Friday, 13th July, the great ship set sail once more, and finished the first part of her task in fourteen days. Then she turned back and began to fish for the cable lost the year before! Time after time they felt they had it only to lose it again. Once they actually had it on board and were putting out their hands to grip it when it escaped. For eighteen days they toiled in vain; they had spoilt almost twenty miles of grapnel line, and provisions and coal were getting done, when the long succession of stormy days and

* *The portrait in the frontispiece is copied from a Boston photograph taken a few years earlier, most kindly lent by his brother, Wellwood Anderson, Esq., Dumfries.*

nights through which they had struggled came to an end, and for fifty hours they had calm weather. During these hours they made one more attempt, and succeeded, 2nd September, 1866. This cable is still working, and it was a part of it that was laid on that coffin seven weeks ago.

Sir James was as modest in victory as he had been calm and courageous in defeat. I have read few things more beautiful than the kind references he made at banquets held in his honour to the many fine sailors he had known who would have done all that he had done if only they had got the chance. I think he deserves a foremost place amongst the world's great seamen. Columbus and the explorers before and since his day found out new oceans and new worlds. It was Captain Anderson who bridged those oceans and made those worlds one. There are fresh tasks and new honours for every age, but only those get them whom God finds "ready, with their lamps burning and their loins girt." The secret of Sir James Anderson's life is to be found in the words of the old hymn his mother had taught him, which he uttered a few moments before he died,

"I come, I come, at Thy command,
I give my spirit to Thy hand."

Resist the devil and he will flee from you.—James 4, 7.

THE German military authorities impress on their infantry soldiers the maxim that, "when close quarters are reached, if you don't go away, the enemy will."

The Emperor Moth, the second largest, and one of the most beautiful of British moths.

Bible Questions.

SENIORS AND JUNIORS (Juniors to do any three, Seniors any five).—1. A list of references in the Bible to the olive tree. 2. A list of people who blessed others. 3. Passages in which Christ is compared to "light," or to things that give light. 4. Give illustrations of the gentleness of Christ. 5. Instances of the anger of Christ. 6. What agricultural instruments are mentioned in the Bible?

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the May number have been received from—

SENIORS.—A. Fulton, James S. Fulton, Jeanie H. Lang, Mary H. Martin.

JUNIORS.—Janet Barclay, David Blair, George S. Fulton, AnnieKean, Robert Lang, Janet Macsween, William A. Paterson.

The names of those who did the June lessons will be published in August.

1	S	Give attendance to reading.—*1 Tim. 4, 13.* On the door of the library of Dr. Schliemann, the archæologist, were the Greek words *ιατρεῖον ψυχῆς, (iatreion psuches)*, the soul's medicine-shop.
2	S	I will declare the decree : Thou art My Son.—*Ps. 2, 7.*
3	M	The blessed and only Potentate,
4	Tu	The King of Kings,
5	W	Who only hath immortality,
6	Th	Dwelling in light unapproachable,
7	F	To Whom be honour and power. Amen.—*1 Tim. 6, 16 (R. V.)* "Great thoughts have little to do with the business of the world. Human affairs, even in an age of revolution, are the subject of compromise, and the essence of compromise is littleness."—*Lord Beaconsfield.*
8	S	Potsherds of the earth.—*Is. 45, 9.* "The work of diplomatists is made up of reciprocal and never-ceasing concessions."—*Bismarck.*
9	S	His Kingdom ruleth over all.—*Ps. 103, 19.*
10	M	Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field.—*Job 5, 23.*
11	Tu	The iron gate opened of his own accord.—*Acts 12, 10.*
12	W	Immediately the ship was at the land.—*John 6, 21.*
13	Th	Yet was not the net broken.—*John 21, 11.*
14	F	The doors being shut, Jesus stood in the midst.—*John 20, 26.*
15	S	A cloud received Him out of their sight.—*Acts 1, 9.*
16	S	The men of Judah are His pleasant plant.—*Is. 5, 7.*
17	M	I ordained you that ye should bring forth fruit.—*John 15, 16.*
18	Tu	I come seeking fruit.—*Luke 13, 7.*
19	W	Autumn trees without fruit.—*Jude 12 (R. V.)*
20	Th	Bring forth fruits worthy of repentance.—*Luke 3, 8 (R. V.)*
21	F	Lord, let it alone this year also ;
22	S	And if it bear fruit thenceforth, well.—*Luke 13, 9 (R. V.)*
23	S	God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.—*1 Cor. 1, 29.* On Sabbath, 23rd July, 1637, Jenny Geddes, who kept a vegetable-stall in High Street, Edinburgh, flung her stool at the head of Dean Hanna when he began to read a prayer from Laud's Service-Book, and so put an end to liturgies in Scotland for 200 years. The inscription in St. Giles', which was written by Lord President Inglis, the greatest of modern Scotch judges, describes her as "a brave Scotchwoman who struck the first blow in the great struggle for freedom of conscience, which, after a conflict of half-a-century, ended in the establishment of civil and religious liberty."
24	M	Who smote Abimelech ?—*2 Sam. 11, 21.*
25	Tu	He took David from the sheepfolds.—*Ps. 78, 70.*
26	W	The Syrians brought away captive a little maid.—*2 Kings 5, 2.*
27	Th	I was a dresser of sycomore trees.—*Amos 7, 14.*
28	F	The children saying, Hosanna.—*Mat. 21, 15.*
29	S	Peter and John, unlearned and ignorant men.—*Acts 4, 13.*
30	S	He counted me faithful, appointing me to His service,
31	M	Who was before a blasphemer.—*1 Tim. 1, 13 (R. V.)* By the treaty of Lahore, 1845, every Sikh gun that had been pointed against the British had to be surrendered.

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The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

The Heron.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

August 6.—Paul at Miletus.—Acts 20, 22-35. Text, Heb. 13, 7. Quest. 32. Ps. 80, 3, 4

THIS moving farewell cannot be summarised. It speaks (1) of Paul's own future in vv. 22-27. All he is sure of is that it is full of danger—bonds and afflictions—but his heart is high, for they bring him nearer to the example of Christ's life. And he can leave his friends with a good conscience, for he has told them all the truth of God. (2) Then it speaks of the future of the Ephesian Church. It also is full of danger—worse danger than awaits Paul; for bad men will creep into it, and worse still, rise up in it, leading the disciples away from Christ. Paul commends them to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to do everything for them, and entreats the elders to care for the flock, remembering (*a*) that the Lord bought them with His own blood, and (*b*) that His apostle made himself their slave, and spent tears on them, night and day, for three years. What a hard, bad heart it would show to be careless of what had cost so dear.

August 13—Paul at Jerusalem.—Acts 21, 27-39. Text, Phil. 1, 29. Quest. 33. Ps. 80, 14, 15.

A GREAT soldier has said that "the man who, in the face of imminent peril can hold up his hand and count the fingers on it quite calmly, is the brave, self-possessed, serviceable individual." Paul was such a man. Amidst the greatest dangers he had the peace that passeth understanding. Compare with him Donald Cargill looking up to the windows round about him with a smiling countenance, and going up the scaffold ladder "with less fear and perturbation of mind than ever he entered the pulpit to preach." See how God fulfilled the promise of Mark 13, 11. The Egyptian of ver. 38 was a false Christ, 400 of whose followers had been slain by Felix a few weeks before on the Mount of Olives. The Jews at this time were in a specially excitable mood.

August 20.—Paul before Felix.—Acts 24, 10-25. Text, 1 Cor. 16, 13. Quest. 34. Ps. 80, 16, 17.

FELIX and his brother Pallas had been slaves of the Emperor Claudius, but had been set free by him. Claudius was ruled by his wife Agrippina—after whom the city Cologne was named, Colonia Agrippina. She poisoned him and was herself murdered by her son Nero. She and Pallas were friends, and ruled in Claudius' name. Through them Felix became governor first of Samaria, then of Judea. He was a thief, a murderer, with every vice that a slave and a king could have. Drusilla was the daughter of Herod who was eaten up of worms, granddaughter of him who slew the infants of Bethlehem. She was first betrothed to a heathen prince, but rejected him for Azizus, King of Emesa, who turned Jew to please her. Felix, now old, had already married two princesses, but through the arts of Simon Magus he got Drusilla, a beauty of twenty, to leave her husband. If Felix had turned to God, he would have had to give up her and all his unholy gains. That certainly would not have been *convenient.* And it never will be "convenient" for anybody to be saved. Salvation is matter of life and death, a being crucified with Christ, and the longer we put it off the harder it becomes. If it had been a matter of "convenience," God would not have had to give up His Son from eternity.

Drusilla and her boy perished in the great eruption of Vesuvius, when Pompeii was destroyed, twenty-one years afterwards.

August 27.—Paul before Agrippa.—Acts 26, 19-32. Text, 1 Cor. 1, 24. Quest. 35. Ps. 80, 18, 19.

BERNICE and Drusilla were Agrippa's sisters. He was now 33. He went to hear Paul as we would go to a lecture or an entertainment or an interesting law-suit. He never dreamed that Paul would make a personal appeal to him and ask him to believe in Christ. (See verse 28, Revised Version.) And when Paul did that, he rose up and walked out. In verse 32, we see how he shirks the real question at issue. The appeal to Cæsar could not be altered now, but what about the personal appeal to himself? That is the mistake we all make. We compliment the preacher, or criticize the music, and forget the one question that is before us—believest thou in Christ?

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 75.)

At the age of 55

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, a French engineer, began the construction of the Suez Canal, 1859, after the bitterest opposition from statesmen and engineers, especially those of Britain. The design first entered his mind when, at the age of thirty-six, he was detained in quarantine at Port Said. The work took ten years to do, but more than anything else, except the telegraph, it has brought the ends of the world together. The canal is but 100 miles long, and, on an average, 100 yards broad, yet so much has it shortened the road to the East that shipowners willingly pay its enormous dues. I passed through it in the "City of Manchester" in 1876. "How much do you think I had to pay this morning," said our captain, at breakfast, "before they would let us into the canal?" One person, I remember, guessed £30; another, but he was very bold, said, "£100, at least." "Well," said the captain, "it was exactly £1,330!" Lesseps is still living, and would, but for his great age, have been lying in prison at this moment for his disastrous management of his Panama scheme.

55 JOHN CALVIN died, 27th May, 1564. He is the greatest of all Frenchmen, and one of the greatest of all reasoners, theologians, commentators, or statesmen who have ever lived. The latter half of his life was one of constant bodily suffering. He refused to take his stipend when he found himself unable to preach. But he never ceased working to the last, and when asked to spare himself a little, would only answer, "Would you that the Lord should find me idle when He comes?"

56 DANTE died in exile at Ravenna, 1321. He was born in Florence, May, 1265, and on May 27, 1865, his remains were discovered by accident in a rough box inscribed *Dantis Ossa*, Dante's Bones, walled up in an old church. "His is the first great name in literature after the night of the dark ages." What Luther did by his translation of the Scriptures for the German language, Dante did by his poems for the Italian. He fixed it for all time. The ruling influence of his life was a little girl Beatrice Portinaci, eight years old, whom he had seen for the first and almost last time when he was a boy of nine. It was to fulfil his vow "to write concerning her what hath not before been written of any woman," that he wrote his greatest work, the Divina Commedia. Tennyson, in a poem written at the request of the Florentines, addresses Dante as

> King that hast reigned six hundred years, and grown
> In power, and ever growest,

and speaks of himself in comparison with him as one who wears "but the garland of a day."

Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.—Prov. 27, 10.

A FRENCHMAN whom I met in Java sixteen years ago showed me his note-book. It was the most beautifully kept diary I ever saw. But what I remember best about it is the pages at the beginning with this heading: "List of persons who gave me information, or helped me in any way during my travels." I have often thought since that we should all of us keep a written list of those who befriend us, or show us any kindness, however trivial. Such a record of the goodness and mercy that have followed us would make us love both God and man more than we do. I wonder if there will be one boy or girl who reads this who will begin such a book forthwith.

'Day's at the Morn':

Some Pioneers of Christ's Kingdom.

CHAPTER VIII.

How Dr. John Vanderkemp became a Healer of Souls.

THREE weeks ago I was walking by night with four friends and a guide over a snowfield in Norway. We were crossing the mountains from one valley into another—from the Eikisdal into the Romsdal. It was a very difficult walk, but it had wonderful compensations. For one thing, we saw a sunrise which none of us will ever forget. The sky behind us was a mass of gorgeous colour. And, in front, the tints on the pure and spotless snow, rosy pink and yellow gold, make me think of the New Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God like a bride adorned for her husband. There was an unearthly beauty about it all.

But better than the sunrise in the world is the sunrise in the heart, when God says "Let there be light." Better, too, is the sunrise in a land which has been lying in the midnight of heathenism, when the morning wakens and the shadows decay.

I am going to tell you how the day dawned in the soul of Dr. John Vanderkemp, and then how he helped to usher the morning in for others.

I.

One bright day in June, near the close of last century, a little boat was sailing on the Meuse, near Dort. There were three people in it, a lady and gentleman and their child. Suddenly the sky grew dark and the wind rose. The boat was caught in the storm and was upset. Mother and daughter were drowned before the eyes of the father, though he strained every nerve to save them; he escaped himself as if by a miracle.

The man whose life was spared, and on whose home such desolateness had fallen, was Dr. Vanderkemp. He was a prosperous physician in the town of Middleburg. He held degrees from the University of Leyden and from that of Edinburgh. He had been an officer in

the Dutch army, and was a friend of the Prince of Orange. Through all Holland he was known for his attainments in literature and science. But he was not a believer in God. He had read the infidel books of France till he had learned to think as they thought. He laughed at the simple people who went to church, and who called one their Master, even Christ.

But the sorrow and deliverance of that summer afternoon roused him to seek the Lord. Mrs. Browning writes in one of her peoms :

" Eyes that the preacher could not school
By wayside graves are raised ;
And lips say 'God be pitiful !"
That ne'er said 'God be praised!"

It was so with John Vanderkemp. God came to him through the terrible experience which made such a change in his life—came in love to this wandering child, and took him by the hand, and led him home.

II.

Dr. Vanderkemp could not do enough now for Christ. So he offered himself to the London Missionary Society, and they sent him out to South Africa to labour among the Kaffirs. He was the first messenger of Jesus who went to this wild people. He was the forerunner of Robert Moffat and David Livingstone, and they were proud to follow in his steps. But how sorry he was that he had not given his life to God sooner ! He could take up the old complaint of Augustine, "Too late I learned to know Thee, O thou Beauty of ancient days, too late I learned to love Thee." He was fifty-two when he landed at Cape Town and began his work. Those are happiest, they do most for Christ and the world, who seek and find the Lord in the days of their youth.

III.

But John Vanderkemp did his utmost to redeem the years that the locust had eaten. He pushed into the heart of Kaffirland, and settled in the country of a chief called Gaika, who gave him a very grudging and suspicious welcome. He built himself a frail little house, which could not keep out the heavy rains at night. The hyenas used to come prowling about, and he had more than one narrow escape from lions. Sometimes he was robbed by the very men for whose sake he had given up comfort and honour at home. He had to bear their sneers and reproaches too, for they did not understand such loving self-forgetfulness as his—they had never seen anything like it before. But he held on his way, and God was with him. Before he died he had the gladness of founding a Missionary settlement and Church and School at Bethelsdorp, near Algoa Bay, and of seeing a number of Kaffirs living there as servants and friends of the Lord Jesus Christ. To the last he was full of new plans and purposes. When he had been eleven years in Africa, the needs of Madagascar began to weigh heavily on his heart. He wondered if God did not wish him to go there. Day and night he made mention of the Malagasy in his prayers.

IV.

God had other wishes for the good physician. He said to him, "Friend, come up higher." On a December morning in 1811, after conducting family worship, he became very ill. A friend asked him, "What is the state of your mind?" and he was just able to whisper, "All is well." Again the question was put, "Is it light or dark with you?" "Light," was the reply. Immediately afterwards he passed to see the light as of seven days, the glory of God and of the Lamb.

His name is a household word in South Africa to-day, and many rise up and call him blessed.

The Bad Heron.

THERE had long been a heronry in the Makgill Woods, and at the time I speak of, fifteen years ago, it seemed as if it were going to be the largest in the East of Scotland. The young birds were plentiful and unusually strong. The woods were large and undisturbed, the burns and mill-dams full of fish, and the neighbouring marshes as yet undrained.

But the reign of happiness soon ended, for there came an evil spirit into one of them. He was a very beautiful bird, three feet in height, six feet from tip to tip of his outstretched wings, and he weighed no less than three and a half pounds. Now, the way he did was this. If any heron did what was wrong, he kept it from being forgotten, and did it so cleverly that it looked as if it was some other one that had brought the matter up. And if any one did anything good or clever, such as catching a big fish, he disparaged it by comparing it with the fishes which he said his ancestors caught every day. If any quarrel arose, he slyly added fuel to it. And if a bird from another heronry congratulated him on the good times that his comrades had, he would shrug his shoulders and hint that all their so-called prosperity was—"Well, it was not for him to talk, but——." So the rumour

spread that the heronry was really in a bad way; and rumour soon multiplied itself, and the herons, hearing from everyone they met that things were in a bad way with them, began at last to believe it. Yet they could see nothing wrong, and tried to be as happy as they had right to be. But their merry-makings left them sadder, for the bad one amongst them sat silent and gloomy, and his gloom infected them. It was a wicked old bird that had put him up to that long ago. "You can say a lot," he said to him, "by saying nothing, and they can't pull you up for it."

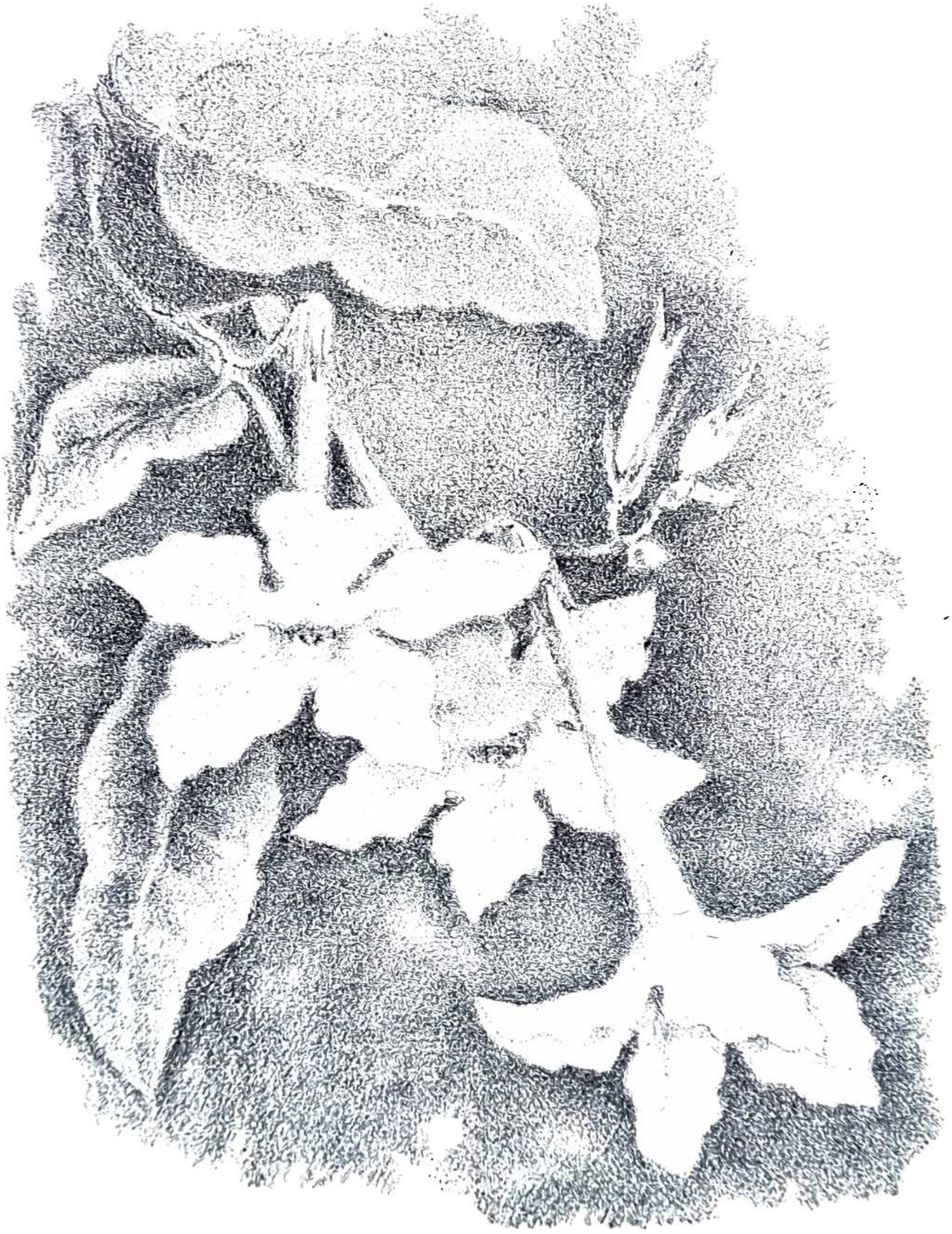
It was a wet autumn, and an epidemic attacked the heronry. The birds sickened, lost heart, and died one after another, till only two were left, the bad one and a young one whom he particularly hated. Then one day the young one was shot as he stood fishing, by a cruel sportsman who had stalked him carefully. The poor bird's wing was broken, but he made a gallant fight for his life with the retriever who came to fetch him, and actually put out one of the dog's eyes with his long bill. Another shot settled him, however, but ere he died he looked up to the old fir on whose top he had spent many a happy hour, and there he saw his enemy snapping his bill, and showing every gesture of delight.

Two other herons, of a neighbouring colony, saw him too, and told it when they reached home. Then one by one other things were recalled, and they began to see the true character of the bird that had gone in and out among them so often.

Next day at noon he came, and with much pretence of sorrow at the desolation of the home that had been so dear to him, asked to be allowed to enter theirs. He spoke long, for he was by nature talkative. By and by he saw that no one answered him. They sat round him in the great oak-tree, and below him, and above him, but not one would say a word. Two hours, three hours, four hours, five hours of that appalling stillness passed. He would have flown away if he could, but his legs and wings were paralysed with fear. If there was one thing in the world that he thought he had known before, it was the awful power of silence; *how* awful it was, he only now found out. A moment before sunset he shrieked, "Speak! speak! will no one speak?" And then the oldest heron uttered one word of command, and in an instant he was torn in pieces, and all was over.

The Tobacco Plant.

I LIKE to see a boy running, leaping, riding, swimming, batting, bowling, and especially fielding at cricket, or playing football, if he plays it like a gentleman. In doing these things he is doing something; he is strengthening his muscles, and nerves, and limbs, and eyes, and training his temper and his will, and pleasing God. These things all fit him for the work of life. But a boy who is smoking is doing nothing—I mean, nothing good—and very often he knows he is doing something bad. For he is doing what he dare not



tell his mother, and there is no bravery in that.

The tobacco plant, five or six feet high, with its white or rose-pink flowers, looks very beautiful growing in a field. Doubtless, too,

God made it to be useful. But no boy needs it. I hope you will resolve not to smoke till you are twenty-one, unless, of course, you are suffering from some disease in which it would do you good, and if you do without it till you are twenty-one I think you will manage to put off using it till you are twenty-two. And by the time you are twenty-two, I hope you will have learned what a glorious thing a man's life may be if he keeps his body under and makes it the servant, and not the master, of his soul and spirit.

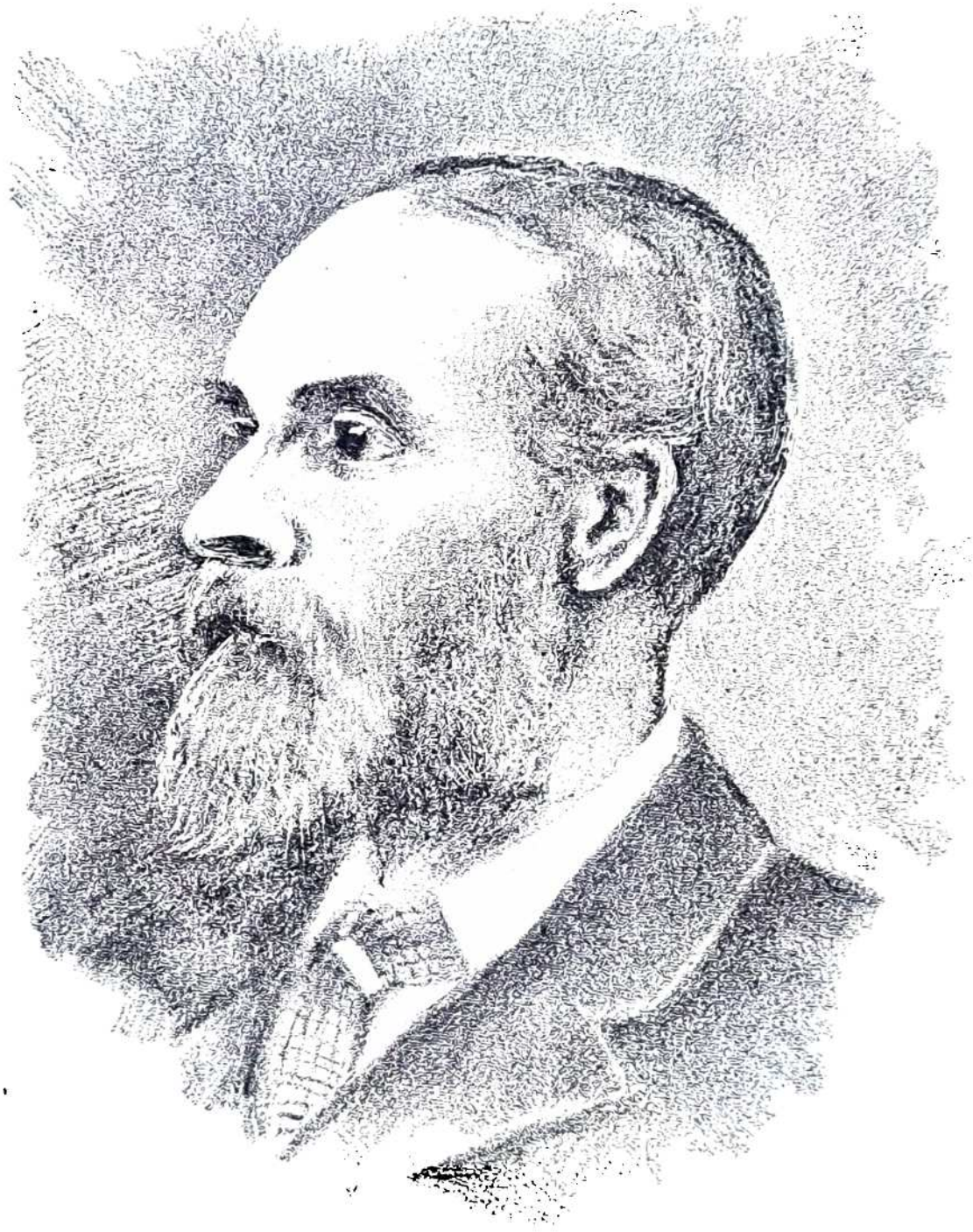
One night in August, 1857, sixteen natives, and some of the servants of the Lucknow garrison, who had been faithful and brave during eight weeks of fiery trial, were found to have deserted. In several places on the walls they left these words written: "Because I have no opium." They did not gain much, for they were all shot by the enemy. The fewer the things that we cannot possibly do without as we go through life the better. Many a wise man has acted very foolishly, and many a brave one very selfishly, simply because he had forgotten his pipe, or used his last match, and couldn't get a smoke.

Mr. Nettleship.

MR. NETTLESHIP was lecturer, tutor, and Junior Dean of Balliol College, Oxford. His lectures on Plato used to fill his College hall. But the charm of the man himself was even greater than his scholarship. The very mention of his name roused languid men, and to be able to say that one had met him opened any door in Oxford. He had a curiously guarded and hesitating way of saying things, so much so, that, according to a well-known jest, if he had been asked to say who he was, his answer would have been something like this: "Roughly, so to speak, I mean I think I am the Junior Dean." When he came up to Oxford for his first term, the story goes, he knocked at the porter's lodge and asked to be shown Mr. Nettleship's rooms. The porter answered gruffly, "Mr. Nettleship? he hasn't come up to Oxford yet." "Oh!" was the meek answer, "hasn't he? I thought he had. But you must know best." And he walked the streets, the story goes on, for half an hour before he ventured back.

On Tuesday, 24th August, last year, he set out from Chamounix with two guides to make the ascent of Mont Blanc. In the afternoon a snowstorm suddenly came on. All landmarks were obliterated, the guides could not find their way, and the party had to spend the night in a hole which they dug in the ice and snow. The guides told afterwards how cheerily he sang to them when they got drowsy, knowing that sleep in such a case meant death.

In the morning, as the storm showed no sign of ceasing, he urged the guides to make an effort to retrace their steps. "It was idle," he said, "to remain, and die like cowards." He led the way and



they obeyed him, but an hour afterwards his strength gave way, he staggered a few steps, and then fell down. He said a few words which they could not understand, then shook hands with them, and died.

It will be many a year before his name will be forgotten; yet forgotten it will be, and the memory of his extraordinary gifts will pass away, and a generation will arise that never saw his sweet smile and earnest gaze, but in Chamounix at least the tradition will never fail of the English gentleman who "shook hands with his guides and died."

On the stone that marks his grave are these words—

RICHARD LEWIS NETTLESHIP:
Born, December 13, 1847;
Died on Mont Blanc, August 25, 1892.
"He maketh the storm a calm."

AT the battle of Majuba Hill, Natal, in which the British were defeated in 1881, Lance-Corporal Farmer held a flag of truce over some wounded men. The Boers shot his arm. "I have another," he said, and held up the flag with his left arm, till the Boers shot that through also.

Forget not to shew love unto strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.—Heb. 13 2, R.V.

WHEN the Queen visited Edinburgh with her son, the late Duke of Albany, in 1876, I noticed that, as they drove along Princes Street, saluting the cheering crowds, the young Prince kept his eye fixed on Sir Walter Scott's Monument. He was only doing what most others do who pass along that wonderful street. For the Scott Monument is one of the glories of Edinburgh. It was designed in 1838, six years after Scott's death, by one, George Kemp, who in his youth was a carpenter and millwright. In 1813, when the future architect was 18 years old—so says the writer of his recently published life—he was on his way to Galashiels with his tools slung over his shoulder, and a walk of seventeen miles before him. On the way a carriage overtook him and drew up beside him. He then noticed a gentleman in the carriage who had evidently directed his coachman to find out how far the traveller had to go. Kemp was offered a seat, and, having accepted the invitation, was driven to his journey's end. When he alighted, he found out from the townspeople that the gentleman in the carriage was the Sheriff of the County, known better afterwards as Sir Walter Scott. Little did Sir Walter think that in shewing kindness to that wayfaring lad he was building his own monument!

Bible Questions.

SENIORS AND JUNIORS (Juniors to do any three, Seniors, four or more).—1. Illustrate from the Bible, or history, Judges 1, 7—"As I have done, so hath God requited me." 2. How often did Paul visit Jerusalem after his conversion? 3. What parts of a ship are mentioned in the Bible? 4. A list of presents given to people in the Bible. 5. Some of the shortest lives in the Bible. 6. Some things (see Ephesians) that Christ does for the Church.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the June number have been received from—

SENIORS.—A. Fulton, James S. Fulton, Eliza G. Howie, Lizzie Kirkwood, M. Martin, Mary G. M'Neil.

JUNIORS.—Janet Barclay, David Blair, Jeanie Crawford, John Crawford, Tina Crawford, Geo. S. Fulton, Robert Hardie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Matthew Lang, Minnie Martin, Jeanie M'Neil, Maggie Paterson (1 and 3), William Paterson.

The names of those who did the July lessons will be published in September.

1	Tu	We are called by Thy name;
2	W	Leave us not.—*Jer. 14, 9.*
3	Th	The disciples were called Christians.—*Acts 11, 26.* Alexander the Great once admonished a soldier of the same name with himself to remember that he was called Alexander, and to behave himself accordingly.
4	F	Surely thou also art one of them.—*Matt. 26, 73.*
5	S	I will write upon him Mine own new name.—*Rev. 3, 12 (R. V.)*
6	S	God is greatly to be feared.—*Ps. 89, 7.* "Literally," said Rabbi Duncan to his class one day, "God is tremendous. Ah, dear gentlemen, there is something 'tremendous' in the atonement."
7	M	Evil shall not sojourn with thee.—*Ps. 5, 4 (R. V.)*
8	Tu	He chose us before the foundation of the world.—*Eph. 1, 4.*
9	W	While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.
10	Th	Justified by His blood.
11	F	Whom He justified, them He also glorified.—*Rom. 8, 30.*
12	S	That they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me: for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world.—*John 17, 24.*
13	S	A people prepared for the Lord.—*Luke 1, 17.*
14	M	That servant which made not ready.—*Luke 12, 47 (R. V.)*
15	Tu	Ye are not your own.—*1 Cor. 6, 19.* Lord Northington (1708-1772) suffered much from gout owing to wine-drinking in his youth. Once in the House of Lords, as he was hobbling to the Woolsack, he was heard muttering, "If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a Lord Chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad."
16	W	At midnight there is a cry, Behold, the bridegroom,
17	Th	Come ye forth to meet Him.
18	F	They that were ready went in with Him:
19	S	And the door was shut.—*Matt. 25, 6 (R. V.)*
20	S	Spiritually minded.—*Romans 8, 6.*
21	M	Sober minded—*Titus 2, 6.*
22	Tu	Be ye all of one mind.—*1 Peter 3, 8.*
23	W	Be not high-minded.—*Romans 11, 20.*
24	Th	Carnally minded.—*Romans 8, 6.* "Envy, malice, the mean lie, the mean silence, the calumnious truth, the backbiter, the petty tyrant, the peevish poisoner of family life—these are all displays of the truly diabolic." *R. L. Stevenson: Across the Plains.*
25	F	Double-minded.—*James 1, 8.*
26	S	Neither be ye of doubtful mind.—*Luke 12, 29.*
27	S	The Lord hath sworn, Thou art a priest for ever.—*Ps. 110, 4.* Might I not tell Of vows, where there was never need of vows?—*Tennyson.*
28	M	God interposed with an oath:
29	Tu	That we may have a strong encouragement.—*Heb. 6. 17 (R. V.)*
30	W	Have I any pleasure in the death of the wicked?—*Ezek. 18, 23.*
31	Th	Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked.—*ch. 33, 11.*

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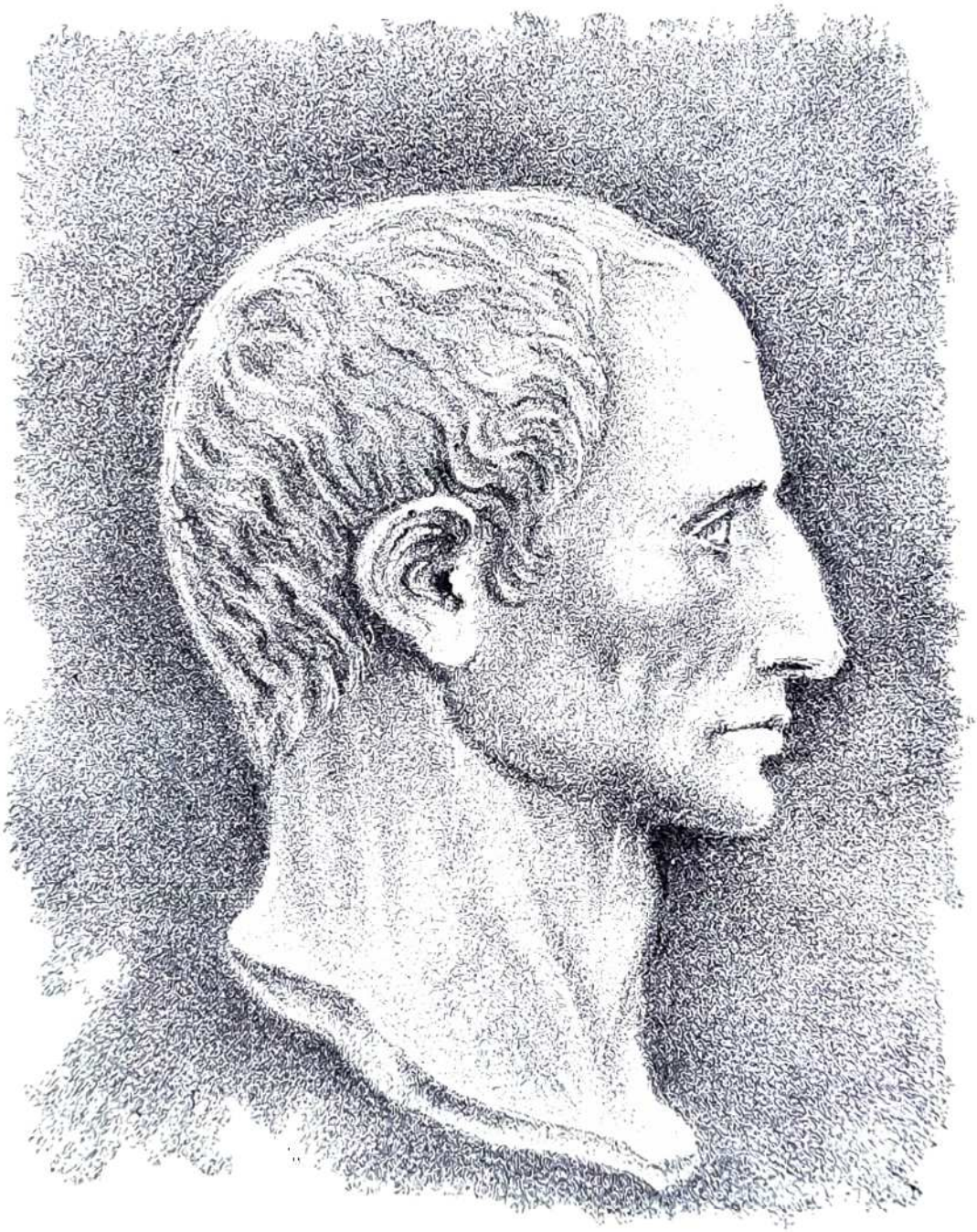
September, 1893. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.



Julius Cæsar,

Murdered, 15th March, B.C. 44.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

September 3.—Paul Shipwrecked.—Acts 27, 30-44. Text, Psalm 46, 1. Quest. 36. Psalm 81, 8,9.

A GREAT peril shows better than anything else what is in man. This shipwreck in St. Paul's Bay showed the cowardly selfishness of the sailors, who meant to save their own lives at the cost of all the rest; the helplessness of the passengers in general, who had given up all for lost, and sat gloomily waiting the end; and the truculent fidelity of the soldiers, whose disciplined heads had room for only one idea—that the prisoners must not get off. It shows especially the cheeriness, the presence of mind, and the ascendancy over others of one who, even in peril, has a quiet faith in God. Paul was no sailor; but he saved the ship's company. He relied on God's promise (v. 24), but he saw to everything that had to be done. God, in fulfilling His promise, was to use the skill of the sailors, the courage with which Paul inspired the rest, and even the boards and broken pieces of the ship. In every good sense Paul was the life of the company.

(This chapter should be read in the Revised Version. There is a delightful book which I hope many of you will read some day, by James Smith of Jordanhill. He was a geologist, a brilliant mathematician, a yachtsman of nearly forty years' experience; he knew Malta and the Mediterranean, and never lost an opportunity of talking with men who had sailed in the Levant. Thirty years ago he traversed Paul's route with Luke's account of it for his guide, scrutinising the Bible narrative "precisely as he would have done had it been written by Baffin." The result is not only the best book on ancient navigation, but one of the best aids to Christian faith ever written. So thoroughly did he do his work that we now know the very spot where that shipwreck took place eighteen centuries ago.)

September 10.—Paul at Rome.—Acts 28, 20-31. Text, Rom. 1, 16. Quest. 37. Psalm 81, 10-11.

PAUL made the most of his prison-life. "On the few square feet of space allowed him," says Dr. Stalker, "he erected a fulcrum with which he moved the world, and established within the walls of Nero's capital a sovereignty more extensive than his own." Every day six or eight soldiers of the Imperial Guard, the flower of the Roman army, relieved one another in watching him. To them he spoke about Christ. Here he wrote, too, Philemon, Colossians, Philippians, and Ephesians, "perhaps the sublimest book in the world." In two years he was set free, travelled, wrote 1 Timothy and Titus, but five years later he was imprisoned for the last time. 2 Timothy was his last book. He was put to death about A. D. 68.

September 17.—Personal Responsibility.—Rom. 14, 12-23. Text, Rom. 14, 21. Quest. 38. Psalm 81, 12-14.

IN matters of right and wrong, first thoughts are best; don't argue with God after He has said "No." Remember Balaam.

Let me urge you with all my might never to touch strong drink. If you but knew the stealthy way it deceives and masters a man, the misery it brings, the awful effects that one act of drunkenness may cause—effects that last for generations; if you knew how many whom you think to be temperate men and women are yielding to this sin; if you knew how needful it is, in a world in which God may knock at our door at any moment, to be always at your best, ready for any work He may offer you; oh, if you knew your own weakness! I think you would not let this day pass without resolving to abstain from drink. And let me beg of you, not only to resolve in God's name to do so, but, pledge yourself, leave no room to the world for doubt, and no room to yourself for afterthoughts.

September 24.—Review of the Lessons. Text, Rom. 10, 17. Quest. 39. Psalm 81, 15,16.

October 1.—The Power of the Gospel.—Rom. 1, 8-17. Text, Rom. 1, 16. Quest. 40. Psalm 84, 1,2.

'Day's at the Morn':

Some Pioneers of Christ's Kingdom.

Chapter IX.

How Harriet Atwood *counted all things loss for the sake of the Name.*

WHAT delightful books you boys and girls have nowadays! Your grandfathers and grandmothers would open their eyes wide in astonishment if they could see them, with their covers of blue and scarlet and green and gold, and with the wonderful stories inside and the pictures that brighten the pages. There were no such books in their time, and you ought to be very thankful that the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places.

But the dear old people had good books too. I have been reading one of them lately. There is nothing attractive about its looks. Neither binding nor printing is the least like what you know, and there is not a single picture from end to end. And yet the book is as full of fragrance as a jar of rose-leaves gathered summers and summers ago. It is wholesome and sweet.

I.

This is its title: "Memoirs of Mrs. H. Newell, wife of the Rev. S. Newell, American Missionary to India." Yes, there can be no doubt about it—the heroine of the story is very old-fashioned. She belongs to another generation, almost to another world. Her language, when she was just a girl, is quite different from yours. You would hardly thank your friend for her "last affectionate epistle in the perusal of which you had the most pleasing sensations;" that seems too stilted and antique for your taste; you would tell her how glad you were to get her kind and loving letter. You would not talk about your "probationary existence" and about being "a candidate for eternity." It is a style of speech which has gone out of repute. It has passed away with many other things that belonged to the time when George the Third was King.

II.

Yet Harriet Atwood herself deserves to be remembered. She was a bright American girl, born exactly a hundred years ago, in October, 1793. Her home was in the little town of Haverhill, in Massachusetts—the State you associate with the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. She was one of their descendants, and she shared their spirit; she showed herself as good and brave as they had been. When she was thirteen, at school in Bradford, "a place highly favoured of the Lord," she gave her heart up to God, and she never wanted to take the gift back again. But you must not suppose that her religion made her gloomy. She was inclined to fancy that she was too gay and cheerful, and apt to forget the heavenly Master in the society of earthly friends. It was a tender conscience which upbraided her in that way, for she walked in very close fellowship with Jesus. Among the schoolgirls in Bradford she was a clear and burnished mirror reflecting the glory of the Lord.

III.

When she was eighteen, Mr. Newell asked her to be his wife. He was a young student, soon to go out to India as a missionary. It cost the happy girl a great deal to say goodbye to her native land. There were scarcely any women in the mission-field then; it was all unexplored territory to them. But she went willingly "for the sake of the Name." They sailed, a party of four or five, with Adoniram Judson as one of their number, in the ship *Caravan*—an old vessel which sprang a leak before they had been long at sea. They were 114 days out before they sighted the coast of India. You may be sure that the young wife was glad when they landed at last in Calcutta, and went from there to Serampore, to stay for a little with the famous missionaries, Carey and Marshman and Ward. "Good Dr. Carey," Harriet Newell wrote home, "is a small baldheaded man of sixty; such is he whose name will be remembered to the latest generations." They were weeks of unmixed pleasure which were spent in Serampore. But soon they were over; and it was a sad sad time that followed.

IV.

England and America were at war then, and the East India Company ordered the American Missionaries to leave British territory immediately. The Judsons went to Burmah; the Newells took ship again for the Island of Mauritius. It was an even drearier and rougher voyage than they had had before. On the way a little baby-girl was given them, but she went home to God five days after her birth, and her body was buried at sea. Then the young mother herself sickened, and when they reached Port Louis the doctors said that there was no hope. She lingered only for a few days. "Tell those at home," she said once, "that I have never regretted leaving my native land for the cause of Christ." Then, when the Master had actually come and was calling her by name, her husband asked her, "How does death appear to you now?" and she replied, "Glorious! truly welcome." So she was more than a conqueror through Him who loved her.

V.

More than a conqueror, though her life looked broken and disappointed and beaten. She was just nineteen. She had never really entered on the work to which she had dedicated herself. She died among strangers. But, as Dr. Leonard Woods said when he preached her funeral sermon in Haverhill Church over the sea, she was "a lovely saint who had gone to receive an unfading crown," and it was "a great honour which God had given her in permitting her to be the first martyr to the Missionary cause from the American world."

She liveth long who liveth well,
All other life is short and vain;
She liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

Which of my girl-readers will ask help to walk in Harriet Atwood's steps?

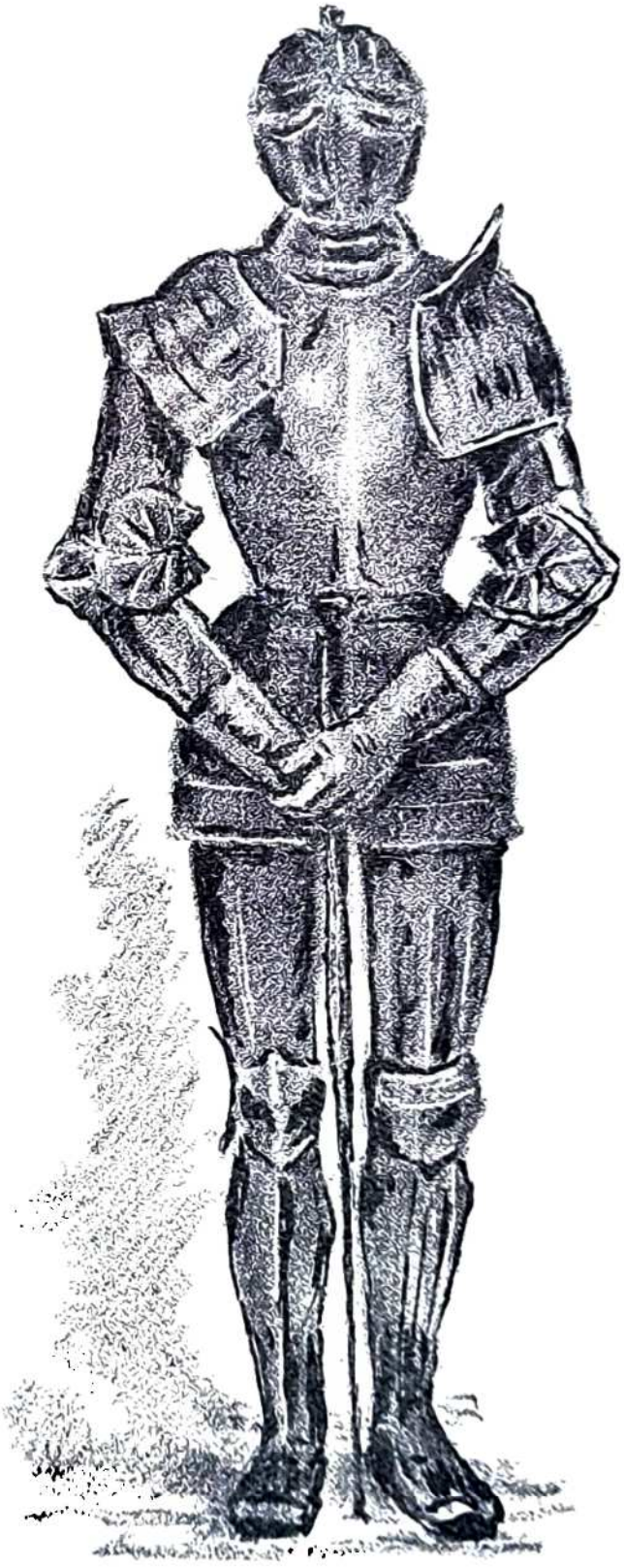
Bayard,

Le Chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche.

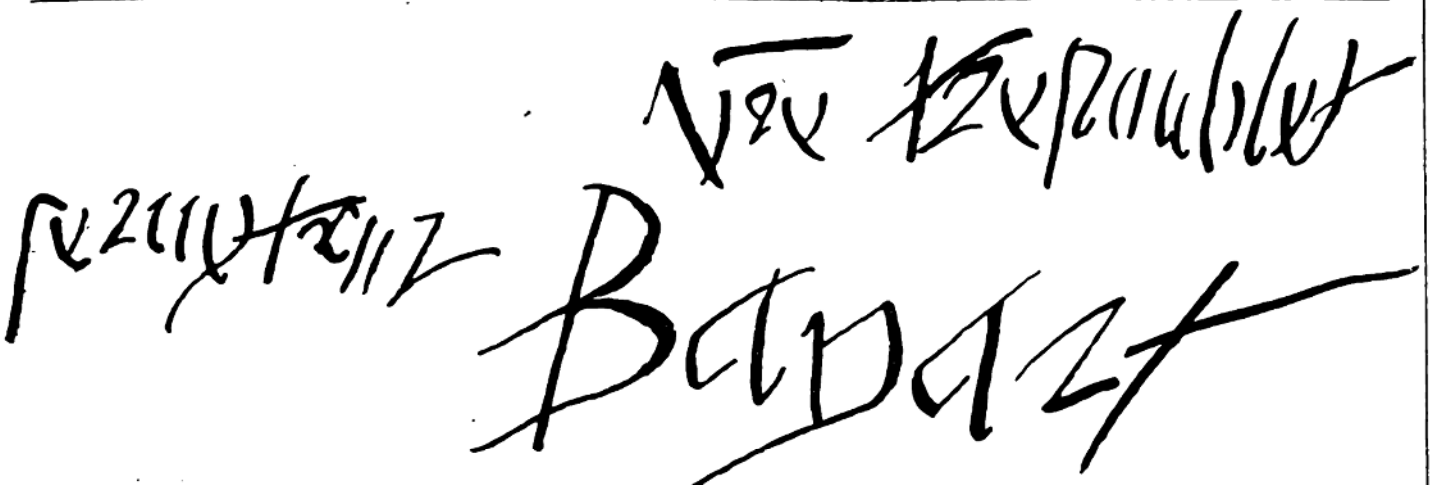
BAYARD was so brave and yet so gentle that he is known as the "fearless and blameless knight." He was born at Grenoble, in the south of France, in 1476. His father had been wounded, and his grandfather and great-grandfather both killed, in battle. In those days knighthood was the reward of bravery, and the right to wear gold spurs was one of its ensigns. If a knight did anything that was unworthy, his spurs were hacked off and his sword broken in two, just as, in our own day, when a sergeant is degraded for misconduct, the stripes on his arm are cut off and thrown on the ground. Bayard won his spurs by capturing a standard on the field of battle when he was eighteen. Later on in life, single-handed, he defended a bridge against two hundred Spaniards.

But it was his modesty and gentleness and high sense of honour, even more than his bravery, that have caused his name to be remembered. It is possible to be a soldier and at the same time to be a Christian gentleman, but it is not easy. It is hard even to play a game without seizing an unfair advantage if it offers. But in war men are tempted to think that everything is fair that can be done against an enemy.

One of the greatest of living soldiers, for example, says, that if in time of war an officer should come bearing a flag of truce from the enemy, the trumpeter who accompanies him should be given plenty



Bayard's armour, now in the Rotunda Museum at Woolwich.



V(ost)re tres humblet servyteur Bayart. *Your very humble servant, Bayart.*

to drink if he likes to have it, in order that news may be extracted from him when the liquor has untied his tongue. This is not what Bayard would have done. Rather, I am sure, he would have acted as Lord Raglan did, who, at a critical moment after the battle of the Alma, Mr. Kinglake tells us, refused even to question a poor reeling Russian officer of artillery who had been taken prisoner. "The feeling with which he looked upon him was hardly short of distress."

In 1513, when Bayard was fighting in Belgium against Henry VIII. of England, his escape was cut off. Suddenly, however, he found himself in front of an English officer, who, having been wounded, was resting unarmed. Bayard summoned him to surrender, but when the officer complied, Bayard in turn gave himself up to him, saying, "I am Bayard, and I am now your prisoner." On this, as on other occasions, when he was taken by the enemy, he bore himself so nobly that he was released without ransom.

He died in battle, April 30, 1534. When he felt his wound to be mortal, he placed himself against a tree, that he might die facing the enemy. There one of the French princes found him, and began to express his pity for him. "My lord," he answered, "I thank you, but pity is not for me, who die a true man, serving my king; pity is for you, who bear arms against your prince, your country, and your oath." He died a little after, repeating the 51st Psalm.

Late Again!

I REMEMBER calling on a student one night long ago to see what had kept him from his classes that day. He had been absent from them all—the Junior Latin, which met at eight o'clock and again at eleven, and the Middle Greek, which met at ten. And this is what he told me.

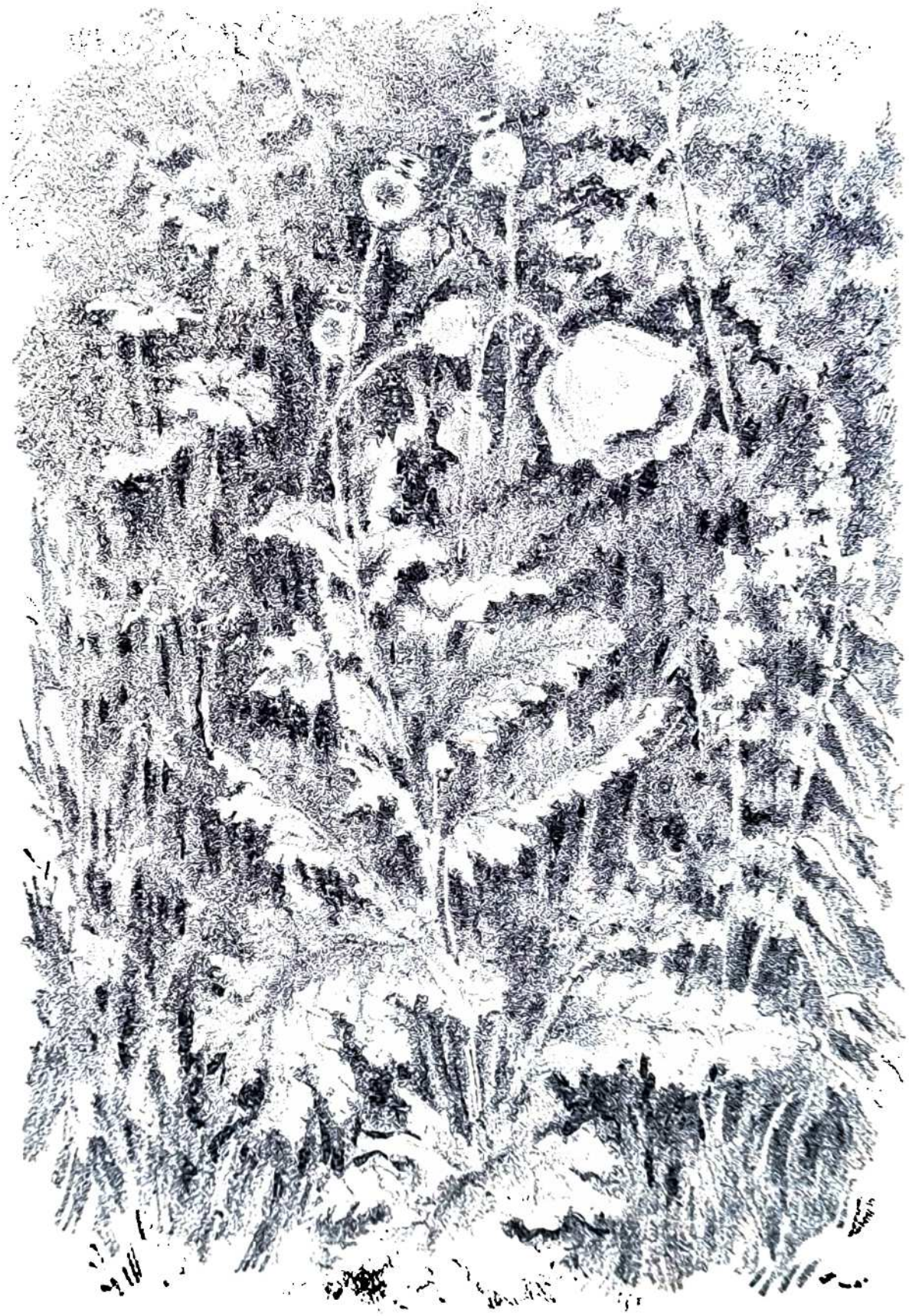
He had slept in in the morning till twenty minutes to eight, and as the College was nearly two miles distant, for it was the Old College in High Street, Glasgow, and he lived near St. George's Road, he saw it was hopeless to try to be

there in time, and lay down again for a little more sleep, a little more slumber. He rose after nine and set off, as he thought, with plenty of time before him, but when he got to the "Normal," at the joining of New City Road and Cambridge Street, he found it wanted only thirteen minutes to ten. Then he began to run, and a fine sight he must have been, for he had a big beard and was almost six feet in height. When he reached the end of College Street, the little bell which tinkled high up in the tower for three minutes at the beginning of every hour was ringing. He ran harder, and had got into the inner quadrangle, within thirty yards of the Greek room door, when the bell stopped, and he was locked out. There was nothing now for him to do but to wait in the Reading Room till the hour was past. What came over him there he couldn't tell, but suddenly he noticed that the eleven o'clock bell was ringing. He picked up his books, ran out of the room, down stairs, through the arched way, round the corner, and up stairs, two steps at a time, as hard as he could, to the Latin door, and had almost reached it when the bell stopped and the porter—a very surly man he was, too, I remember—shut the door in his face, and the poor student had the mortification of knowing that he had that day not only missed anything that might have been learnt in his classes, but had got three bad marks put opposite his name, which would affect the character of his certificate four months afterwards.

That is the only thing I can remember that student doing, and I fear his after career would be in keeping with it.

Time is one of the elements in which we live. Every moment, continually, always, we must be either using or misusing it. The man who is late once will in all likelihood be late twice, thrice, perhaps ten times, twenty times, for something or other, the same day. A few times every day means, even without interest, many hundreds of times in a year, and many, many thousands of times even in a short life. And how much we lose in losing *time* only God knows.

Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.—Jer. 49, 11.



Poppies.

DR. M'CRIE'S mother used to say to her servants, "Begin the day with God; and take a little time to yourself before beginning my work."

THE Right Hon. Arthur Kavanagh, M.P., a godly Irish gentleman who died five years ago, used to say to the labourers in the fields as he passed them, "God bless the work, boys;" and they would answer, "God bless your honour."

He was a remarkable man. He was born without arms or legs, yet he was expert in most manly accomplishments. There were few more daring riders. And he did a good life's work. The passage of Scripture on his tombstone is: Matt. 25. 21.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 88.)

At the age of 56

MARTIN HARPERTZOON TROMP, the great Dutch admiral, was killed in the seafight with the English under Monk, off the coast of Holland, 31st July, 1653. Bismarck, a few days ago, warned the schoolmasters of Germany to beware of imitating those of France, who, when teaching children French history, told them about victories, but never about defeats. We, too, need the same warning. When a Scotch boy meets an English boy for the first time, he says "Bannockburn" to him; he forgets all about Flodden. To every nation, however little, God has given something to be proud of: great epochs, great men, great victories; and to every nation, however powerful, He has sent disasters and defeats, that no flesh may glory in His presence. It is God, and not Britannia, that rules the waves. Tromp was the victor in thirty-three sea-battles over Spain and Britain. In May, 1652, after his great victory over us off Dover, he sailed up and down the English Channel, and whether it be true or not that he carried a broom at his mast-head, it is certain that he could claim with truth to have "swept the seas." It was in that battle that he got a box on the ear that nearly knocked him down from a sailor who was hurrying past him with a bag of powder. Tromp was in his way, and the sailor had not recognised him. After the battle he was sent for; he remembered, he said, giving someone a blow, but he had no idea who it was. His terror on finding it had been the admiral may be imagined. "Don't be afraid," said Tromp, "you only did your duty; never let anyone stand in your way when you are carrying out your orders. Only, the next time you hit, don't do it quite so hard!" And then the man was promoted.

In the fight in which Tromp lost his life, the English, who won, had eight captains killed and eight more wounded, but only one or two ships were lost. Of the Dutch men-of-war, thirty were sunk or taken. That morning they had stood out proudly over a hundred sail, "but they were very thin when the sun went down."

At the age of 56

CAESAR was murdered on the Ides, that is, the 15th of March, B.C. 44. The previous evening, while he was at supper, the conversation turned on death, and on the kind of death which was most to be desired. Caesar, who was signing papers while the rest were talking, looked up and said, "A sudden one." During the night his wife, Calpurnia, dreamt that he was murdered. In the morning he himself was restless and depressed, and at her entreaty decided not to attend the Senate that day. But at eleven o'clock the conspirators, who had been waiting in their places in the Senate Chamber with their daggers ready, sent one of their number to entreat him to come, as there was business of moment to be done. He rose to go, and as he crossed the hall, his statue fell, and shivered on the stones. One of his servants tried in vain to warn him. As he still passed on, a stranger thrust a scroll into his hand, and begged him to read it on the spot. It was a list of the conspirators, with details of their plot. Caesar supposed it to be a petition, and placed it carelessly among his other papers.

He went on, entered the house, and took his seat. "The conspirators," so Mr. Froude tells the story, "gathered round him. He was familiar, and easy of access. He knew them all. There was not one from whom he had not a right to expect some sort of gratitude, and their movements suggested no suspicion. One had a story to tell him; another some favour to ask. Tullius Cimber, whom he had just made governor of Bithynia, then came close to him, with some request which he was unwilling to grant. Cimber caught his gown, as if in entreaty, and dragged it from his shoulders. Cassius, who was standing behind, stabbed him in the throat. He started up with a cry and caught Cassius's arm. Another poniard entered his breast, giving a mortal wound." At the sight of Brutus, whom he had specially befriended, among his murderers, he exclaimed, "Et tu, Brute!" "Thou too, Brutus!" Then,

> When the noble Caesar saw him stab,
> Ingratitude, more stong than traitors' arms,
> Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
> And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
> Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
> Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

Caesar was great in everything he undertook; as a soldier, an orator, a statesman, a lawgiver, a mathematician, a historian, an architect. He would have been a foremost man in any age. But the age in which he lived was one of the most critical in the whole world's history. Rome, but for him, would have fallen to pieces by the weight of its own greatness. How necessary the Roman Empire was to bring on the "fulness of time," none but a great scholar and a great theologian could tell you. It is agreed on every hand that outside the Bible there is no greater human figure than Julius Caesar. His very name is stamped everywhere on modern history. The word Emperor, which denotes the highest earthly dignity, comes from the word "Imperator," which he first assumed as a personal name. The titles Czar, and Kaiser, and Kaisar-i-Hind, borne by the Emperors of Russia and Germany, and the Queen as

At the age of 56

Empress of India, are all forms of the word "Caesar." And our month of July was named after him. Before his time the year had long consisted of 355 days. The seasons no longer corresponded with their names. To make things right he made the year 46 B.C., known as the "year of confusion," to consist of 445 days—which must have been a terrible year for schoolboys and apprentices—and the years ever since to consist of 365. The month July was previously known as Quintilis, that is, the fifth month, counting from March, which for long began the year. The sixth month was Sextilis, the seventh September, and so on, till December, which means the tenth. Sextilis was changed to August, in honour of the Emperor Augustus, the son of Julius Caesar's niece, in whose time Christ was born.

"In person Caesar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces; the forehead was wide and high, the nose large and thin, the eyes dark grey like an eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His voice was high and shrill. He was a great bather; he rarely or never touched wine. He was a fine horseman; in Gaul he rode a remarkable horse which would let no one but Caesar mount him. From his boyhood it was observed of him that he was the truest of friends, that he avoided quarrels, and was easily appeased when offended. In manner he was quiet and gentlemanlike, with the natural courtesy of high breeding. Once, when he was dining somewhere, the other guests found the oil too rancid for them. Caesar took it without remark, to spare his entertainer's feelings. When on a journey through a forest with his friend Oppius, he came one night to a hut where there was a single bed. Oppius being unwell, Caesar gave it up to him, and slept on the ground."

It is interesting to know that he twice invaded Britain. He knew its size and shape, and learned also that another island, about half its size, lay west of it; and it seems, too, that he had heard of the Isle of Man, and of other islands, far, far north, where the days in winter were very short.

I must tell you, also, that his mother's name was Aurelia. He was her only child, and all his days was passionately fond of her.

Bible Questions.

SENIORS and JUNIORS (Juniors to do any three.) 1. Give illustrations of General Gordon's saying, "In every one of Christ's miracles, excepting the raisings from the dead, something had to be done by the recipient." 2. How many interviews had Moses and Pharaoh? 3. A list of Peter's chief metaphors. 4. Passages in which Christ warns His disciples to be humble. 5. A list of prophets and teachers who were ill-used. 6. Points of resemblance between human life and a ship.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the July number have been received from—

SENIORS.—James S. Fulton, Mary H. Martin, M. Lang (1, 2, 4, 5, 6), Jeanie H. Lang (2, 3, 4, 5, 6).
JUNIORS.—David Blair, Jeanie Crawford, John Crawford, Tina Crawford, Geo. S. Fulton, Robert Hardie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Amelia H. Lang.

The names of those who did the August lessons will be published in October.

1	F	Ye are a royal priesthood.—*1 Peter 2, 9.* Alexander the Great asked Porus, a captive Indian prince, how he wished to be treated. "Like a king!" he answered. "Have you no other request?" "No, the word king includes everything."
2	S	A peculiar people. (A people for God's own possession.—*R. V.*)
3	S	The tempter.—*Matt. 4, 3.*
4	M	Pray that ye enter not into temptation.—*Luke 22, 40.*
5	Tu	Let us not sleep.—*1 Thess. 5, 6.* "The third shepherd bid them take heed that they sleep not upon the Enchanted Ground."—*Pilgrim's Progress.*
6	W	When all the people were clean passed over, the ark of the Lord passed over. —*Josh. 4, 11.* "There is one thing more that I think it my duty to recommend, which is, that the men-of-war are not suffered to anchor until every vessel of the convoy is anchored, for you may rely a serious attack will be made on any stragglers."—*Nelson's Despatches, May, 1805.*
7	Th	The devil hath great wrath,
8	F	Because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.—*Rev. 12, 12.*
9	S	Lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.—*Isaiah 27, 3.*
10	S	Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee.—*Luke 7, 40.*
11	M	As many as I love, I reprove.—*Rev. 3, 19 (R. V.).*
12	Tu	Reprove a wise man, and he will love thee.—*Prov. 9, 8 (R. V.).*
13	W	Faithful are the wounds of a friend,
14	Th	But the kisses of an enemy are profuse.—*Prov. 27, 6 (R. V.).*
15	F	A lying tongue hateth those whom it hath wounded:
16	S	A flattering mouth worketh ruin.—*Prov. 26, 28 (R. V.).* Phocion, the Athenian, B.C. 340, said to Antipater, one of Alexander the Great's generals, "You cannot have me both for a friend and a flatterer."
17	S	My God will hear me.
18	M	When I fall, I shall arise.—*Micah 7, 7.*
19	Tu	I will remember Thy wonders of old.—*Psalm 77, 11.* "Soult drew up his defeated troops in the position he had occupied two months before at the Battle of Braga. The sinking pride of the French soldiers was roused as they stood on the theatre of a former victory."—*Napier's Peninsular War.*
20	W	Call to remembrance the former days in which ye endured a great fight of afflictions.—*Heb. 10, 32.*
21	Th	Should such a man as I flee?—*Neh. 6, 11.*
22	F	Saul said, Thou art but a youth.
23	S	Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear.—*1 Sam. 17, 33.*
24	S	His commandments are not grievous.—*1 John 5, 3.*
25	M	My yoke is easy.—*Matt. 11, 30.*
26	Tu	We have forsaken all; what shall we have, therefore?—*Matt. 19, 27.*
27	W	Thy commandments are my delight.—*Psalm 119, 143.* "Some kind of pace may be got out of the veriest jade by the mere prospect of oats; but the thoroughbred has the spur in his blood."—*Lowell's Essays.*
28	Th	The race that is set before us.—*Heb. 12, 1.*
29	F	They shall run and not be weary.—*Isaiah 40, 31.*
30	S	The Forerunner Jesus.—*Heb. 6, 20.*

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The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

John Brown, Hanged, 2nd December, 1859.

"John Brown died that the slave might be free."

THE VOLUMES OF

"The Morning Watch"

FOR

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International Sabbath School Lessons.

October 1.—The Power of the Gospel.—Rom. 1, 8-17. Text, Rom. 1, 16. Quest. 40. Psalm 84, 1,2.

PAUL always begins his letters, as here, with giving thanks to God for the good he knows of his readers: all this good is God's gift. Usually also he assures them of his prayers, and of his longing to see them. He wishes to help the Romans (v. 11), or rather, as he humbly says, to help and be helped at the same time. He has a debt to pay to them and to all the world, savage or civilised: he is in every man's debt till he has told him of Christ. Rome was the greatest place in the world, far greater to the imagination than London now, and people worshipped it; but Paul was not ashamed to preach the gospel even there. Why? Because it too was great. God's own power was in it; God's power not to punish, but to save; and to save not one here and there, but *every one* who received the message. Who would be ashamed of a power which could work the greatest of wonders, making bad people good?

October 8.—Redemption in Christ.—Rom. 3, 19-26. Text, Rom. 3, 24. Quest. 41. Psalm 84, 3.

VERSE 26 sums up all the difficulties and all the glories connected with the work of our redemption. The sinner was guilty, and God could not pardon him by the mere word of His power. That was made impossible by the eternal character and the very oath of a Holy God. Sin, though we utter the word lightly, is a thing which God hates and loathes and shudders at with all the indescribable infinite intensity of His whole nature.

> For Thou art not a God that doth
> In wickedness delight;
> Neither shall evil dweil with Thee,
> Nor fools stand in Thy sight.
> All that ill-doers are Thou hat'st,
> Cutt'st off that liars be:
> The bloody and deceitful man
> Abhorred is by Thee.—*Ps. v. 4.*

Sin would cease to be what it is, and God would cease to be what He is, if He could pass it by. If the sinner then cannot pay the debt, and God cannot afford to remit it, then it must be paid, and the only one who can pay it must be one who owes no debt himself; he must be God's Equal. Oh! what a fearful thing sin must be seeing it was necessary for God's Own Son to die before it could be forgiven. And what marvellous love the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost must all have had for us when They gave Themselves, all They had and all They are, from all everlasting, to the work of our salvation.

October 15.—Justification by Faith.—Rom. 5, 1-11. Text, Rom. 5, 8. Quest. 42. Psalm 84, 4-6.

IF there are any lessons in the world which a master should teach solemnly, and lovingly, and patiently, with tears in his eyes, it is those questions of the Catechism which tell how the sinner is saved—What is Effectual Calling? and, What is Justification?

October 22.—Christian Living.—Rom. 12, 1-15. Text, Rom. 12, 21. Quest. 43. Psalm 84, 7-10.

October 29.—Abstinence for the Sake of Others.—1 Cor. 8, 1-13. Text, Rom. 15, 1. Quest. 44. Psalm 84, 11, 12.

November 5.—The Resurrection.—1 Cor. 15, 12-26. Text, 1 Cor. 15, 57. Quest. 45. Psalm 85, 6-8.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 107.)

At the age of 56	MILTON finished his "Paradise Lost," which had been the work of his nights for five or six years. He sold the copyright for £5, or about £17 of our money. The original document containing the agreement with the printer is now in the British Museum. The book was issued, three years after it was written, August, 1667, the price being 3/. A single copy of that first edition would now fetch at least £20.
56	ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, was assassinated, 14th April, 1865. He is now universally acknowledged to have been one of the greatest and most lovable men in modern history, and yet, only four years before his death, when he became President for the first time, "there were millions of Americans who thought their country had been dishonoured by his election."
57	THÉOPHILE LATOUR D' AUVERGNE, a captain in the French army, was killed in Bavaria, 28th June, 1800. He was so brave, and yet so gentle, that when he died the whole of the French army mourned for him three days; his sabre was placed in one of the great churches of Paris; and every morning, till the close of the Empire, his name was called on the roll of his regiment, and the senior sergeant had to answer, "Mort au champ d' honneur"—dead on the field of honour. His body was removed to Paris four years ago.
57	COPERNICUS wrote the book which proved that the earth makes a journey every year round the sun. Before his time, men believed that the sun and the stars went round the earth. Copernicus, however, was afraid to publish his book, and it was not printed till thirteen years after. The first copy was put into his hands on May 24, 1543, a few hours before he died, and those who were round about him could only say that "he seemed to know what it was."
58	THOMAS CARLYLE, immediately after the death of his mother, a godly and remarkable woman, wrote in his diary:—"I am 58 years old—and the night cometh, for me too is not far distant, which for her is come. To live for the shorter or longer remainder of my days with the simple bravery, veracity, and piety of her that is gone: that would be a right learning from her death, and a right honouring of her memory."
58	MR. SPURGEON died, 31st January, 1892.
59	MACAULAY, the historian, died, 28th December, 1859. On the morning of that day he had dictated and signed a letter enclosing £25 to a poor minister. That was the last time he took pen in hand.

At the age of 59 October 18, 1767.—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON wrote in his diary:—"Yesterday, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave for ever of my dear old friend Catharine Chambers, who came to live with my mother forty-three years ago, and has been but little parted from us since. She buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now 58 years old.

"I desired all to withdraw, then told her that we were to part for ever; that as Christians we should part with prayer; and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands, as she lay in bed, with great fervour, while I prayed, kneeling by her. I then kissed her. She told me, that to part was the greatest pain that she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes, and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed, and parted, I humbly hope, to meet again, and to part no more."

59 JOHN BROWN was hanged at Charlestown, 2nd December, 1859. He was a godly man, who had worked all his days for the abolition of slavery. It was at Harper's Ferry, where he was captured after attacking the State armoury, two of his sons being killed and himself severely wounded, that the war which ended slavery in the United States may be said to have begun.

One Wednesday evening, when I was a boy, an American Covenanting minister spoke at our prayer-meeting on the sure triumph of God's cause. "The martyrs of one generation," he said, "became the heroes of the next." As an instance, he told us of a friend of his in the States who had named his son after John Brown in spite of the entreaties of his neighbours. "You'll spoil your child's life," they said. "No," was the answer, "he shall be named after John Brown;" and named after him he was. "And at this moment," added the minister, "there is not a more honoured name in all the Union than 'John Brown':—

> John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
> But his soul is marching on!"

By one of those strange chances of which life is full, I met that boy's sister three years ago, and she told me—what I think a little justified the opposition of the neighbours—that her brother's first two names were, not John Brown, but Ossawatomie Brown, "Ossawatomie" having been the name of the hero's home, and the familiar epithet by which in his lifetime he had usually been known.

59 JOHN KEPLER, the astronomer, died, 1630. He discovered three great laws. For the first and second of these see *The Morning Watch*, February, 1891. His third and greatest law is, "that the square of a planet's periodic time is proportional to the cube of its mean distance from the sun." It took him 22 years to find that out. I fear it will take some of you longer to find out what it means, not because you are not clever enough, but you are lazy!

59 COLUMBUS died, 1506. Professor Ruge says that the discovery of America cost less than £1,500. Columbus had £64 a year.

At the age of 59

OLIVER CROMWELL died, 3rd September, 1658.

He made his simple oaken chair
More terrible and grandly beautiful,
More full of majesty than any throne,
Before or after, of a British king.

Two or three days before his death he uttered this prayer; it was written down by Charles Harvey, one of his attendants :—

"Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in Covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee, for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the Name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments, to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too. And pardon the folly of this short Prayer :—Even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen.

59

A GRAND-LOOKING man entered my study one morning. He told me his name. It had been familiar all my life. "I am 59," he said. "I was born to a great estate. I never have done the smallest good to anybody in my life. I have done nothing but amuse myself. And it has been hard work. I have broken this bone, and that bone, and that other :" and he indicated eight or nine of the chief bones of the human frame. Everybody knew he had been a mighty fox-hunter, and renowned in all sport. Then the stately old man (I thought him old) said, "I have everything that wealth can give me : and I have made a poor thing of it.—*Dr. A. K. H. Boyd's Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews.*

'Day's at the Morn':

Some Pioneers of Christ's Kingdom.

CHAPTER X.

How HENRY MARTYN *was one of God's Seraphim.*

"WHAT is what a good man wrote once to a friend of his own. "I do not wonder," he said, "at the feelings you express in reading Henry Martyn's Letters. What a glorious instance he was of what God can make such a thing as man—little less than a seraph, burning in one deathless flame of love. It is a book that may well be blistered by hot tears of shame." Yes, indeed, to read about Henry Martyn ought to make you and me ashamed and angry with ourselves; he glorified God so well, while we are doing very little for His praise. It is high time that we should awake from our sleep.

I want you to look at some pictures in his life.

I.

Let us go first to the Senate Hall in Cambridge. It is a January day in 1801. The students are waiting to hear the results of the examinations which will decide who are the finest scholars in the University. Henry Martyn is one of the crowd —quiet, pale-faced, delicate, not yet twenty years old. By-and-by the suspense is over, and the names are announced. And then it turns out that Henry Martyn is the first mathematician in Cambridge. He is declared Senior Wrangler for his year, and the rest gather round him with their warm congratulations. That was a proud moment for him; and still he was not satisfied. "I obtained my highest wishes," he wrote in his journal, "but I was surprised to find I had grasped a shadow." Why was he discontented? It was because he had not given himself yet to the Lord Jesus Christ. But he was led bit by bit to make that surrender which means rest and joy to weary hearts. There was a sister praying for him at home, far away in Truro; and he used to listen every Sabbath-day to the sermons of godly Charles Simeon; and he began to read the life of David Brainerd, and was greatly touched by it. And, behind all these influences, the Holy Spirit of God was at work, giving the brilliant young student no rest until he allowed Jesus to make him glad and to claim him for His own.

II.

Come with me next on board the *Union*, one of the men-of-war belonging to the East India Company. She is bound from Portsmouth to Calcutta, and we shall suppose that the voyage is almost ended now. What a voyage it has been! It has taken ten long months, and everyone is eager to have it over. Henry Martyn has been chaplain to the soldiers the *Union* is carrying—King George's 59th Regiment. He could not stay in England, once he knew Christ as his Saviour and Master; he determined to be a Missionary. And his mission work has commenced on board — the hardest and most uphill work. The men were altogether careless, and the officers were far worse. They would sit talking and drinking and smoking quite close to the preacher; surely some of them must have been sorry for it afterwards when they thought of the holy man of God who had been among them. But nothing quenched his earnestness. In the hot still days when the sun was beating fiercely down; in the wildest storms; at the Cape of Good Hope, where the Regiment was landed to fight the Dutch; off the shores of India, when the *Union* struck on a sandbank, and it was feared that she must become a wreck — Henry Martyn was always busy about the King's work. This one thing he did.. Like Paul, he had "no honour and no friend but Christ."

III.

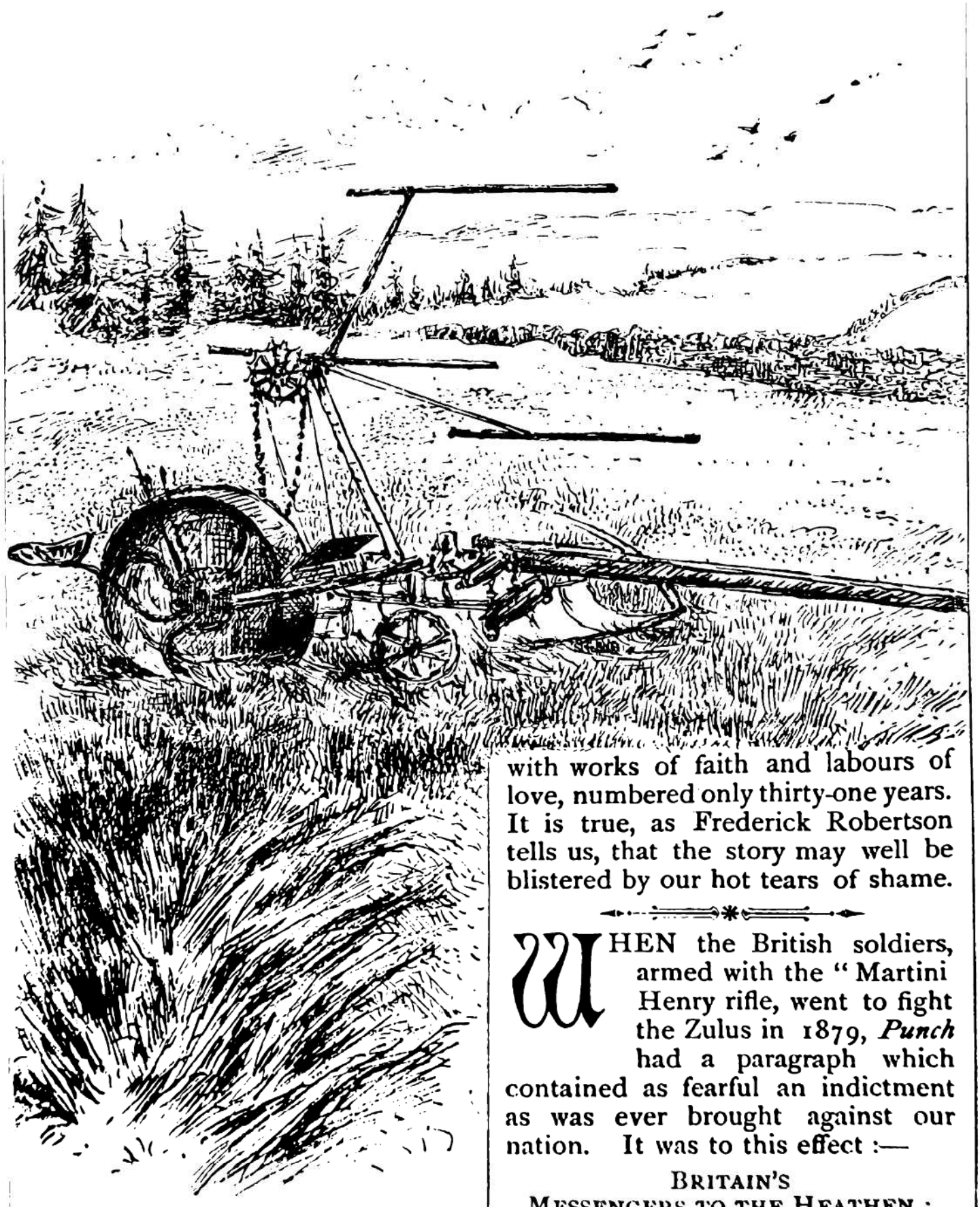
And now let us make his acquaintance in new surroundings. The place is the Military Station at Cawnpore, the town which has such a terrible and touching interest for

us since the days of the Indian Mutiny. The time is a Sabbath afternoon in the winter of 1809. I have missed a great deal in Henry Martyn's history which you must read for yourselves—how he had been a Missionary at Dinapur, how he had translated the New Testament into Hindustani and Persian, how he had not wasted a moment nor missed an opportunity. But this Sabbath afternoon he is preaching for the first time in the open air. You never saw a congregation like that which is listening to him. He has invited the Yogis and Fakirs, the devotees and vagrants, into his garden; he has caught them with the promise of a trifling sum of money. He is telling them in simple words about God, trying to explain to them the first verse of the Bible. "No dreams in the delirium of a raging fever," says an English lady who was there, "could surpass the reality of their appearance." Some of them were clothed in abominable rags; others were plastered with mud; others had their long matted hair streaming down to their feet. Every face was seamed and scarred with evil passions. Their lips were black with tobacco or crimson with henna. Here was a man who had kept his arm above his head with his hand clenched, until the nails were coming out at the back of the hand. And yonder was another who had all his bones marked on his dark skin with white chalk, till he resembled grim Death itself. And in front of that loathsome crowd stood the young Englishman who might have had such honours at home, but who had given them all up for Jesus' sake, his face almost as white as the dress he wore, for he was sick and ill. He could not bear that they should perish without his stretching out a hand to save them. Was it not Christlike?

IV.

I must pass on to the last picture. Henry Martyn felt now that he had the sentence of death written in himself. Those who loved him well advised him to try what a visit to England would do; but, as one of his friends said, he "burned with the intenseness and rapid blaze of phosphorus." He could not bear the idea of abandoning altogether the work he loved. So he went to Persia, that he might revise his Persian New Testament among the very people for whom it was written. For a year he lived at Shiraz, making the book as perfect as he could, and receiving all who came to him. Then he set out overland for Constantinople and home. But he had not gone far till he heard the summons which called him to the "better country, even the heavenly." He died at Tokat, in October, 1812, without a European near him; and he was laid in an unknown grave. But he was not alone, for the Father was with him. Ten days before, when he was weak and fevered, he wrote this sentence in his Journal, "I thought of my God—in solitude my Company, my Friend, my Comforter." Long before he entered the Celestial City, Henry Martyn had found "the flower of Peace, the Rose that cannot wither."

And that life, filled to overflowing



The harvest is past, the summer is ended.—Jer. 8, 20.

with works of faith and labours of love, numbered only thirty-one years. It is true, as Frederick Robertson tells us, that the story may well be blistered by our hot tears of shame.

WHEN the British soldiers, armed with the "Martini Henry rifle, went to fight the Zulus in 1879, *Punch* had a paragraph which contained as fearful an indictment as was ever brought against our nation. It was to this effect :—

BRITAIN'S
MESSENGERS TO THE HEATHEN :

1809.—HENRY MARTYN.
1879.—MARTINI-HENRY.

A Queer World.

NOBODY liked the Laird in our village, and almost everybody hated him. It would take a long time to tell the mean things and the cruel things that he did. There was a pear-tree near the school-house which he said belonged to him. What he wished the fruit for I can't imagine, for the pears, like the eggs in "Felix Holt," were as hard as a Jew's heart. When we saw him coming we used to gather under the tree and pretend to throw stones at it and pick up the imaginary fruit that fell down. Then we ran when he came near. Half-an-hour after, the policeman would be telling our mothers that we had been stealing. There was a burn in which we waded and chased the minnows, with big stones in it which we called islands. The Laird caused broken bottles to be thrown into it. But he regretted that; it cost him over £20 in broken windows and doctors' bills.

The consequences of that exploit rather frightened him and kept him quiet for a time. But after a while a series of law-suits, got up by him, kept us all in hot water. Most of us gave in, for we soon found that winning a case was almost as expensive as losing it. John Ainslie, however, stuck to his guns and fairly beat the Laird, but the Laird paid him back by all kinds of annoyances. The last of these was the worst. One of the upper rooms in Mr. Ainslie's cottage commanded a lovely view over the Laird's garden wall of the sea and the hills on the other side of the firth. The Laird added six feet to the height of the wall and shut the view out.

A month or two before that, a poor old widow had come to the village and rented a little apartment. Mr. Ainslie soon found her out and was very good to her. He always prayed, too, when he called, and I don't wonder she liked to hear him. He once prayed with some of us boys when we were playing at marbles, and then made us scramble for a lot of "chinas."

The day his window was blocked up, he came down to the old widow's pretty vexed, and pretty angry too. When he had read the newspaper to her—for she was almost blind—he thought he would tell her what the Laird had done. So he began.

"It's a queer world, Mrs. Ferguson."

"'Deed, sir, it is. I was just going to tell you that the Laird called on me to-day, and he said he was going to give me a cartload of firewood. He must be a good man, and when you pray, Mr Ainslie, I want you to thank God particularly for the Laird's kindness to me, for it was real good of him, a man I never saw or heard of before."

I think Mr. Ainslie must have smiled, but I know he prayed. When he was done, and going out, Mrs. Ferguson said to him, "It was quite true what you said, Mr. Ainslie, it is a queer world."

"Yes, Mrs. Ferguson," he replied, "it is a *very* queer world, a *by-ordinary* queer world!".

I MET Nanny Shaw a few nights ago coming home with some sticks that she had gathered under her arm. She likes ash best for firewood, she said :—

"Ash green
Is fit to burn
Before the Queen."

Next to ash comes the plane tree, and then the oak ; though others, she granted, would put oak first.

Then we fell a-talking about Elijah, and Nanny said she would have given something to see his face when he came to Sarepta and found the widow woman, who was to sustain him, at the gate of the city, gathering sticks for her last meal! I agreed with Nanny; I am sure Elijah would expect to see some great lady waiting for him.

Yet, what a wonderful woman that widow was; with but a step between her and death she was ready to fetch a drink of water for a stranger. Courteous even to the last! When we spoke of that, Nanny reminded me of what she had heard about the young Earl of Dalkeith—"and a fine strapping lad he was," she said —who was accidentally shot about six years ago. He was lying bleeding to death on the hill side, and when a keeper brought him water to drink, the dying lad said, "Thank you."

A BLIND man's Bible costs about £10; a New Testament about £3.

LIEUTENANT LOCKWOOD, of the American Arctic Expedition commanded by Greely, reached the farthest point north hitherto attained by man in May, 1883. Their ship, the Jeanette, had been lost in the ice on the 13th June, two years before, and the men were brought to such straits for food that on the 20th September their commander wrote in his diary: "Last can is opened; provisions done. We must eat the dog. When the dog is eaten ————?" Wonderful to say, the question was answered by the passage of Scripture that fell to be read in the ordinary course that day, Matt. 6, 24-34.

Bible Questions.

SENIORS to do five or more; JUNIORS four. 1. Choose a text as a motto for a well, or a fountain. 2. Different kinds of tongues mentioned in Proverbs. 3. Instances of resignation in the Bible. 4. Occasions on which Christ was watched. 5. List of persons who got sudden word of the death of friends. 6. Contrast God's throne and the thrones of earthly kings. 7. List of persons who were told to make haste. 8. Prove from the Psalms that God will never forsake His people.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the August number have been received from—

SENIORS.—James S. Fulton, Lizzie Kirkwood, Jeanie H. Lang, Mary H. Martin.

JUNIORS.—Janet Barclay, David Blair, Jeanie Crawford (5 and 6), John Crawford, Geo. S. Fulton, Jessie Howie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Bessie Kirkwood, Mary Kirkwood, Amelia H. Lang, Jeanie M'Neil, Maggie Taylor Paterson, William A. Paterson, Lizzie Pollock, Jessie Thorburn.

The names of those who did the September lessons will be published in November.

1	S	And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come.—*Rev. 22, 17.*
2	M	And let him that heareth say, Come. Frederick the Great once ordered a regiment to push on to tell one of his generals to seize a certain town without delay; and commanded the order to be read aloud to the whole regiment so that any one of the hussars might be able to give the order if the regiment should be cut up.
3	Tu	Go ye therefore and teach all nations.—*Matt. 28, 19.*
4	W	The women that publish the tidings are a great host.—*Ps. 68, 11 (R. V.)*
5	Th	The Pharisees said unto him that was born blind, Dost thou teach us?—*John 9, 34.*
6	F	They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.—*Acts 8, 4.*
7	S	There is a time to speak.—*Eccl. 3, 7.*

8	S	The voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send?
9	M	Then I said, Here am I; send me.—*Isa. 6, 8.*
10	Tu	Be ye all ready.—*Josh. 8, 4.* "It is expected that in half an hour from the time the troops receive the order to march, either by day or night, the army shall stand formed at the head of its encampment; with baggage packed, and the whole force prepared to move."—*Lord Wolseley.*
11	W	Achaia was ready a year ago.—*2 Cor. 9, 2.*
12	Th	The Gadites, swift as the roes upon the mountains.—*1 Chron. 12, 8.*
13	F	Men of activity.—*Gen. 47, 6.*
14	S	A promise of entering into His rest.—*Heb. 4, 2.*

15	S	Have we not all one Father?—*Mal. 2, 10.*
16	M	The Lord loveth the stranger.—*Deut. 2, 18.*
17	Tu	Love ye therefore the stranger. "At Genoa a peasant, to whom I offered a gratuity for showing me my way, refused it, saying, 'The signor is a stranger.'"—*Gordon Hake's Memoirs.*
18	W	Thy law is better unto me than thousands of gold.—*Ps. 119, 72.*
19	Th	I was a stranger.—*Matt. 25, 35.*
20	F	Rabbi, where dwellest Thou? He saith, Come and see.—*John 1, 38.*
21	S	To him that knocketh, it shall be opened.—*Luke 11, 10.*

22	S	The peacemakers shall be called sons of God.—*Matt. 5, 9.*
23	M	A soft tongue.—*Prov. 25, 15.*
24	Tu	There is a time to keep silence.—*Eccl. 3, 7.* "Controversy equalises wise men and fools—and the fools know it."—*Dr. Wendell Holmes.*
25	W	Learn of Me, for I am meek.—*Matt. 11, 29.*
26	Th	My Beloved shall not strive, nor cry.—*Matt. 12, 19.*
27	F	Who can bear gently with the ignorant.—*Heb. 5, 2 (R. V.)*
28	S	By thy words thou shalt be condemned.—*Matt. 12, 37.*

29	S	I the Lord change not.—*Mal. 3, 6 (R. V.)*
30	M	Do ye not remember?—*Mark 8, 18.* "All history is prophecy."—*Bacon.*
31	Tu	The Lord hath been mindful of us; He will bless us.—*Ps. 115, 12.*

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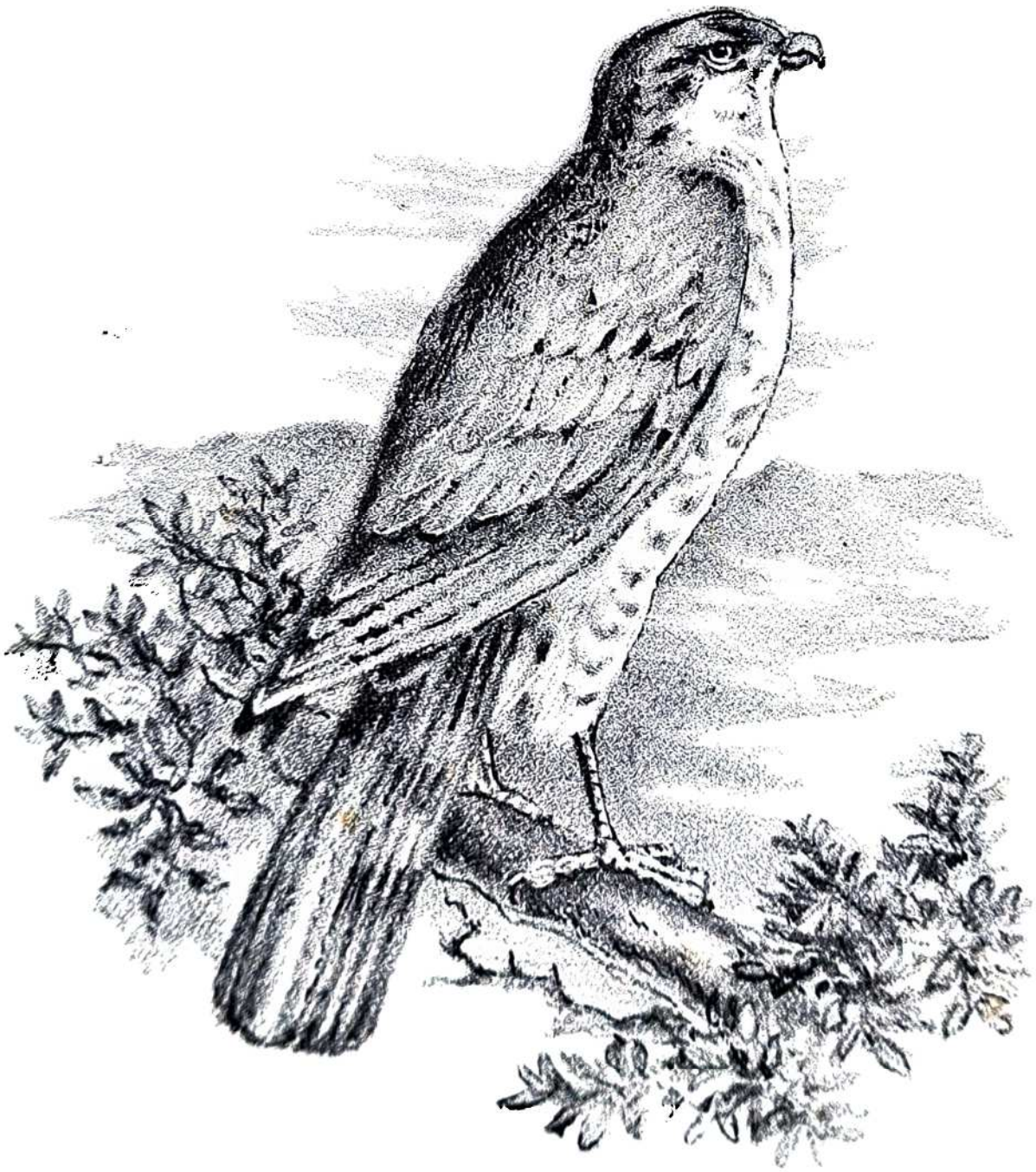
November, 1893. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.



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November 5.—The Resurrection.—1 Cor. 15, 12-26. Text, 1 Cor. 15, 57. Quest. 45. Psalm 85, 6-8.

THE historical proofs of the resurrection are given in 5-11, the list of persons to whom the Risen Lord had appeared. To these, in vv. 12-19, Paul adds a kind of indirect, religious proof. If there were no resurrection, then many incredible and impossible things would be true. As (1), the Gospel would be an empty, powerless thing, unable to save sinners; (2) the apostles would have lied about God; (3) the Christian dead would have lost their hope—in which the loss would be as much God's as theirs; and (4) the Christian life, with all its trials, would be gratuitous misery. To this he adds, in vv. 20-26, a description of the order in which the resurrection takes place—(1) Christ, (2) Christians, (3) then, the end: when death is destroyed, and there is nothing but God and life and immortality.

November 12.—The Grace of Liberality.—2 Cor. 8, 1-12. Text, 2 Cor. 8, 9. Quest. 46. Psalm 85, 9-11.

MATTHEW HENRY'S father wrote out Proverbs 3, 9, 10, at the beginning of his account book. I would advise every boy, with his parents' consent, to give his first week's wage to God. When you grow up, shun debt as you would shun stealing. Spend no penny needlessly, thoughtlessly. Encourage no trade that depends on extravagance and folly. Christ has shown us the infinite value of a farthing. If you are not in debt, all your money is God's. Use it as you would use time, intellect, and every talent you have, wisely, fearlessly, to the glory of Him whose Son died for you and lives for you.

November 19. — Imitation of Christ.—Ephes. 4, 20-32. Text, Ephes. 4, 32. Quest. 47. Psalm 86, 1, 2.

IN Christ's own life you will find instances of every grace that is recommended here. But you can't imitate Christ till you love Christ as your Saviour. You must be born again, completely changed. What a tremendous power in the world a man would have that was never angry unless at sin! Remember, sin grieves God, that is, causes Him unspeakable pain.

November 26.—The Christian Home.—Col. 3, 12-25. Text, Psalm 101, 2. Quest. 48. Psalm 86, 3-5.

THOSE to whom God gives brothers and sisters begin life with the best of all talents—love. Use the talent, strive to be kind, patient, considerate, forgiving, and the talent will grow. Be quarrelsome, suspicious, huffy, keeping things secret from one another, not praying with all your might for each other, and God will take the talent away. Most grown-up brothers and sisters get very cold to one another, because they forget that love, like a fire, should be fed. A happy family life is God's way of preparing us for going out into the world amongst strangers. It is a foretaste of heaven where love "in diffusion becomes ever more intense." Verse 22. Servants are to be looked on as part of the family. Masters, mistresses, must give account for their servants' and workmen's as well as their children's souls. A servant in a really godly happy home should think thrice before she leaves it for a house whose only recommendation is bigger pay. I was pleased to see a tombstone lately in Dumfriesshire in memory of one Helen Kellock, who, dying aged 66, had been forty-seven years servant in a minister's family.

December 3.—Grateful Obedience.—James 1, 16-27. Text, 1 John 4, 19. Quest. 49. Psalm 86, 6-8.

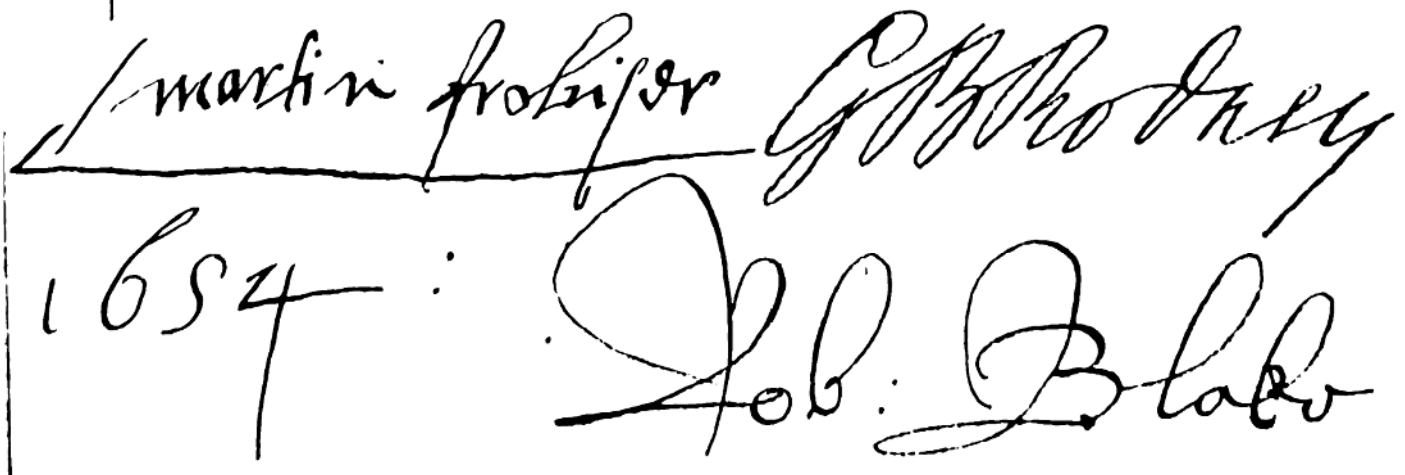
How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

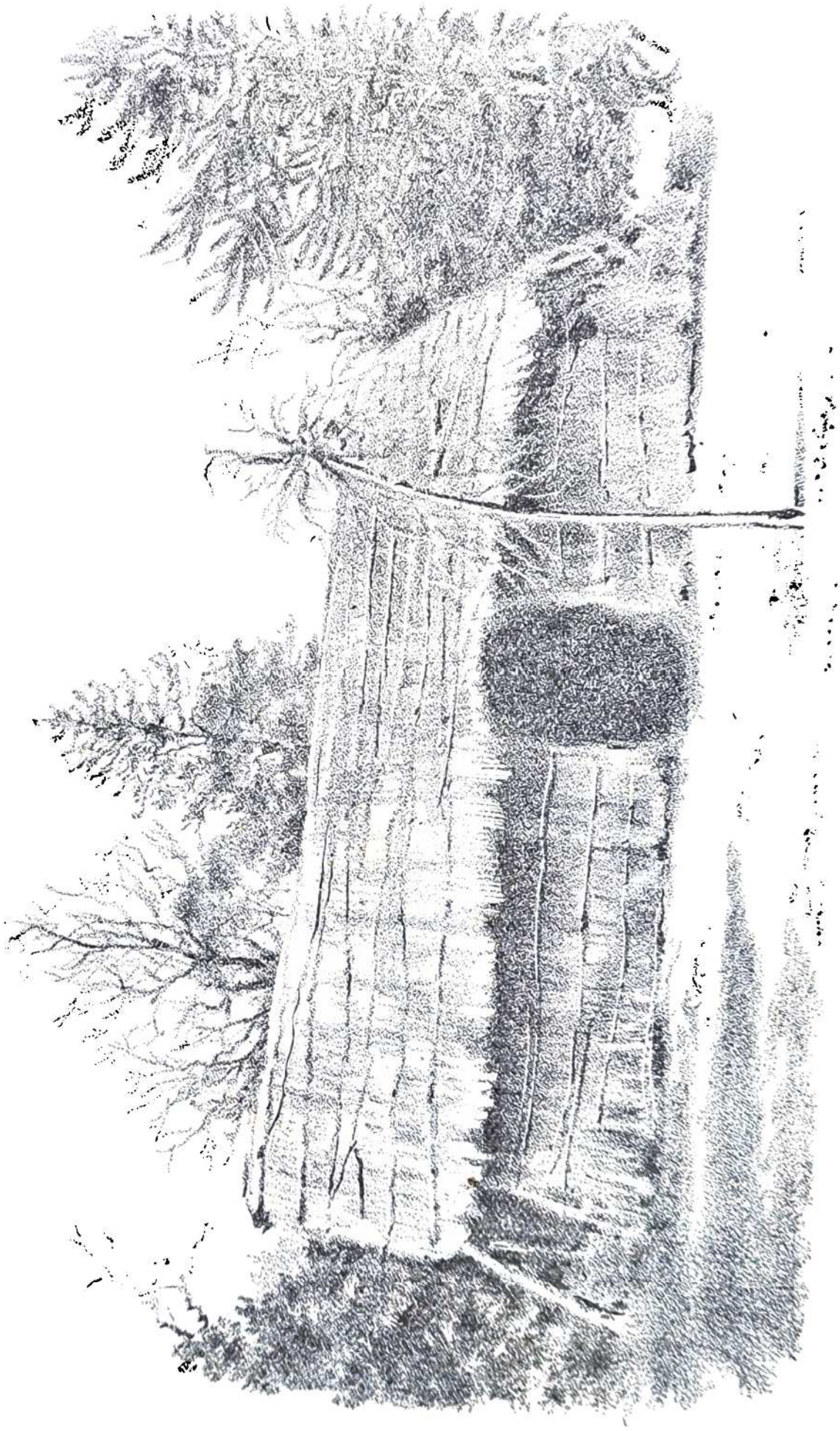
(Continued from page 107.)

At the age of 60 — Sir Martin Frobisher died at Plymouth, 22nd November, 1594, of a wound received while leading his men ashore near Brest, a few days before. He was commander of the ship "Triumph," in the great Armada fight, beating, along with Drake and Hawkins, the Spanish rear-admiral, 21st July, 1588. He is best known as the beginner of the long-continued quest after the North-West Passage. In 1497 Vasco di Gama had found out the way to the East round the Cape of Good Hope; in November, 1520, Magellan, first of all Europeans, sailed into the Pacific Ocean. In 1553 Sir Hugh Willoughby tried to find a road to the Indies by the north of Asia, and rediscovered Nova Zembla, but afterwards perished with his men on the coast of Lapland. That road, known as the North-East Passage, was not completed till the Swedish explorer, Nordenskiöld, did so in 1879. The North-West Passage, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, round by the north of America, which was the dream of Frobisher's life, which he declared the only great thing left undone in the world, was only finally accomplished by Sir Robert M'Clure in 1850-54.

60 — Admiral Rodney, afterwards Lord Rodney, who ranks with Blake next to Nelson, was comparatively undistinguished and unknown. "Till now, 1779, when he is sixty," says his latest biographer, "his career has been divided by commissions and periods of years. The rest will be told in campaigns and days of battle." In two little years, to use his own words, he captured one Spanish, one Dutch, and two French admirals.

60 — Robert Blake died, 7th August, 1657, as he was entering Plymouth harbour after his great victory at Teneriffe in which he destroyed sixteen Spanish ships. Britain's maritime glory, as Hallam says, may first be traced "in a track of continuous light" from the time of Cromwell. Blake was one of his admirals. It was he who conquered the great Dutchmen, De Ruyter, De Witt, and Van Tromp. Out of one Spanish fleet which he captured he took eight and thirty waggon-loads of real silver, as Carlyle says, "which went triumphantly





The hut in which Livingstone died, on his knees, praying.

At the age of 60

jingling up from Portsmouth across London pavements to the Tower." "Blake," says Clarendon, "was the first man that declined the old track, and despised those rules which had been long in practice, to keep his ship and men out of danger, which had been held in former times a point of great ability, as if the principal art requisite in a captain had been to be sure and come safe home again. He was the first man who brought the ships to contemn castles on shore, which had been thought ever formidable, and were discovered by him to make a noise only, and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into the seamen, by making them see by experience what mighty things they could do if they were resolved; and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon water." He was buried in Westminster Abbey, with all the solemnity possible, amongst the monuments of the kings. But after Cromwell died, Blake's body was dug up, at the command of Charles II., and thrown into a pit in St. Margaret's Churchyard, 1661.

60 SIR JOHN FRANKLIN sailed from Greenhithe with two ships, the Erebus and Terror, and 134 men, on his last and most famous voyage of discovery, May 19, 1845. "My dear friend Franklin," said Admiral Sir W. E. Parry a few years afterwards while the fate of the expedition was still uncertain, "was sixty years old when he left this country, and I shall never forget the zeal, the almost youthful enthusiasm, with which he entered on that expedition. Lord Haddington, who was then First Lord of the Admiralty, sent for me, and said, 'I see, by looking at the list, that Franklin is sixty years old. Do you think that we ought to let him go?' I said, 'He is a fitter man to go than any I know, and if you don't let him go, the man will die of disappointment.'" Another story says that Lord Haddington sent for Franklin and said, "I see from the list that you are sixty." "No, my lord, only fifty-nine!"

I hope to tell you about Lady Franklin some other time.

60 DR. LIVINGSTONE died, on his knees, praying, 1st May, 1873, in Chitambo's village, Ilala, Central Africa, in a little hut that had been hastily built for him a day or two before. There are few stories more beautiful than that which records the reverent and heroic devotion with which his native followers guarded his body and papers and instruments, and brought them through innumerable perils after a nine months' journey to Zanzibar. The names of the chief of them are—Susi, Chuma, Amoda, Abram, Mabruki, and two girls, Ntoaeka and Hallima. Susi and Chuma afterwards visited this country, and erected a hut the same outside and inside as that in which their master died, in the grounds of Kelly, Wemyss Bay, N.B., then owned by Dr. Young, F.R.S. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph of this hut kindly given to me by the present proprietor of the estate, Alexander Stephen, Esq.

Dr. Livingstone was buried in Westminster Abbey, 18th April, 1874. Before burial his body was examined by eminent surgeons. Many years before, he had been seized by a lion, and the marks of the injuries caused by its teeth were found by them to be plainly

At the age of 60

visible. Dr. Livingstone's heart, however, as was most fit, lies under a Mvula tree near the place where he died. One of his followers, a native boy who had been at a Christian school in Bombay, Jacob Wainwright, carved an inscription on the tree. Three years ago, Mr. Joseph Thomson the traveller, being near Chitambo's village, but unable through illness to go to it himself, sent one of his most intelligent and trustworthy men to examine the spot. The man brought back word that the tree still stands, displaying unharmed the inscription cut deep, and in proof of this so far exceeded his instructions as to bring back with him one of the letters of the great missionary's name. The letter is now in the possession of Dr. Livingstone's daughter in Edinburgh.

σοφου παρ ανδρος προσδεχου συμβουλιαν.

μη πασιν εικη τοις φιλοις πιστευεται.

ONE of the most interesting acquisitions made by the British Museum last year was a schoolboy's exercise-book, which was found in Egypt and is believed to be seventeen hundred years old.

The Greeks and Romans in those days wrote their letters and accounts on thin wooden boards called *tabulae*, which were coated with wax. On these the letters were scratched with an iron or wooden pencil, called a *stilus*, from which our word *style* comes. The blunt end of the stilus was flattened out and was used for smoothing the wax when a letter or word had to be effaced. The tablets were usually connected by rings.

The boy's exercise-book I have referred to consists of two leaves of wood, each waxed on one side only, and originally fastened together by leather thongs, the waxed sides being inward. Each leaf has very much the appearance of a modern school-boy's slate. On the first leaf are the two lines printed above, which the schoolmaster has written as a copy. The pupil has copied the lines twice below, the second copy being rather cramped for want of space. Lines have been ruled to direct his writing, in spite of which, his copy, though legible enough, is not by any means regular. Moreover, the σ at the beginning of the first line having been only faintly written by the master, the boy has omitted it altogether in both his copies, regardless of the fact that it makes nonsense of the word.*

The first of the two lines is known as a verse of Menander, and sounds thus: *Sophou par andros prosdechou sumboulian.* The words, read in this order, 4, 5, 2, 1, 3—for the Greeks did not arrange the parts of speech the way we do—mean, "Accept counsel from a wise man."

The second line is not known, but may very possibly be Menander's

* *For these particulars I am indebted to E. J. L. Scott, Esq., M.A., and F. G. Kenyon, Esq., M.A., of the Department of MSS. of the British Museum, whose kindness in answering my inquiries has reminded me of what was beautifully said of another great scholar, Henry Bradshaw of Cambridge, "The only introduction you need to him is to be in a difficulty."*

also: *me pasin eike tois philois pisteuetai* — "Do not at random trust all friends."

On the second leaf of the book are two columns of the multiplication table, in Greek.

Now, do you not think that that boy would have written his very best if he had known that his copy-book was to be examined by learned men, and exhibited to all the world, after two thousand years? And that schoolmaster too! who has been found out by that "s" of his, like the Ephraimites we read of in the 12th chapter of Judges. Remember that all secrets are to be revealed. God made nothing to be hid. And happy, happy is the man of whom it can be said—

> Whatever record leap to light,
> He never shall be shamed.

Is it not interesting to find that the boys of all ages and countries have played the same games and done the same lessons? They spun their tops, as Virgil tells us, at their play-hours, and ran into school to do the multiplication table, and multiplication is vexation. I wonder who invented it. Probably the same man, as the old saying is, who invented sleep!

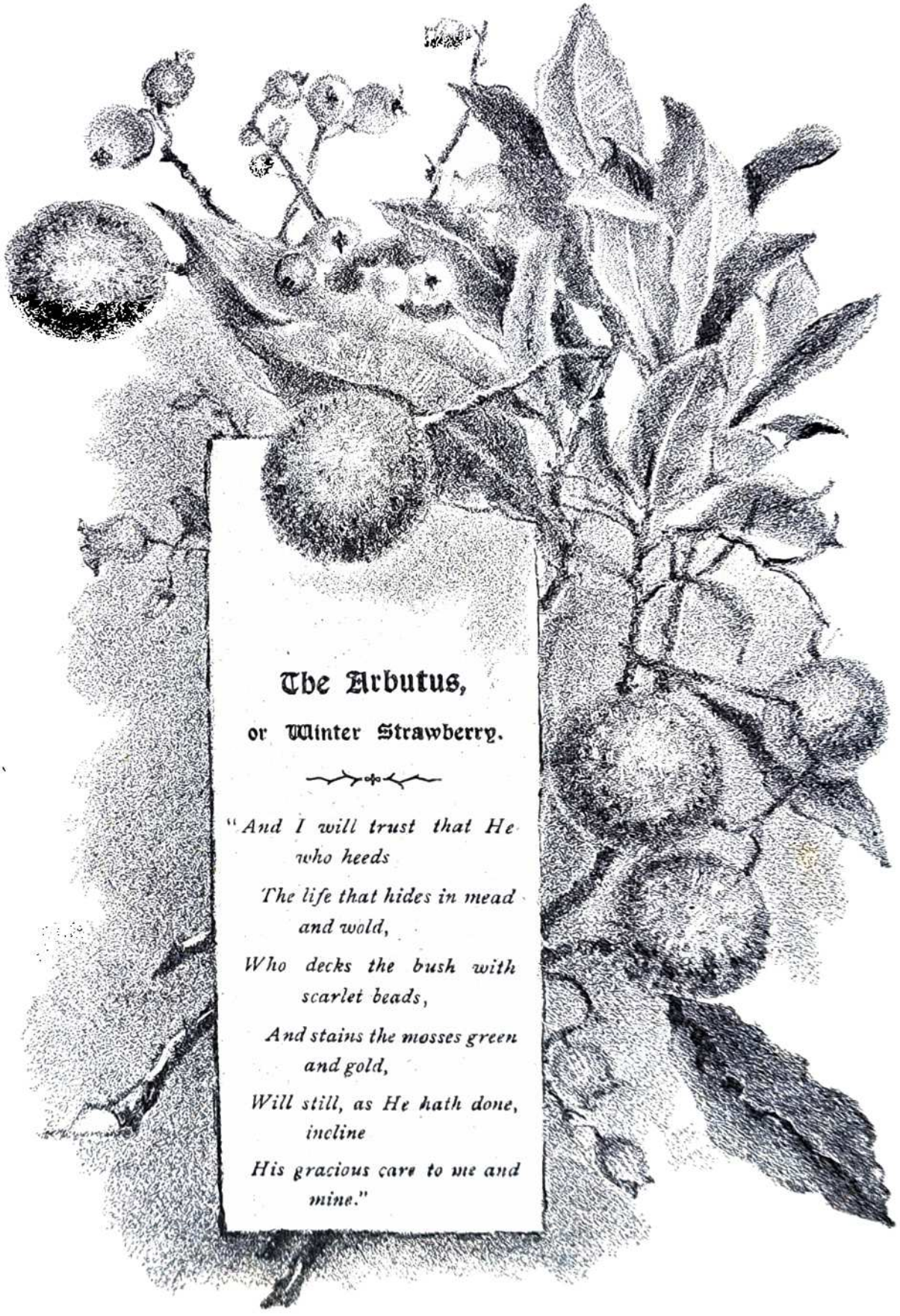
And our writing-lessons have been the same. What do you write at school now? In my day, when we wrote "text" or large hand, our headlines were Ammunition, Bannerman, Communion, or Constantinople—we liked Communion best—and K stood for Kettledrum—K was pretty hard to do—and X was Xenophon. For half-text, we wrote "Contradict not rashly," and "Honour your parents," and "Precept teaches, Example draws." Then at last we came to "small hand," and we had long sentences to copy, "Procrastination is the thief of time"—as we have found out by sad experience since—and "Evil Communications Corrupt Good Manners." And do you know that that last sentence is taken from the Apostle Paul, 1 Cor. 15, 33, and that Paul took it from—whom do you think? That same Menander!

Φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρῆσθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί.

Perhaps it was a headline that Paul's schoolmaster had set him. Menander was a poet who lived in Athens, in the time of Alexander the Great, three hundred years before Christ. He wrote about 100 plays, but only fragments of them remain, 2,400 lines in all. He was drowned while bathing in the harbour five miles from Athens. And he, and Paul, and that schoolmaster, and the little boy, are all still living, and they and we must give in our account together at the last.

THEY defer it to that convenient season *which they also hope may never come.—Illingworth.*

IN the Crimea there is a Cemetery known as "The Grave of The Hundred Thousand." In it are buried 100,514 Russian officers and men who were killed or died of wounds or disease during the siege of Sebastopol. The men were buried in graves holding from 200 to 400 each, called "mounds of brotherhood."



The Arbutus,

or Winter Strawberry.

"And I will trust that He who heeds
The life that hides in mead and wold,
Who decks the bush with scarlet beads,
And stains the mosses green and gold,
Will still, as He hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine."

'Day's at the Morn':

Some Pioneers of Christ's Kingdom.

CHAPTER XI.

How CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER *crossed the Bar and saw his Pilot's Face.*

YOU know about the knights and heroes who lived long ago. They captured enchanted castles from the giants who guarded them. They fought with dragons. They set free fair ladies from the wicked tyrants who kept them in prison. Sometimes they rode through endless forests where they met a new adventure every day. Sometimes they took ship, and sailed away to "Miklagard and Spanialand that lie so far on the lee."

But you must not suppose that all the heroes are dead. There are plenty of them in the world to-day—men and women who scorn the consequence for Jesus' sake; boys and girls who fight the dragons wherever they find them. I wonder whether your name and mine are written in that muster-roll. I hope they are.

I am going to tell you about a man who was both a saint and a hero.

I.

Captain Allen Gardiner was born in Berkshire in 1794. For a while he was just a brave young sailor—that and nothing more. But a friend sent him his mother's Bible and a little account of her death—she had been taken home when he was far away on one of his voyages And that, by God's blessing, touched his heart and led him to Christ. He began at once to think of what he could do for others. He had seen so much of the sin and wretchedness of the heathen that he became very anxious to tell them about Jesus. But it was not until the autumn of 1834 that he was free to leave England. He had to wait patiently till God opened up the way and pointed him forward.

II.

First of all, he went to South Africa, to the Zulus. He was the earliest Missionary of the Cross among that fierce and powerful people. He tried hard to get permission to settle in their midst. For more than a month he stayed at the King's kraal, with nobody to keep him company but his interpreter and a black servant. The King, whose name was Dingarn, was terribly cruel. One of the presents Captain Gardiner brought him was a burning-glass; and the very first thing he did with it was to test its strength on one of his soldiers—he burned a hole right into the man's wrist. And there were massacres almost every day, and horrible war-dances, and continual dangers. Still the good sailor did not give up hope. He came and went. He gained a wonderful influence over Dingarn. He taught him to read the Gospel verses which he had printed on cards for the Zulu children. Things looked quite hopeful. But then a bitter war broke out between the Zulus and the Boers. Gardiner's little settlement of Hambanati—"Come with us and we will do thee good": that is the meaning of the name—was

deserted and ruined. He bade goodbye with a sorrowful heart to Zululand. God, he felt, was calling him elsewhere.

III.

He made an effort to take possession of another new country for Jesus—the great savage island of New Guinea, off the shores of Australia. But the Dutch officials in the East Indies put every kind of obstacle in his way. They told him that he might as well try to tame the monkeys as the wild inhabitants of the place. They were very civil in their speech, but very determined not to let him make his home there. They could not understand an officer of the Queen who was filled with missionary zeal; they fancied that he had some hidden purpose which he was concealing from them. Allen Gardiner went to one of them after another; he was ready, like Paul, to be counted a fool for his Master's sake. But his most earnest pleadings did not move them. And again he saw the finger of God beckoning him to fresh fields, and followed it without a question. Sailors, like soldiers, do not make reply.

IV.

They were barren and unpromising fields. In the very south of America is the country of Patagonia, and further south still, across the Straits of Magellan, are the dreary islands of Tierra del Fuego. They are bare, bleak rocks, with here and there a cluster of birch trees, with jagged heights which the snow covers, with glaciers coming down to the water's edge, with the tumbling seas breaking and tossing on the shore. The people have just intelligence enough to know how to hunt and fish. They are very unkind to strangers. But it was enough for Captain Gardiner that nobody had told them about the Saviour; he was always ready to be the leader of the forlorn hope. Three times he went out from England to them, the last time in September, 1850. It is such a sad and glorious story—the story of that last expedition. He had six brave companions—three Cornish fishermen, Pearce, Badcock, and Bryant, all of them from the same village; the carpenter, Joseph Erwin, who had been with Gardiner before, and who begged for liberty to go again, because, he said, "being with Captain Gardiner was like a heaven upon earth"; the surgeon, Richard Williams; and the catechist, John Maidment. The three mighty men who brought David the water from the well of Bethlehem at the hazard of their lives; the eleven bold Norwegians who have sailed with Fridtjof Nansen in the *Fram* to find the North Pole; were not more courageous than those seven who set out to win Tierra del Fuego for Christ. They had two little launches with them, the *Pioneer* and the *Speedwell*.

V.

They never came back again. In January, 1852, Captain William Morshead made a mournful discovery on Picton Island. Lying beside the *Pioneer* on the stony beach, he found the skeleton of Captain Gardiner, and afterwards the bodies of one or two more of

the devoted band. They had all died of starvation. But do you think they had murmured at their hard lot? On the contrary, they were glad to suffer for Jesus. Above the mouth of a cavern in the island they had painted the beautiful words you will find in Psalm 62, 5-8. And Allen Gardiner's Journal is filled with brightness and trust. The last entry is dated "September 6, 1851." It takes the form of a little letter to his comrade Richard Williams, whom he still believed to be living, though probably he had entered the City before him where they hunger no more nor thirst any more. "Yet a little while," he wrote with his weak and trembling hand, "and through grace we shall join that blessed throng, to sing the praises of Christ throughout eternity. I have been five days without food, but O His marvellous loving kindness to me, a sinner." Thus through much tribulation, but with a merry heart, he entered the Kingdom and saw the face of his fair Captain Christ.

If anybody tells you that there are no heroes or saints or martyrs now-a-days, ask them whether they have heard of Allen Gardiner and his six good men and true.

DR. LIVINGSTONE died praying: the one moment at God's footstool, the same moment sitting upon His throne. I heard the other day of a poor old Highland weaver who lived near Inverness, a Mr. Donald Macrea, who died the same way, sixty years ago. He was a very godly man, and so strict in his observance of the Sabbath that no fire was ever kindled in his house that day, summer or winter. One who lived near him in her childhood has told me that she has seen him on a Sabbath supping potato soup that was covered with ice. It was a mistake, no doubt, but a mistake on the right side. So greatly was he respected and beloved, that, when he died, the most honourable women in his neighbourhood sought the privilege of making his shroud.

Bible Questions.

SENIORS AND JUNIORS.—Juniors to do 4, 5, and 6. 1. How many chapters are there in the Bible with not more than 10 verses in them? How many of these are in the Book of Psalms? 2. The question "What is Effectual Calling?" which tells how a sinner is saved, is one of the grandest in the Shorter Catechism: Write it out in your own words. 3. In how many different places and circumstances is Christ represented as sitting? 4. Mention some of the things that are to happen on the Day of Judgment. 5. Find out in the Psalms, or elsewhere, some prayers that you and I ought to offer up with the Day of Judgment in view. 6. Mention some things that Christ will do in Heaven throughout Eternity.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the September number have been received from—

SENIORS.—James S. Fulton, Matthew Lang, Mary H. Martin, Mary G. M'Neil.
JUNIORS.—David Blair, Geo. S. Fulton, Annie Kean, Amelia H. Lang, Maggie Taylor Paterson, William A. Paterson.

1	W	As smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him.—*Prov. 10, 26.*
2	TH	I made haste.—*Ps. 119, 60.* "Seven minutes sufficed to get under arms in the night; a quarter of an hour, night or day, to gather them in order of battle at the alarm posts, with baggage loaded and assembled at a convenient distance in the rear; and this, not upon a concerted signal and as a trial, but all times certain, and for months consecutively."—*Napier speaking of the British in the Peninsular War.*
3	F	Rebecca hasted, and ran again unto the well.—*Gen. 24, 20.*
4	S	The child Samuel ran unto Eli, for thou calledst me.—*1 Samuel 3, 5.*
5	S	Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.
6	M	They walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance.—*Ps. 89, 15 (R. V.)*
7	TU	Thou art my trust from my youth.—*Ps. 71, 5.* "Lord Beaconsfield being asked what was the most desirable life said, 'A continual grand procession from manhood to the tomb.'"—*Memoirs of the Duke of Somerset.*
8	W	Even to hoar hairs will I carry you.—*Is. 46, 4.*
9	TH	Thanks be unto God, which always leadeth us in triumph in Christ.—*2 Cor. 2, 14 (R. V.)* (That is, we are led as Christ's captives.)
10	F	We are more than conquerors.—*Rom. 8, 37.*
11	S	The beggar was carried away by the angels.—*Luke 16, 22 (R. V.)*
12	S	Women which ministered unto him of their substance.—*Luke 8, 3.*
13	M	Wise hearted women did spin with their hands.—*Ex. 35, 25.*
14	TU	Holy women.—*1 Peter 3, 5.* This day, 1684, Janet Fimerton, a godly unmarried woman, aged 50, who had often dressed the headless and handless bodies of Martyrs, was seized for showing sympathy with two Covenanters who were being hanged. She was sentenced to banishment and died on her way to America as she had herself foretold: "The billows will be my winding sheet."
15	W	Women which were early at the sepulchre.—*Luke 24, 22.*
16	TH	Phœbe, a succourer of many.—*Rom. 16, 2.*
17	F	She began to wet his feet with her tears,
18	S	And wiped them with the hairs of her head.—*Luke 7, 38 (R. V.)*
19	S	Looking unto Jesus the author
20	M	And finisher of our faith.—*Heb. 12, 2.* When Lady Parry was dying in 1839, her husband, the great navigator, repeated this verse to her. "Yes," she replied, "and the Finisher!"
21	TU	Whom he foreknew, he also foreordained to be conformed to the image of his Son:
22	W	Whom he foreordained, them he also called:
23	TH	Whom he called, them he also justified:
24	F	Whom he justified, them he also glorified.—*Rom. 8, 29 (R. V.)*
25	S	The spirits of just men made perfect.—*Heb. 12, 23.*
26	S	The mercy-seat.—*Ex. 25, 22.*
27	M	I sat daily in the temple teaching.—*Mat. 26, 55.*
28	TU	Jesus, being wearied, sat thus by the well.—*John 4, 6.*
29	W	Thy King cometh, sitting on an ass.—*Mat. 21, 5.*
30	TH	The judgment-seat of Christ.—*Rom. 14, 10.*

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December, 1893. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

The Booby Bird.

The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1893, being Volume VI., is now ready. Price One Shilling.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

December 3.—Grateful Obedience.—James 1, 16-27. Text, 1 John 4, 19. Quest. 49. Psalm 86, 6-8.

MEN blame God for their sins (v. 13), but He is wholly and unchangeably good; our very life as Christians is the gift of His pure goodwill (v. 18).

It is temper that makes people say such foolish things, but temper is bad and useless even when employed in God's service (v. 20). Only a meek heart lets God's saving word take root.

What roots the word in the meek heart is not hearing, but doing it; it is nothing to see ourselves in God's mirror unless we remember, and mend. Obedience makes the soul perfectly free and happy; it is only the wilful who find God's law a bondage. There is no substitute for obedience; *nothing* makes religion but kindness and purity. These are plain things, but it is invariably to the plainest things that the Bible adds the warning—Be not deceived. It occurs three times here, in vv. 16, 22, 26.

December 10.—The Heavenly Inheritance.—1 Peter 1, 1-12. Text, Col. 1, 12. Quest. 50. Psalm 86, 9, 10.

THE firework illuminations which accompanied the Delhi Durbar at which the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India, in 1887, included portraits of the Queen and Prince of Wales. I remember how, visibly, the great concourse of spectators, native and European alike, were thrilled as first the one portrait and then the other, and lastly, the British crown itself, which had outlasted both, "faded away."

"Glory," in verse 11, should be translated "glories."

December 17.—The Glorified Saviour.—Rev. 1, 9-20. Text, Phil. 2, 9. Quest. 51. Psalm 86, 11, 12.

MAN'S first whole day on earth was a Sabbath; with the history of another Sabbath-day the Bible fitly closes. We see Christ here in all His majesty as God-Man, the Alpha and Omega, not only of time, but of eternity. Yet He is as fond of John as in the days when John's head leaned upon His breast.

Oh! remember that the things written in this Book are things that "must shortly come to pass."

December 24.—The Great Invitation.—Rev. 22, 8.21. Text, Rev. 22, 17. Quest. 52. Psalm, 86, 15, 16.

THE whole of God's history from eternity, all the attributes of the Three Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, all that God has ever said or done to every one of us night and day, all His desires—are summed up and find utterance in that homely word, that infinitely loving command, that beseeching, imploring cry, "Come."

That word, too, expresses the experience of all who have come themselves to God. Mr R. L. Stevenson tells in his "Across the Plains," how a train of disappointed emigrants returning eastwards cried out to a train going westwards, "Go back; go back!" Not so with those who have tasted and seen that God is good.

And if the Bride, the saints in glory, could speak to us—the saints who know what death is and what heaven is, who know all about election and the decrees of God and the other difficulties that we imagine to be insuperable—their one cry, their cry from morning till evening, from the beginning of the year to its end, from our first moment to our last, would be, "Come! come to be married to the Lamb." There is no barrier in our way but our own unwillingness, and God, by His very asking of us to come, pledges Himself and all He is and all He has to make us willing if we ask Him. If any of us, dear boys and girls, are lost at last, Christ will be able to say, "How often WOULD I have gathered you together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and YE WOULD NOT!"

December 31.—Review of the Lessons. Text, Rev. 22, 21. Quest. 53. Psalm 87, 5-7.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 125.)

At the age of	
60	Jehoshaphat, the fourth King of Judah, died, B.C. 889. "He was thirty and five years old when he began to reign; and he reigned twenty and five years in Jerusalem. And his mother's name was Azubah. And he walked in all the ways of Asa his father; he turned not aside from it, doing that which was right in the eyes of the Lord."
60	John Bunyan died, 31st August, 1688, from illness brought on by a ride through heavy rain to London from Reading, whither he had gone to make peace between a father and son who had quarrelled. Some of Bunyan's descendants are still living in Northamptonshire.
60	Alexander Henderson, whom many consider the second greatest Scotchman—John Knox being the first—drew up "The Solemn League and Covenant," that glorious document by signing which the Protestants of England, Ireland, and Scotland, Parliament and People, bound themselves first of all to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and then to one another. That was in the year 1643, and in 1661, to the dishonour of our country, the House of Commons, by a vote of 228 to 103, gave orders that the Covenant should be burnt publicly by the common hangman. If Britain had kept that Covenant, she would not only have been the first of the nations, which she is, but she would also have been beloved by them, which she is not, and beloved and honoured to the end of time.
60	Chaucer died, 25th October, 1400. He is the first great figure of modern English literature, and next to Dante the greatest poet of the middle ages. He was buried in what has come to be the best known part of Westminster Abbey, the Poets' Corner, where, Fuller says, so much poetical dust is interred that it is enough almost to make the feet of passengers who go over the place to move metrically. On his death-bed, in his great anguish, Chaucer is said to have uttered certain lines, known as his "good counsel":—

Here is no home—here is but wilderness.
Forth, pilgrim; forth, O beast, out of thy stall!
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all.
Control thy lust; and let thy spirit thee lead;
And truth thee shall deliver: 'tis no dread.

'Day's at the Morn':
Some Pioneers of Christ's Kingdom.

Chapter XII.

How Ion Keith-Falconer, *being made Perfect in a Short Time, fulfilled a Long Time.*

IT is one of Satan's falsehoods that you and I cannot follow Jesus and keep a merry heart and a bright face. Surely you do not believe him? You do not suppose that to become a decided and earnest Christian means to bid good-bye to gladness for the rest of

your life. If you have any notion of that sort, the story of Ion Keith-Falconer should put it to flight.

I.

He was born to wealth and a high place in the world. He was a son of the Earl of Kintore, and the first years of his short life were spent in his father's Castle near Inverurie, "where Gadie rins 'mang fragrant heath and yellow whins." From a child he gave his heart altogether to Christ; he was so much loved that he went by no other name in the house than that of "the Angel." It was the same when he left home for school, at Harrow. He was never ashamed to show his colours. On the wall of his room he had a roll of texts hung up—it was like Hedley Vicars and his open Bible; it told everybody, quietly and yet distinctly, on whose side he was. But there was not a trace, as one of his masters says, of "the prig or the Pharisee" about him. He was very fond of fun, and one of the foremost at a football match or in the cricket field. Another of his teachers writes, "I have often known boys who were candid, many who were devout, and many who were pleasant; but I hardly remember one who united the three qualities so fully." There is a certificate any boy might envy.

II.

When he went to College, to Cambridge, he carried with him his love for the things that are just and honourable and pure and of good report. He became the finest Hebrew scholar in the University; he used to write postcards in Hebrew, on every conceivable subject. But there were so many things in which he excelled. He was one of the best shorthand writers in England. Then, for some years, he was the champion bicycle-rider. In 1882, he did the run from Land's End to John o' Groat's in thirteen days. Of course, it has been done since in much shorter time, but then quicker routes have been taken, and the machines themselves are wonderfully improved now. In Harrow the masters and boys hung up a big map in the class-room, and marked his course day after day with a tiny red flag, for he kept his old friends acquainted with his progress right through till it was triumphantly finished. You see how he "served God and was cheerful." Certainly he did serve God. There was an old theatre in Cambridge, which he raised money to buy, and then had it fitted up as a Mission Hall. And, whenever he could, he got away to the East End of London, to help in the work done for Jesus among the outcast there. Like Sir Galahad, "all his heart was drawn above," though he was so bright and scholarly and full of buoyant life.

III.

I hope you will all read his life for yourselves—it is better than any story-book. I have been looking through it again, and it has taught me many lessons. There is the lesson of taking pains. Whatever Keith-Falconer undertook he did thoroughly. He wrote a little book, a translation of some old fables from the Syriac. There are some pages of notes at the end, and his biographer says that everyone of

these notes must have cost him hours of labour. Then he was busy once preparing some lectures to deliver in the University. He found that the best book on his subject was written in Dutch. He did not know Dutch, but immediately he set about learning enough of it to read the book, just that his lectures might be as complete and as correct as he could make them. He did nothing by halves. And another thing I learned was the lesson of "truthing it in love"—do you know what that is? He would never stoop to anything unfair, and yet he had such a kindly heart. On the day before an examination at Cambridge, a man who was going in for the examination too wrote him, saying that he found they would be sitting side by side, and that, as he was not well prepared, he hoped he would give him a little help secretly. Keith-Falconer replied that he could not dream of such a thing, but, if the other man liked, he would devote every minute of his time till the examination began to "coaching" him for it. Was it not a splendid answer?

IV.

He might have had the highest honours at home—he had come to be looked on as an authority not only on Hebrew but on Syriac and Arabic. He was made Professor of Arabic before he was thirty. But he had set his heart on going to the Mission field. It was to the South-East corner of Arabia that he went—to Shaikh Othman, not far from the town of Aden. He and his young wife reached there in December, 1886. He went at his own expense. He took a Medical Missionary with him. He meant before long to build a Mission-House and Hospital. But he was only five months in Shaikh Othman—God had other work for him in other fields where there is no hot sun and no burning fever. The Arabs had time to discover how true it was, as one of his London friends said, that "he never seemed to be able to come anywhere without trying to do good to somebody;" and then they lost him. The fever struck him down. "How I wish," he said, "that each attack brought me nearer to Christ—nearer, nearer, nearer." By-and-by he whispered, "I can most truly say that I am not afraid to die, in spite of my many shortcomings, but I do pray God that I may be spared pain." Then he spoke about his dear brother, Dudley, who had gone home to God, when they were both children in the castle "at the back of Ben-na-chie." Next morning—a May morning in 1887—he and Dudley were together again before the face of Christ, "where pleasures flow as rivers flow." He had passed quietly away in his sleep. He died "at just Henry Martyn's age." But I am sure his brief life will count for more in God's Book of Remembrance than many a life that is twice as long.

Does he not say to you and me,—There is nothing so good, nothing so happy, nothing so desirable, as knowing and trusting and loving and following the Lord Jesus Christ?

MRS. BOYLE was a poor woman, but, I believe, a good woman, who died in Greenock on the 8th of last month. She was ninety-three years of age, all but four months, and had been counted in every census that has been taken in Scotland, having been two weeks old when the first was taken in March, 1801. She lived eighty-four years in one street, and fifty-nine of these on the same "stair-head." The last word I heard her say, or rather, try to say, was the word "mansions" in the 14th chapter of John, a few verses of which I was repeating to her as she lay dying. As I looked at her little house, so little that three or four people seemed to fill it, I thought no place could be more unlike a "mansion" in our English sense of the word. Yet, as I remembered the long time she had lived in it, for she had outlived several landlords of the property, I thought no house ever better deserved to be called a "mansion" in the Greek sense of the word—an abiding place. She knows both meanings now.

They shall be brought with gladness
great,
And mirth on every side,
Into the palace of the King,
And there they shall abide.

One day, two years ago, a large menagerie passed near her door. I asked her if she had seen the elephants and other wonderful beasts. "No," she said, "I never saw them." "What!" I said, "have you never in all your life seen an elephant?" "Oh! many a time," she replied, "when I was young, *but I dinna care for them noo.*" I often think of that answer. How ill off they must be who give all their love to things in which their old age will find no pleasure.

She was over eighty when I first knew her. She had a lodger then, a young man, who played football every moment he could spare, every night in the week. When he came home, after it was dark, he used to tell her all about the games he had been playing. "He is very kind to me," she told me once, "but he's an awful man for footba', and he's always talking about something he calls 'goals,' but I dinna ken what 'goals' is."

I am sure she knows what a goal is now—the goal or mark of which Paul speaks to the Philippians where the winners get the prize of the high calling of God in Christ.

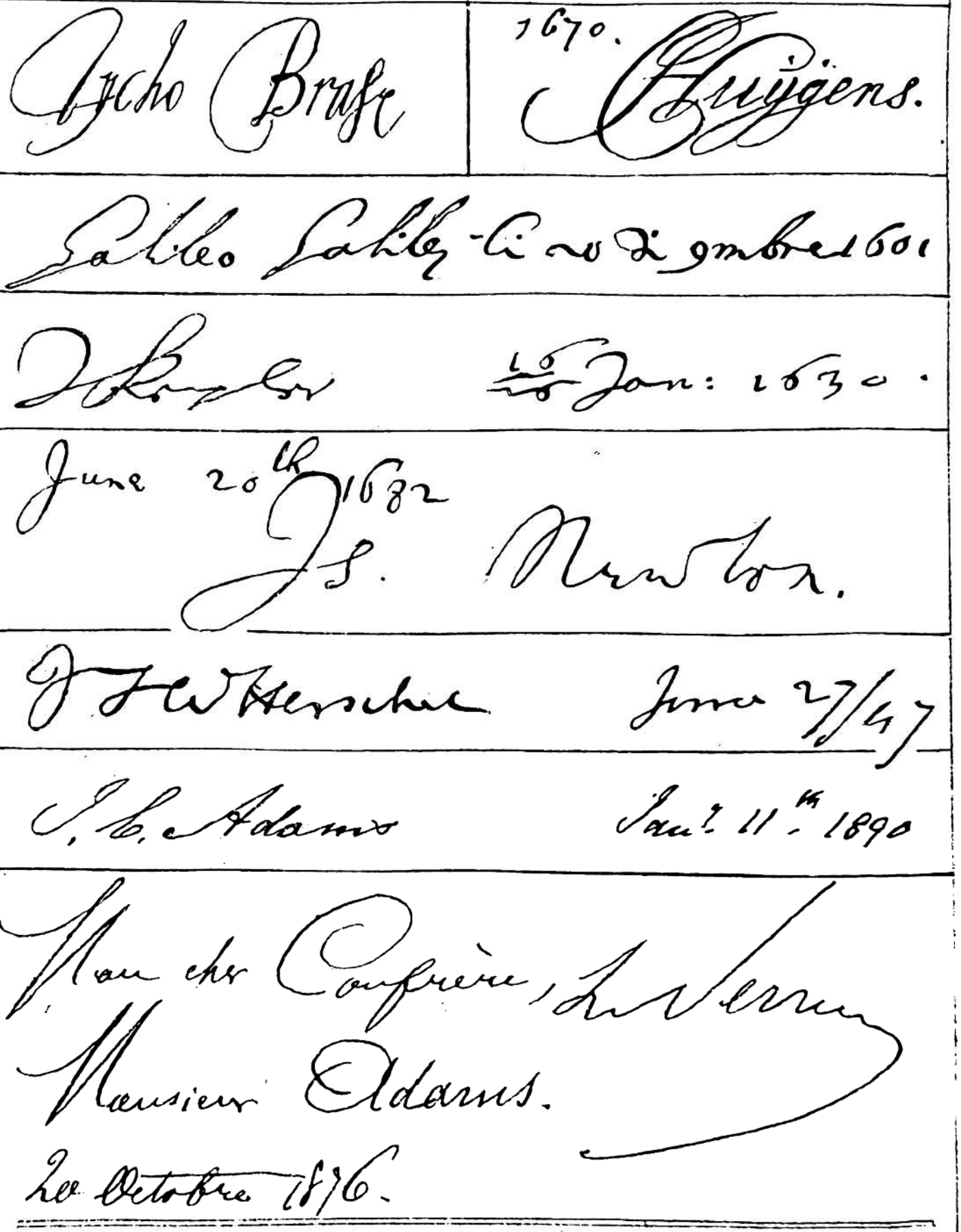
I would have liked to tell you of another young man who was more than any son could have been to her, but I am forbidden, and I must obey in the meantime. You will hear that story some other day.

The Crooked Path.

SOME years ago my nearest way to the house of a companion who lived in the country lay through a narrow belt of wood. I had often noticed the crookedness of foot paths. Now that I had the chance of making a path myself, I was determined it should be a straight one. It was a wet season, and in

a week or so the road I had made was so well marked that I could see it from end to end. To my chagrin there was nothing crookeder to be seen in the whole country-side.

Last summer a clever young ploughman, who was showing me a short cut to a village through a



Autographs of Some Famous Astronomers.

1. Tycho Brahe. 2. Christian Huygens. 3. Galileo Galilei. 4. Johann Kepler. 5. Sir Isaac Newton. 6. Sir J. F. W. Herschel. 7. Professor Adams. 8. Urbain Leverrier.

field, remarked, "You never see a straight road unless alongside a fence."

Isn't that true of our journey through this world? It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps, and even when God makes a straight path for us, how unevenly we walk in it!

No earth-born will
Could ever trace a faultless line;
Our truest steps are human still,
To walk unswerving were divine.

ASTRONOMERS work harder, live longer, know more, and therefore think less of themselves than any other class of men in the world. They say, for example, that Prof. Adams of Cambridge, that marvellous man who, while still a youth,

Weighed an unseen planet in the scale,

and

Stayed not for time his secrets to reveal,
But read the message ere he broke the seal,

used to choose quiet roads to avoid the salutations of the students, who admired and loved him; and the students—who can blame them?—would choose the same roads and lie in wait for him! And Copernicus, whose name is

Emblazoned on the fiery arch
Unfading till the stars themselves shall fade,

would offer up no other prayer when dying, than that of the penitent thief.

The Booby Bird.

"IT is called the Booby on account of its stupidity. It allows itself to be knocked down with a stick or taken by the hand." That was what the label on the little stand said. You may be sure, therefore, that the poor Booby had little pleasure in seeing visitors at the Museum. Somehow or other, most likely, I suppose, from its strange name, it seemed to get more people to look at it than almost any other bird, and as a rule those who looked at it laughed at it. The poor bird at last blushed constantly, and tried to turn away its head.

Fridays and Saturdays were the days it liked least. School children came then, sometimes with their teachers. Then some boy or girl would be singled out, and the master or mistress would say, "Come here; this bird should interest you; you and it belong to the same family; it is called, you see, the Booby, on account of its stupidity," &c.

Most of the other birds were very sorry for it. But there were two Frigate or Man-of-War birds which had persecuted it while living, and continued their persecution now that it was dead. They could see into the park through the window, and when the Friday afternoons came, one of them would say, loud out, "Ha, ha! he, he! Here is a whole school of children coming!" and the other would say, "Ho, ho! I think there are two schools!"

There was only one visitor the Booby liked to see—a little girl, very plainly, but neatly, dressed, and very sad-looking. She was an orphan, and being somewhat behind in her lessons, through no fault of her own, had been made

the butt of her whole school one day in presence of a number of strangers during a visit to the Museum. "I think," said her mistress to the man who had charge of the birds, "I think I could give you a finer specimen than that; come here, Nelly Fraser. Do you see what becomes of Boobies?"

Nelly came every Saturday forenoon after that, and spent whole hours looking at her namesake. They got very fond of one another. She used to cry at first a great deal, and would ask the bird how old it was when it lost its mother, and had it no friends? But after a time she became cheerier, and used to say, "Never mind, you and I won't always be called Boobies!"

They had one very happy meeting before they parted. She was to be taken to London, and came to see her friend for the last time. They were dusting the birds in the Booby's case, and the Curator, who had come to know and like the little girl, allowed her to dust her friend. She did it very tenderly and lovingly, and then she kissed it and said, "Good bye!"

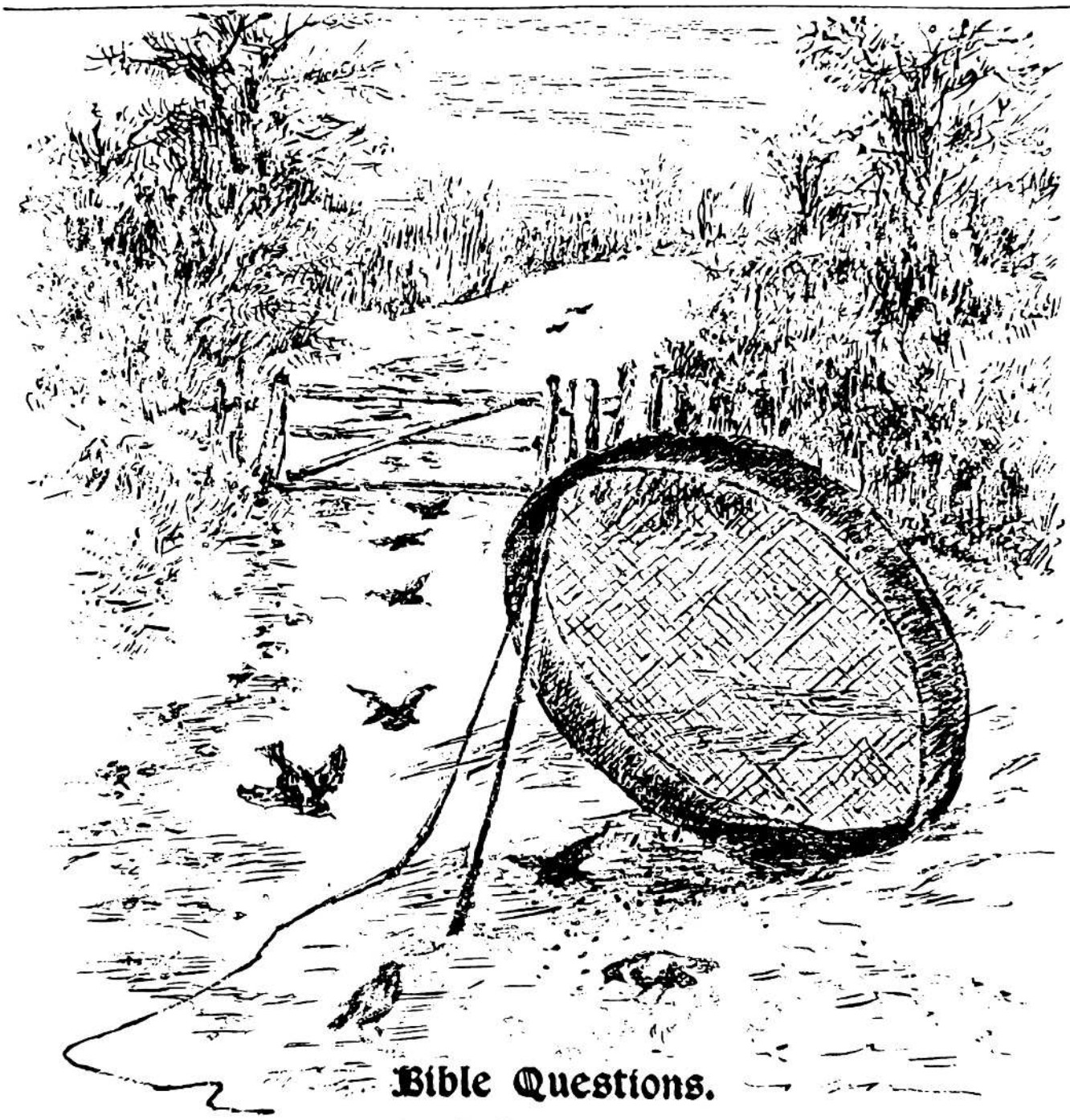
A year or two afterwards a new label was put in front of the Booby bird. "This was the bird that kept Columbus from yielding to the groans and curses of his terror-stricken crew on the famous voyage that led to the discovery of America, when

'The compass, like an old friend false at last
In our most need, appall'd them, and the wind
Still westward, and the weedy seas—at length
The LANDBIRD, and the branch with berries on it,
The carven staff—and last the light, the light
On Guanahani!'"

The Booby bird had now more visitors than ever, and all of them admirers, while the two Frigate birds had as many enemies, for their label said, "These birds are great persecutors of the Booby bird." The Frigate birds kept very quiet now, especially on Fridays and Saturdays. But often, during the night, through the week, a cold sweat would break on them when they heard the Parrot at the other end of the room crying, "Ha, ha! he, he! here is a whole school of children coming!" And the Cockatoo would say, "Ho, ho! I think there are two schools."

Fifteen years afterwards, Nelly Fraser came to the Museum one day with a tall, merry, brave-looking man by her side. The bird knew her in a moment. "I've got a new name now," it cried. "And I've got a new one too," she cried, and then they both cried together. Then they all laughed, and she told her old friend who her husband was, no other than Captain Moore whose name was in everybody's mouth, for he had only a few weeks before rescued 470 men, women, and children, from a sinking ship in the North Atlantic. "And do you know, dear, dear Booby," she said, "if it had'nt been for Columbus, my husband would not have been a Captain."

"And what I am prouder of," said Captain Moore, "if it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have had Nelly Fraser for my wife!"



Bible Questions.

Good answers to the Questions in the October number have been received from—

SENIORS.—James S. Fulton, Alice Ingram, Lizzie Kirkwood, Jeanie H. Lang, Matthew Lang, Mary H. Martin, Edith M. Murray, Kate D. Ralston, Barbara Simpson.

JUNIORS.—Janet Barclay, David Blair, Jeanie Crawford, John Crawford, Tina Crawford, George S. Fulton, John S. Howie, Robert Hardie, Annie Kean, Robert H. Lang, Maggie Taylor Paterson, William A. Paterson.

Mr. Gillespie and I have resolved to discontinue the Bible Questions, for a time at least. We give our heartiest thanks to all who have ever done them, but specially to those who have done them often. We hope you will never cease to search and look into the deep things of God. The whole of a man's life, no matter what subject he deals with, may be looked at as a putting and an answering of questions. A great man is one who finds out great questions, who puts them well, who answers them, or helps others to answer them. We hope that all the names that have been printed in this corner of the little Magazine will be engraven in the years to come on the hearts and memories of their fellow-men, and be found written, at the last, in the Lamb's Book of Life.—*Ed. M. W.*

1	F	Let me not fall into the hand of man. When the Lord Chancellor of England said that the Scotch Judges should have acted more magnanimously in a certain case, Lord President Inglis replied, "We Judges have no opportunity for the display of magnanimity; our oath of office binds us to administer the law."
2	S	Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord.
3	S	For His mercies are great—*2 Sam. 24, 14.*
4	M	I saw a great white throne.—*Rev. 20, 11.*
5	Tu	Justice and judgment are the habitation of Thy throne:
6	W	Mercy and truth shall go before Thy face.—*Ps. 89, 14.*
7	Th	I saw in the midst of the throne a Lamb standing,
8	F	As though it had been slain.—*Rev. 5, 6 (R. V.)*
9	S	The Lamb taketh away the sin of the world.—*John 1, 29.*
10	S	The crown of life.—*Rev. 2. 10 (R. V.)* There is an obelisk, 40 feet high, with a crown on the top, at Scardating, Orkney, in memory of 200 Covenanters, buried close by, prisoners taken at Bothwell Bridge, who were sentenced to transportation for life and were lost in the wreck of the ship Crown of Leith, December, 1679.
11	M	A crown of thorns.—*John 19, 5.*
12	Tu	We went through fire and through water
13	W	But Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.—*Ps. 66, 12.*
14	Th	They shall cast their crowns before the throne.—*Rev. 4, 10 (R. V.)*
15	F	He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind.
16	S	He maketh the storm a calm.—*Ps. 107, 29*
17	S	There is a time to be born.—*Eccl. 3.* Born again.—*John 3, 3.*
18	M	A time to weep;
19	Tu	And a time to laugh;
20	W	A time for war;
21	Th	And a time for peace;
22	F	A time to die. At length Time will tell us, one by one, "My child, your labour on earth is done; And now you must journey afar to see My elder brother—Eternity."—*O. W. Holmes.*
23	S	The time of the dead to be judged.—*Rev. 11, 18 (R. V.)*
24	S	God giveth to all men liberally.—*Jas. 1, 5.*
25	M	And upbraideth not.—"When will you cease to be a beggar?" said Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh when he came to her with a petition from a friend. "When your gracious Majesty ceases to be a benefactor."
26	Tu	Come.—*Rev. 22, 17.*
27	W	Ask.
28	Th	Seek.
29	F	Knock.—*Matt. 7, 7.*
30	S	Take ye no rest, and give Him no rest.—*Is. 62, 7 (R. V.)*
31	S	The Holy Ghost saith, TO-DAY IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE, HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS.—*Ps. 95, 7. Heb. 3, 7, 15; 4, 7.*

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